LAST OF THE LEES—TRAGIC END OF A PIONEER FAMILY

REAL WEST

35c

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
JULY

EXCLUSIVE

"I CAN PROVE I AM QUANTRILL"

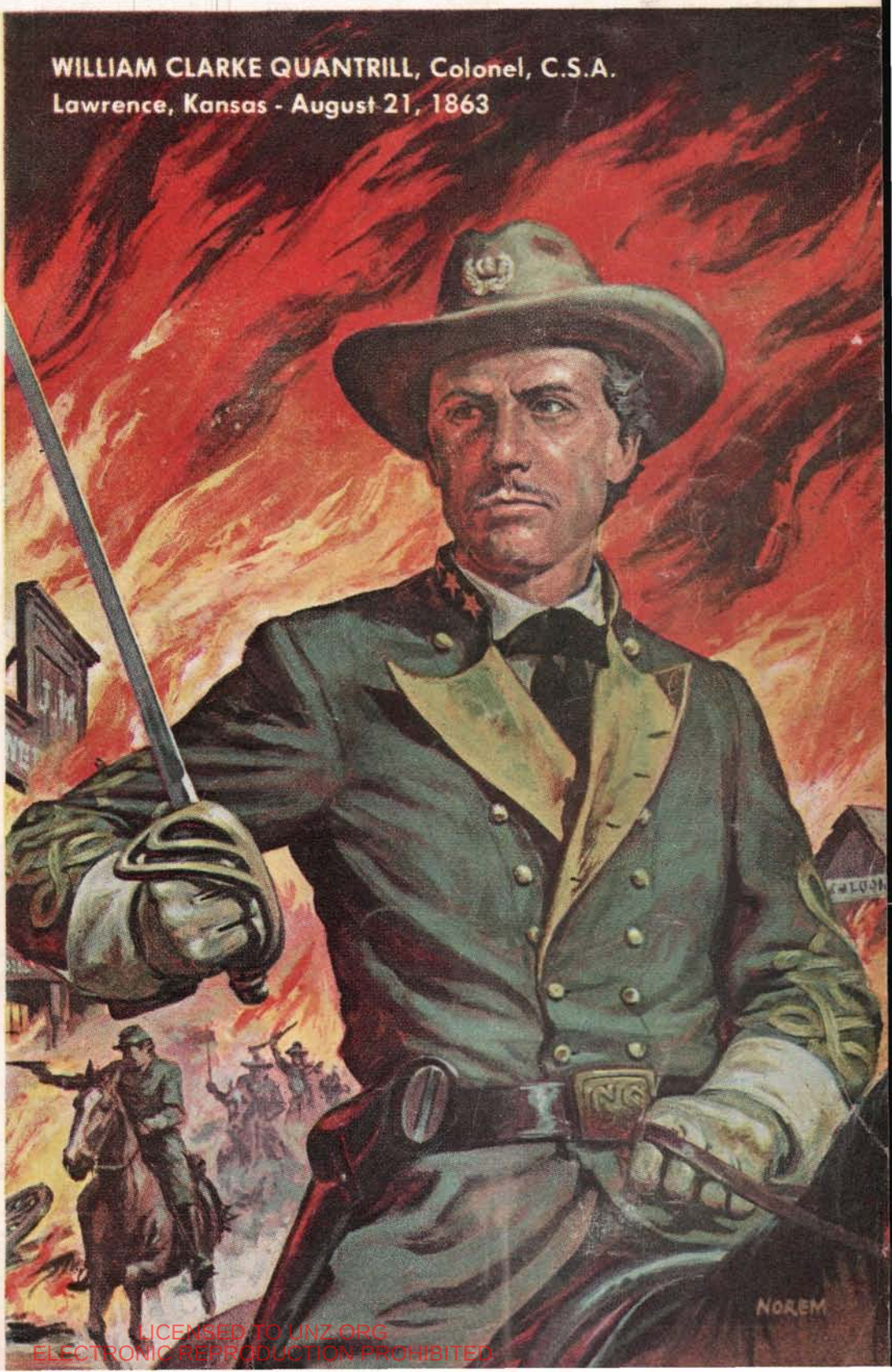
by John Sharp

DEATH OF BOB OLLINGER, SADISTIC JAILER

MYSTERY RUINS OF SANDARIO, ARIZONA

LADY MOON, FABULOUS BARONESS OF COLORADO

HANDSOME MARION HEDGEPETH, MONTANA BANK ROBBER



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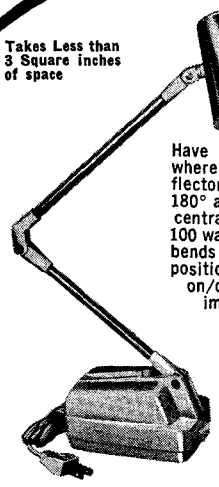

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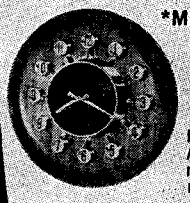

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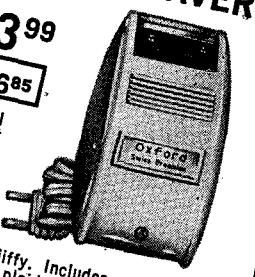

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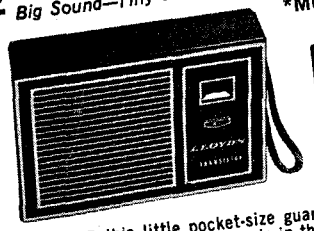

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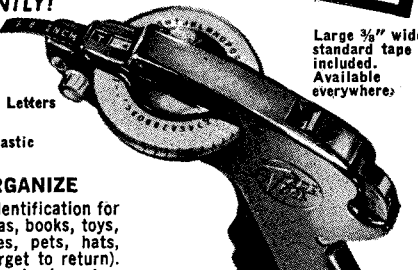

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(See extra coupon on Page 65)

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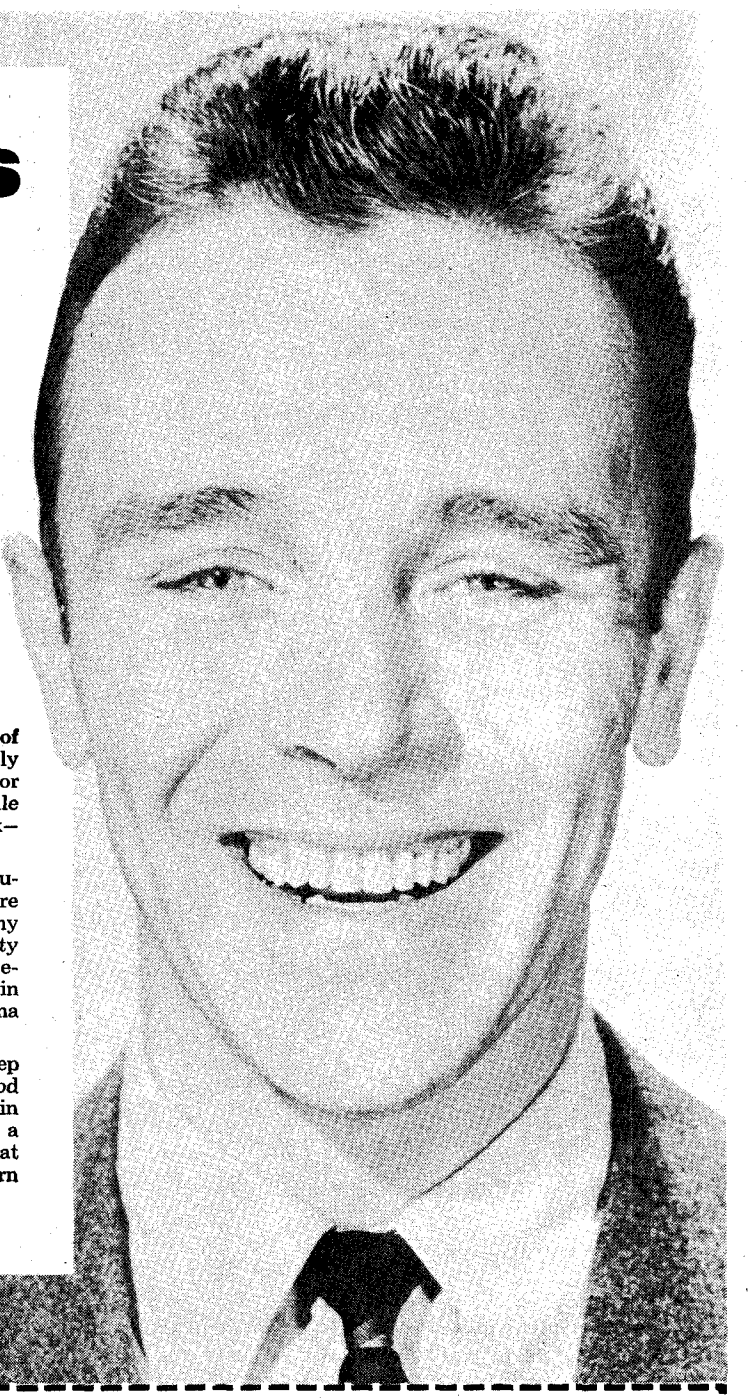

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REAL WEST

Volume IX
Number 48
July 1966

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor: Pat Masulli Managing Editor: William T. Kish
Research Director: Edward T. LeBlanch Art Director: Bohdan Dziubina

IN THIS ISSUE

Occasionally, we get wind of something new that we know our readers would like to see. So we assign a Western writer to check it out completely. Like the Mandan Indian story in our last issue. This month we bring you a fascinating tale by an old timer who claims he was really QUANTRILL! Some pretty high authorities backed him up. We know we'll get arguments from both sides, but remember, we're bringing you stories like this because they're really part of the Old West! On the following pages, you'll still find thrilling western stories, like the one on Ranger McDonald who had a fantastic career as a Texas Lawman. You'll hear the thunder of a Klondike avalanche as you brave the terrors of the mountains in Charlie Ashby's personal true account of his search for gold in the frigid Northwest. You'll laugh at the antics of the McGinty club members who outshone the Shriners, and you'll cry at the death, massacre, madness of the Pioneer Lee Family who helped build the West. These and the other true tales in this issue will race you back along the dusty trials, back into time, into the Real West.

REAL WEST
EXCLUSIVE
"I CAN PROVE I AM QUANTRILL"
DEATH OF BOB OLLINGER, SADISTIC JAILER
LADY MOON, FABULOUS BARONESS OF COLORADO
HANDSOME MARION HEDGEPETH, MONTANA BANK ROBBER

THIS MONTH'S COVER

This scene must have flashed incredibly vivid for the resident of Lawrence, Kansas who came face to face with angry Quantrill. Our artist has captured the brilliant color of pillage and terror as it appeared that infamous day in 1863. For the shocking tie-in story, see page 10, this issue.

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The Editor's Corral

We want your opinion on a matter we've been tossing around for some time about editorial copy in REAL WEST. We have had a feeling that we could extend the borders of the old West and include in our magazine stories of other American frontiers. We don't suggest that the bulk of this copy should be of this type, but rather one or two stories an issue.

How does this hit you? Write us your opinions because your reaction is the most valuable guide for our editorial policies. For example, would you be interested in a story on the lawlessness of the Natchez Trace, which ran down through Kentucky and Tennessee and which spawned some of our first barbaric badmen? Or, if we ran a story on the early colonial wars with the Indians, would this meet your approval?

Let us know your reaction, and the more letters we get, the better we can judge the opinion of the readers.

There has been tremendous reader response to Gene Jones' article in the last issue on the possible relationship between the mysterious tribe of Mandan Indians and the Vikings. We felt the story was important after Yale University released the Vinland map which caused such excitement in October, 1965.

We are glad to announce that arrangements have been made for Mr. Jones to do a series of articles for REAL WEST, and we are sure you will welcome his writings.

Students of the American Indian are in for a real treat. The editors of REAL WEST have brought out another volume in their Americana Library, the TRUE SAGA OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, #6. It is now on the newsstands and if you can't get it there, send 60¢ to REAL WEST, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. You'll get a magazine filled with articles on Indian wars, love, culture etc. Colonel Richard Dodge, one of the great authorities on Indians, tells how an Indian warrior was trained; how almost from childhood he was taught the art of fighting, of enduring torture, and the many puzzling traits of the Indian as one of the bravest and most skillful frontier fighters in the world. You'll read, "THE VENGEANCE OF GOUYEN," a story that will thrill and amaze you. There is "PETALESHARRO," a daring and gripping story of the rescue of a pretty human sacrifice. These are only a sample of the articles and stories you will read, and students of the American Indian can't read THE AMERICAN INDIAN magazine without increasing their knowledge on this subject.

Don't miss your copy of the AMERICAN INDIAN now on your newsstand. If it is not available there, send to REAL WEST for your copy.

His real name was Edwin V. Burkholder but he was known professionally as Philip R. Rand. Since the founding of Real West magazine, he was our leading Editor, researcher, and organizer of material. A prolific writer, he was known and respected for his ability. His stories have appeared in the leading men's magazines under different bylines, but his devotion was to the true western field and Real West magazine. A real old time westerner, he knew Bat Masterson and many of the characters about whom he wrote. The era he loved had passed, yet he kept it alive, not only for himself, but for others. Now, he too has passed away. But for us and his many friends and readers, his memory will be kept alive as long as there is interest in and respect for the old West and our American heritage - and that will be forever.

One of the exciting and certainly important phases on the development of the old West seems to have been totally neglected by writers, magazine editors and historians. That was the difficulty in organizing the legislature of the states in the old West. Blood was spilled and at times the army had to be called out to settle the quarrel between the contending factions. The county seat fights often were mild compared to the battles to control the legislature. Not only were the laws dependent on the make up of the legislature, but the selection of the state capital, which was a matter of great importance to the towns seeking this honor. So great was the feeling that often the army had to quell the battles between the two factions.

REAL WEST hopes in the near future to have a series of stories describing these bloody battles for control of the legislatures.

Let us caution you to take good care of your copies of REAL WEST. We are getting letters from collectors and from dealers in rare books, asking for back copies of REAL WEST. They are offering a good price, but no matter what they offer, we just don't have the copies they want. The copies for our first years were sold out long ago. We are offering now what back copies we have on hand and you would be wise to take advantage of this offer. There will be a time when they will be worth much more. So see that your copy of REAL WEST is not spoiled or lost.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

Mrs. Florence Guthrie, 818 Broadway, Wichita, Kansas wants to know if the meat of the buffalo was as good and nutritious as was claimed by the old timers. We will have Joseph Gregg answer this from his book, COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES. He wrote, "The flesh of the Buffalo is, I think, as fine as any meat I have ever tasted. The old hunter will not admit there is anything equal to it. Much of its apparent savoriness, however, results perhaps from our sharpened "prairie appetities." The flesh is of a coarser texture than beef, more juice, and the fat and lean better distributed. The meat also is very easy to digestion, possessing even aperient qualities.

"It has often been remarked by travellers, that however much buffalo meat one may eat, no inconvenience is ever suffered from it. The circumstance that bulls of all ages, if fat, make good beef, is a further proof of the superiority of buffalo meat. These bulls are generally selected for consumption in the winter and early spring, when the cows, unless barren, are apt to be poor; but during most of the year the latter are the fattest and tenderest meat. Of these the udder is hardly second to the tongue in delicacy. What the tail of the beaver is to the trapper, the tongue is to the hunter.

"Next to this are the marrow bones, the tenderloins, and the hump ribs. Instead of a grisley substance, as sometimes stated, the hump is produced by a convex tier of vertical ribs, which project from the spine, forming a gradual curve over the shoulders; those in the middle being sometimes nearly two feet in length."

So you will have to judge from the above that buffalo meat was really tender and nutritious. To further this point, a restaurant was recently opened in San Francisco where only buffalo steaks are served. The owner is doing such a rush business that he is unable to get enough buffalo to take care of his customers.

———:———

Q: Is it true that in the Indian religion there is no hell after death? Jacob Irwin, 324 Main, Westport, Mass.

A: In the sense of a hell where the victims suffer brimstone and fire, the Indians have no such place in their religion. To them, heaven is a material world, superior to the one on earth. It is an Elysian vale, or a Happy Hunting Ground, abounding in game and all the comfort of the material life on earth. They think of it as being somewhere up in the sky. To those who do not get to this Elysian vale or Happy Hunting Ground, there is a purgatory but no place of punishment like our hell. In their hell they have no games, no way to enjoy a Happy Hunting Ground. Their punishment lies in the fact they have none of these.

———:———

Q: We hear about the big cattle drives. What about sheep drives? Were there any?" Bill Paxton 456 Rodman St. Philadelphia, Pa.

A: In the summer of 1849 Migeul Otero and Jose Luna started from New Mexico with 25,000 sheep, headed for California. The drive was a success and in California they got $25.00 a head for their sheep. None were killed by Indians. There is no record how many died of disease. It is known, however, that Otero and Luna made a handsome profit. The success of this drive started other sheep drives West and, later, West to East. Uncle Dick Wooten, the mountain man, made a drive of 9,000 sheep the next year, and the year after that Kit Carson made his drive and netted $15,000 profit. Between 1849 and 1860 over a half million sheep were driven West.

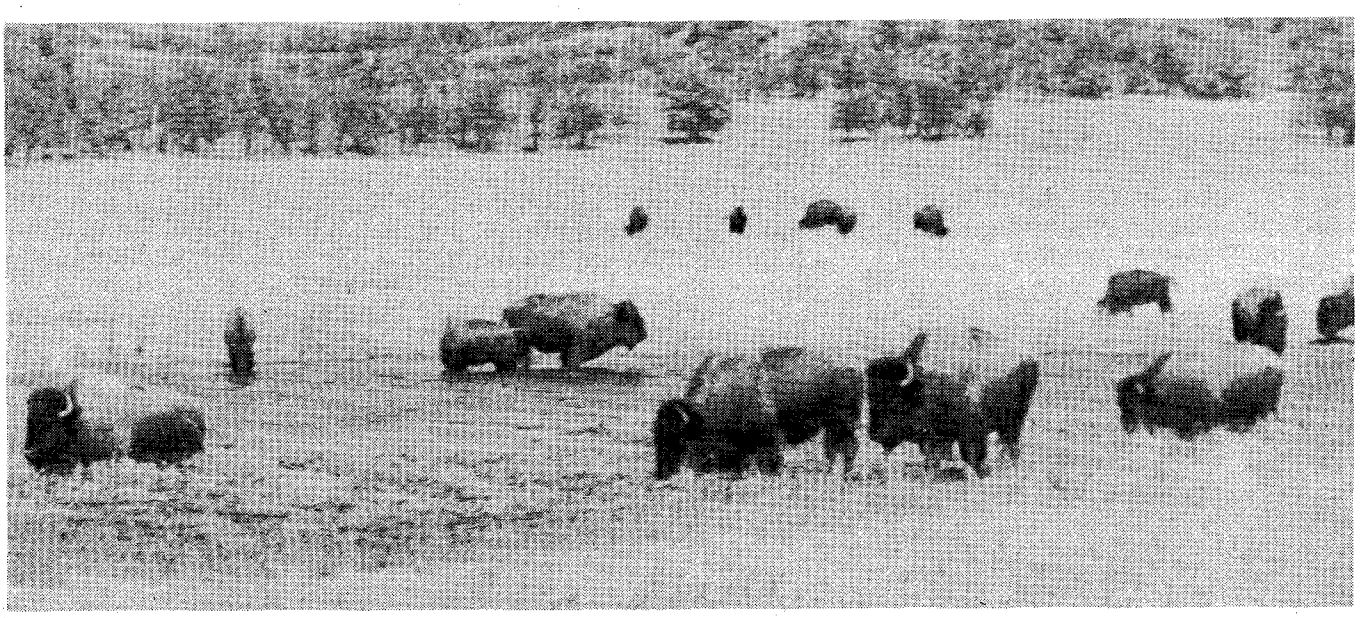
———:———

Q: Indians were said to use poison arrowheads. How did they poison them? Gale Freeland, Pickering Road, Phoenixville, Pa.

A: Some arrowheads were made poisonous by applying rattlesnake venom on them. Certain poisonous roots were also used. But neither of these had the deadly effect as arrow-

{Continued on Page 66}

Despite his wildness and shaggy appearance, the buffalo provided tender steaks.



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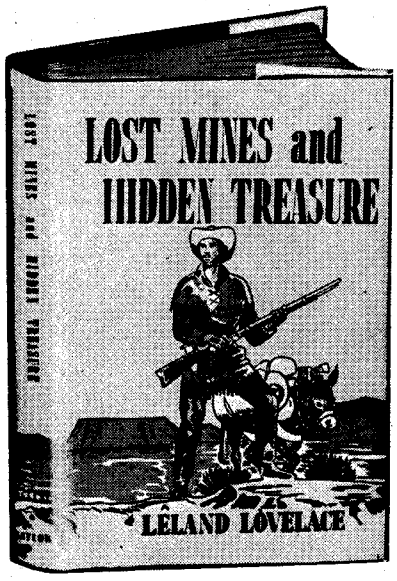
The Old West: BLAZING GUNS BURIED GOLD share the spotlight with books about WILD INDIANS



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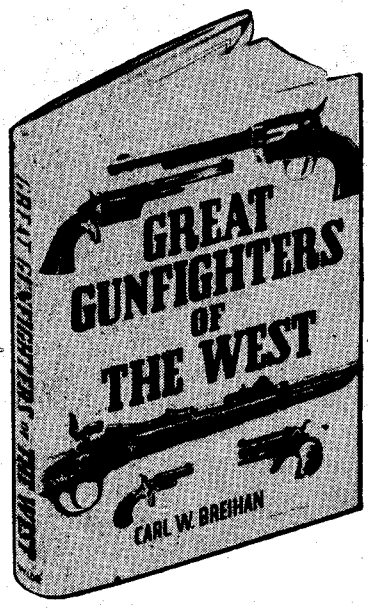

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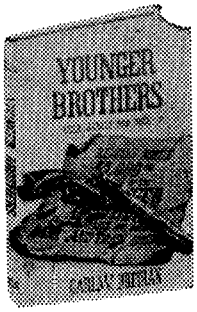

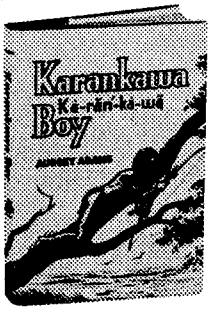

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

When we published the letter about wolves, coyotes, or Lobos, we had no idea we would stir up a hornet's nest among the readers. Every mail continues to bring in letters claiming a coyote is a wolf or isn't.

Here is a sample of the letters that keep pouring in:

I TAMED A WOLF

Dear Sir:

The different things the readers of Real West say regarding "Wolves or Coyotes" have recalled to my mind some of my experiences of many years ago on the prairies and in the foothills of Oklahoma, and points westward to the Pacific coast in California.

I grew up among the coyotes or wolves or lobos, whichever you choose to call them.

In the "Editor's Corral" of the November issue, you told of your experience in trying to make pets of those animals on three occasions, with no success at all.

Well I had an entirely different experience. In the spring of 1919, a man stopped at our home in Eram, Okla., a nice little town of thirty families. This fellow had a gunnysack in which there were four young whelps. He offered my brother and I our choice out of the lot. I being the oldest chose the largest pup, not only because of it being a male, but the little cuss had one brown eye and one blue, which made him look real cute.

We had a milk cow, so it was no trouble to feed our pup with a medicine dropper.

The fellow claimed those pups were part coyote and part wolf, as he had killed both parents, and the male was a wolf and the female a coyote (which by the way was pronounced in those days "Kiotie") At the age of one year our pet had grown up into a beautiful animal much larger than the wild coyotes. Whether this was the result of ancestry or plenty of food, I do not know.

We had taught him all the tricks boys used to teach their dogs, such as, sit up, lie down, rollover, etc. He would sit up and beg while we were eating our meals, and would eat anything we did, even boiled green beans.

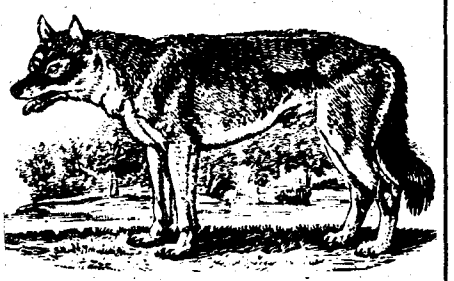
He was never tied or penned up, and went wherever we went. He was as affectionate as any dog I have ever seen, and would mind just as well, except one thing. Regardless of everything we could do, he killed every chicken he could get to. We had to pay a quarter apiece to the owners of those chickens, and quarters were really hard to come by in those days.

He had a habit of leaving and being gone several days at a time. Finally when we had kept him about two and a half years he left and didn't come back.

Maybe coyote, wolf, and lobo are all the same animal, and the difference is just in the enviroment.

Carl Craig
607 S. 4th St.
Morris, Okla. 74445

We must admit that Mr. Craig's experience with a coyote or wolf is somewhat unusual. But it shows these animals have two sides - the wild and the tame. We never witnessed the tame side.



KID'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE

Dear Sir,

In your September 1965 issue, there is a reproduction of a Certificate of Baptism on one Patrick Henry McCarthy, born in New York, On September 17th, 1859. Is this the long awaited "birth certificate" of Billy The Kid, and if it is, is it authentic and who discovered it? If it is authentic (as it looks like it is) it will put an end to the many speculations as to where and when the Kid was born. All that remains now, is for someone to dig up the facts concerning the Kid's father, and the McCarthy's stay in New York before they moved West.

I look forward to reading many more issues of Real West.

Yours faithfully,

G. Jenkins
27 Cedar Close,
Worthing, Sussex, England

The certificate is authentic, but a certificate of Baptism doesn't serve as a birth certificate in the United States.

LOST CANYON OF GOLD

Dear Editor:

Re: Frederick Matson's story of Arizona's Lost Canyon of Gold in the May issue of R.W.

Twenty-five years ago my work took me over a large part of Arizona and I became acquainted with much of the country and many of its people.

I had never heard of Dr. Thorne until I read Matson's story but I had heard of the gold and supposed that I might be the only living person to know of it. I learned of it from Sarge, an old soldier who had been in that area and has seen the gold.

Sarge was Iroquois and Spanish and had enlisted in the U.S. Army when quite young. The army was his only occupation and he had fought over one hundred engagements with Indians and had been wounded thirteen times. He never married and was a recluse, living on the desert not far from Tonto Basin when I knew him. He was not a man to cultivate friendship and certainly not one for conversation. However, I sat with him in his quarters and drank his wine and enjoyed his confidence. He was born in upstate New York and it was there he joined the army and came west to fight Indians.

When the Indians were defeated and confined to the reservation, Sarge was stationed at Fort Apache

{Continued on Page 74}

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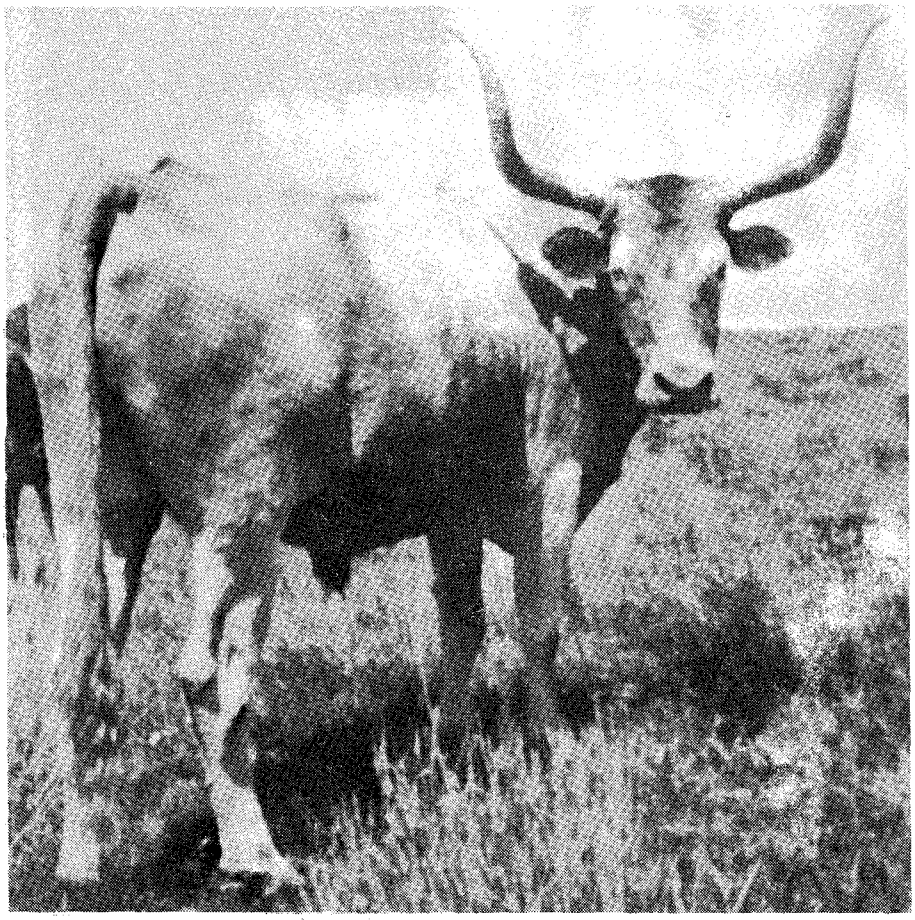
THE BRAND WAS "MURDER"



A tender yearling was destined to bring violence and murder to the range, and some Texans swear its ghost still roams the country as a grim reminder of tragedy.

by Louise Auer

In the beginning when a range cow dropped him in the lush grass of the Trans-Pecos region, he looked like nothing in the world except what he was - a spindley legged brindle bull maverick which would in time grow into just another longhorn.

Yet he was destined to bring violence and murder to the range and his ghost was doomed to roam the country until the end of time. He had the most hideous brand ever to appear in Texas -------- the ugly word, -------- MURDER!

His ghost has not been seen in many years but there are some out the Trans-Pecos way who believe he will roam again, that his ghost will never rest. He is long dead having provided beef steak for some easterner years ago but his spirit cannot die or so rumor says.

Of course the tale is pure legend, that is the part about the ghost, but it is factual while he lived, he brought about two killings over seventy years ago.

The story began on a morning in January of 1891. It was a boom year for the cattle industry in Texas. The Pacific Railroad had spread long steel ribbons of track through the grassy mountain lands south of Fort Davis into the Trans-Pecos area and thousands of cattle roamed the ranges. Some were owned by the ranchers of the vicinity and a few were mavericks awaiting some cowboy's rope and iron.

Civilization was fast pushing the frontier back toward the setting sun in the Trans-Pecos and Big Bend areas of Texas. The last Apache chief, old Alsate had passed on to the Happy Hunting Ground in 1887 and Antonio Carrasco, the bold Mexican bandit who had preyed upon the Rio Grande country had been killed in Ojinaja, Mexico across from Presidio.

The Texas cattle population at that time was for the most part made up of longhorns, - rangy, mean, wild eyed, unlovely and equipped with long curving horns as sharp as Jim Bowie's famous knife. As has been noted the majority of the bovines in the Trans-Pecos ranges were wearing the brands of the local ranchers. Whenever a cattleman needed or wanted his stock he simply rode out to the grazing herds on the open range and cut out the cattle wearing his brand.

Then one day an old range cow dropped the little

{Continued on Page 47}

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"QUANTRILL IS NOT DEAD; I CAN PROVE IT"

by John Sharp

Compare this sketch of John Sharp with the photo of Quantrill on the next page; then read this history-shocking story.

as reported by T.W. Paterson

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of June 6, 1865, William Clarke Quantrill succumbed of wounds in a Louisville, Kentucky, military prison hospital. After more than four years of unparalleled savagery, the fabled Confederate guerilla leader was dead. Twenty-two years later, his remains were exhumed and positively identified by his mother as being those of Quantrill.

Yet 50 years later, in various parts of North America, men still claimed they were Quantrill, and had escaped death in Kentucky. Perhaps the most intriguing of these masquerades was that of John Sharp, a watchman at Coal Harbor, Vancouver Island, British Columbia. This unique character actually was "recognized" as being Quantrill!

And many accept his subsequent "murder" as proof of his claim!

His story adds an exciting chapter to the bloodiest legend in American history.

John Sharp first gained wide attention in August, 1907, when the Victoria Daily Colonist featured the story "Guerilla Chief's Home At Quatsino," in which it reported that Sharp, caretaker of the West Vancouver Coal Company's property at Coal Harbor, had been identified as the Confederate leader.

American businessman J.E. Duffy, "a member of the Michigan troop of cavalry which cut up Quantrill's (sic) force," met Sharp at Coal Harbor while there investigating timber limits. Sighting the old man on the beach, he stopped in surprise.

"Is that you, Quantrill, you damned old rascal!?"

"Come into the house," replied Sharp, and the two conversed for hours. Duffy later said Sharp had admitted

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to being Quantrill, and that they had discussed the dismemberment of his band, Sharp being keenly interested in the Union cavalryman's point of view.

(In 1865, deciding to fight fire with fire, the Union commander in Kentucky hired a band of raiders under Capt. Edwin Terrill, whose men finally surprised Quantrill at a farm in southern Spencer County. Two guerillas were killed and Quantrill mortally wounded. If Duffy actually saw Quantrill or any other prisoner it must have been later--author's note).

Duffy told of Sharp's saying that after the fatal skirmish, shot in the shoulder and bayonetted in the chest, he had escaped, to ride 70 miles to safety.

Sharp said he was cared for by a Southern sympathizer and, upon his recovery, had managed to reach South America and lived in Chile for some years. He returned to the U.S. to become a cowboy in Texas and Oregon. In 1897 he was in British Columbia, working in logging camps and trapping, before settling at Coal Harbor.

Prior to Sharp's being "recognized" by Duffy, he had spoken of Civil War experiences, of having made a long ride while badly wounded, and of having been cared for by a quadroon girl. And rumors did exist that he was the notorious guerilla chieftain and had somehow escaped death in Kentucky.

The press stories also prompted R.F. Montgomery of Quatsino to say he remembered Sharp from Fort Worth, Texas. Quatsino postmaster H.O. Bergh added he, too, had heard stories that Sharp was Quantrill and how he had survived being bayonetted in the chest and shot in the shoulder. Bergh had seen the scars.

Quantrill had been nearly six feet tall, had thick blond hair, grey-blue eyes, a down-curling mouth, very fine features with a "Roman nose," and was considered handsome. Almost all agreed that Sharp, then between 70 and 80 years of age, had probably answered to this description in his earlier years.

The late Sidney S. Saunders, former member of the B.C. Provincial Police (now absorbed by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police), game warden, timber cruiser, prospector and First World War, veteran, knew Sharp.

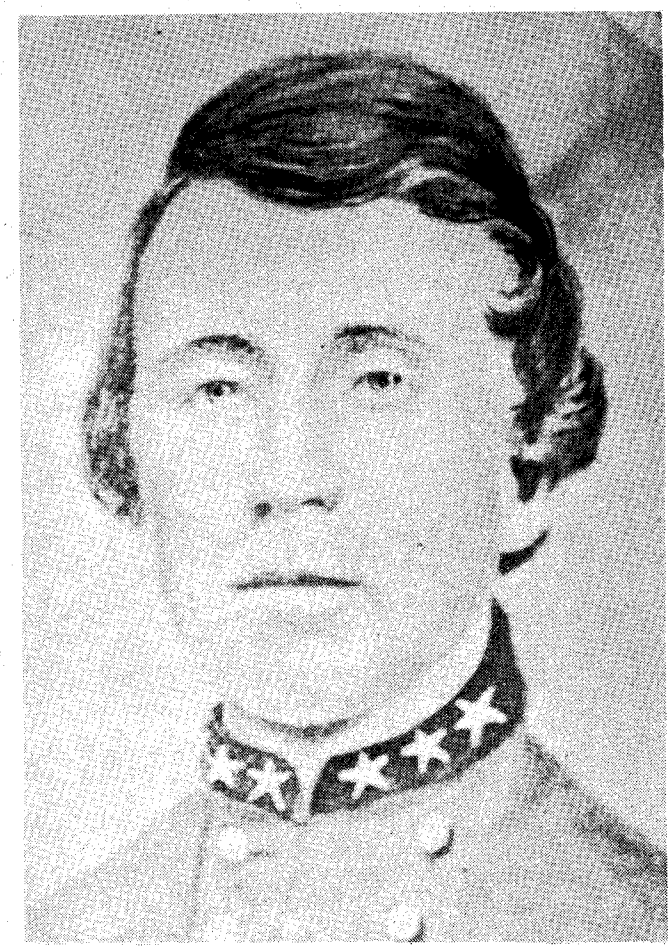
"I heard the story of John Sharp being Quantrill. It always interested me and I know many persons who were more intimate with him than I could possibly be, believed it. They did not say much. According to what I could learn, Sharp, when half-tanked, would boast of being the Southern leader, but when he was sober would resent any reference to the subject. He was an old man, as I recall him; about five feet 11 inches in height, straight, wiry and active. He was possessed of snapping blue eyes and a powerful voice...

"You will understand that it was no business of the B.C. Police if he was Quantrill. As far as our records went, Quantrill had committed no offense against the laws of B.C. or of Canada. It was no crime for him to fight against the Union in the Civil War. It was curiosity on my part only.

"I would say that he was about the same age as Quantrill --in other words, he was born about the same year. He was of similar height and general appearance fitting the description of Quantrill... It was known that his body bore marks of several gunshot wounds, and a bayonet or knife cut."

Other witnesses report Sharp was a crack shot with pistol and rifle. Quantrill had been an excellent marksman.

The late Eustace Smith, a prominent forest engineer, met Sharp in 1902, when he and his brother were acting as guides to a wealthy hunting and fishing party in the Quatsino area.



The Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Defiant Confederate Guerrilla, William Clarke Quantrill.

"I was very interested in meeting him as I had heard it whispered that he was Quantrill. He had steady blue eyes that did not suggest a decline of his mental or physical reflexes. I recall his powerful voice. I did not hear him admit to being Quantrill, but from various remarks made while we were there it would appear that he was a Civil War veteran and had fought for the South. He spoke of Jesse James, the bandit, with familiarity. Jesse James and his brother Frank were members of Quantrill's band."

All connected with the story seem well-versed with the history of Quantrill and his gang. Apparently the rumors surrounding Sharp caused them to consult history books in the hope of proving or disproving the conflicting tales.

One of the few living men who knew Sharp well is still a resident of Quatsino. He prefers that his name not be given, and will be referred to as Mr. "G."

"Sharp was six feet tall, fine-featured with high cheek bones, blue-eyes, and had a ramrod-straight carriage. He was the Northern blond type," Mr. G. recounted. "If he'd donned a shirt of mail, put on an eagle-winged helmet, he'd have looked every inch a Viking.

"While Sharp fought with the Confederates, his speech carried not the slightest Southern accent. (Quantrill was born in Canal Dover, Ohio--author's note.) He is supposed to have had a Southern uniform. I did not see it, but one man told me he had it. But it is perhaps true, as his cap-and-ball pistols were of the type used in the Civil War.

{Continued on Page 54}

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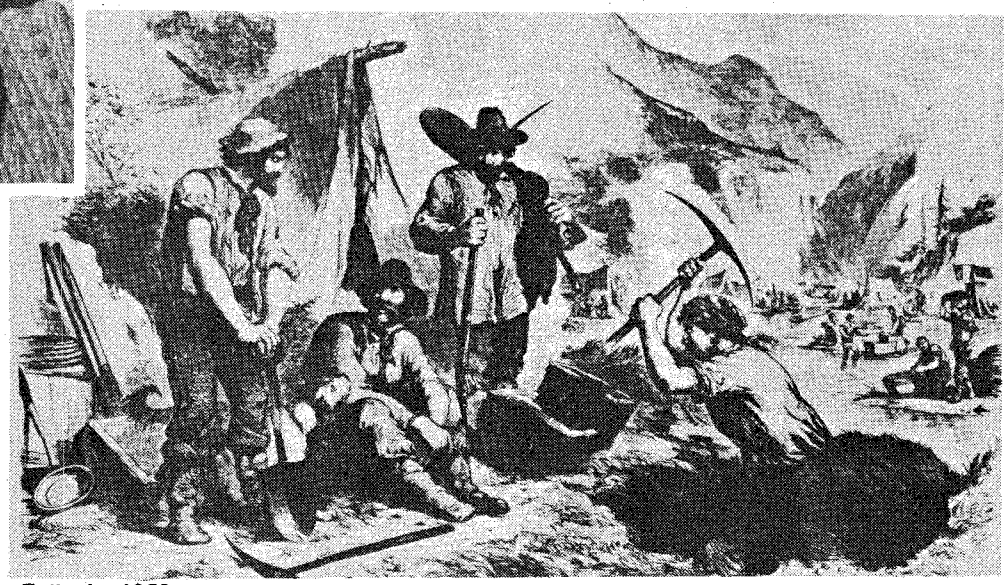
I LIVED THROUGH KLONDIKE HELL

Photo by William J. Betts

The frozen mountains made many men rich but for others they held unspeakable terrors and death!



Ballou's, 1856

by Charles Ashby

My father, Tom Ashby, was one of the original sourdoughs in Alaska. He and my uncle, Oscar Ashby, were prospecting in the North country a decade before the discovery of gold in the Klondike. Both had made a life career of looking for gold.

When I was a babe in my mother's arms, she took me and my sister over that famous, or infamous, Chilkoot Pass in Southeastern Alaska, to our father who was working a claim beyond that Pass.

So growing up in that rugged and God-forsaken country, I learned what the life of a prospector was like. I knew what equipment was used, what food had to be packed into that wilderness, the other equipment, and all the special methods used by a miner. I learned from my father, a real expert.

Then, too, for forty years I prospected for gold in that wild country. People often asked me what it was like prospecting in the Klondike. To put it mildly, but honestly, it was a living hell. There was no hell quite like it on this earth. You lived in mud and dirt, death was always around you in weird forms, the stench of human and animal bodies always seemed to penetrate the air. At times you starved. You saw men drop dead all around you from mysterious deseases. You heard the pitiful cries of men and women and children as they were engulfed in death in a snow slide.

Yet, with all these terrors and horrors, there was a fanatical lure to this hell because at the end of it there was always the chance of finding that elusive yellow metal that would make you a millionaire over night.

But by the time I became a prospector, modern inventions had taken away some of the horrors and terrors of that country. So I will tell the story of my father and my uncle, who were real sourdoughs.

Sourdough? What does the term mean? Well, anyone who saw and braved the horrors of the Yukon, killed a grizzly and saw men die like fleas might call himself a sourdough, if he had the other qualifications. If he couldn't make hotcakes, light and fluffy ones, or bread, from a concoction of fermented flour and water with a little yeast added as a starter, he couldn't lay claim to being a sourdough.

The true Alaskan sourdough prospector did keep this concoction for his pancakes and bread. He kept a can of this sourdough above the stove (when he lived in a tent or cabin) where it was kept in a perpetual degree of fermentation. He never used all of his concoction but left enough to start anew the flour and water added

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after mixing up his pancake batter in the morning. In this way he always had good sourdough working for him.

Father and Uncle Oscar went to the Yukon country in 1886, ten years before the discovery of the fabulous gold fields on the Klondike River watershed. In those days Alaska was so little known, so sparsely settled, that prospecting in that vast land was an undertaking that took a lot of guts, not to mention the know-how of living the kind of life the old mountain men of the West must have known.

Dad and Uncle Oscar decided to go up north when rumors drifted down to the mining centers of the West, that there was gold in the streams and rivers of Alaska.

A prospector by the name of Juneau had found a "mountain of gold" in the mountainous area of the Panhandle or southeastern part of Alaska. A mine was opened and the town that sprang up nearby was eventually named Juneau after the old prospector.

But that was gold ore. Other men had found placer gold in the interior regions of Alaska and the Yukon Territory of Canada. Prospectors and miners began a slow trickle north.

There was only one way to Alaska in those days and that was by steamship. The fare was reasonable enough in 1886, when Dad went north, about $35.00 one way. That included meals. All this was to change when the stampede to the Klondike was to come. Then a steamship company charged all the traffic would bear, as much as $500.00 and that included but one meal, if you were lucky enough to get anywhere near the dining salon to eat.

The ship that Dad went north on was the Rosalie, a "new" ship compared to some of the old hulks on the Alaska run in those days.

Before the two sailed north they had to get an outfit together. They figured it would be much cheaper to buy their supplies in Seattle than in Alaska, even with the freight charges added on. There was also the possibility that the things they needed to outfit themselves would not be available at Juneau.

A prospector needed a lot of things to sustain him and clothe him, also equipment to do the job of prospecting. By the time he made up an outfit he had near a ton of supplies.

The first thing on his list was a tent. This was a wall tent large enough to allow at least four men to live in it in comparative comfort. The tent was a necessity if the miner was to retain his health. He needed some protection from the weather.

Usually a small sheet iron stove was brought along for the tent, not only for warmth but for cooking as well. Some stoves were simple affairs and had no oven. An oven could be attached to the stove pipe in such a way that the escaping hot gases and smoke heated its interior. The sheet metal stovepipe went through a metal jack in the canvas roof.

A variety of tools had to be in the prospector's outfit; for every day living as well as in the actual job of prospecting for gold. He had to have an axe, a crosscut saw (sometimes he carried a whip-saw to rip trees into lumber) a hammer, handsaw and nails; he had rope, a hundred feet of 1/4 inch and at least fifty feet of 1/2 inch, and then there was of course a pick, shovel and gold pan, the standby of all placer mining.

The prospector had to have good warm clothing, several changes of it. In his outfit he would have (beside the

The Washington State Historical Society

Above: Cleaning up the rocker. That's gold on the screen of Charlie Hutchinson, friend of the Ashby brothers.

Washington Historical Society

Above: Tons of gold came through these rockers in 1899. Below: Cleaning gold in a Klondike Cabin.

Asahel Curtis Photo

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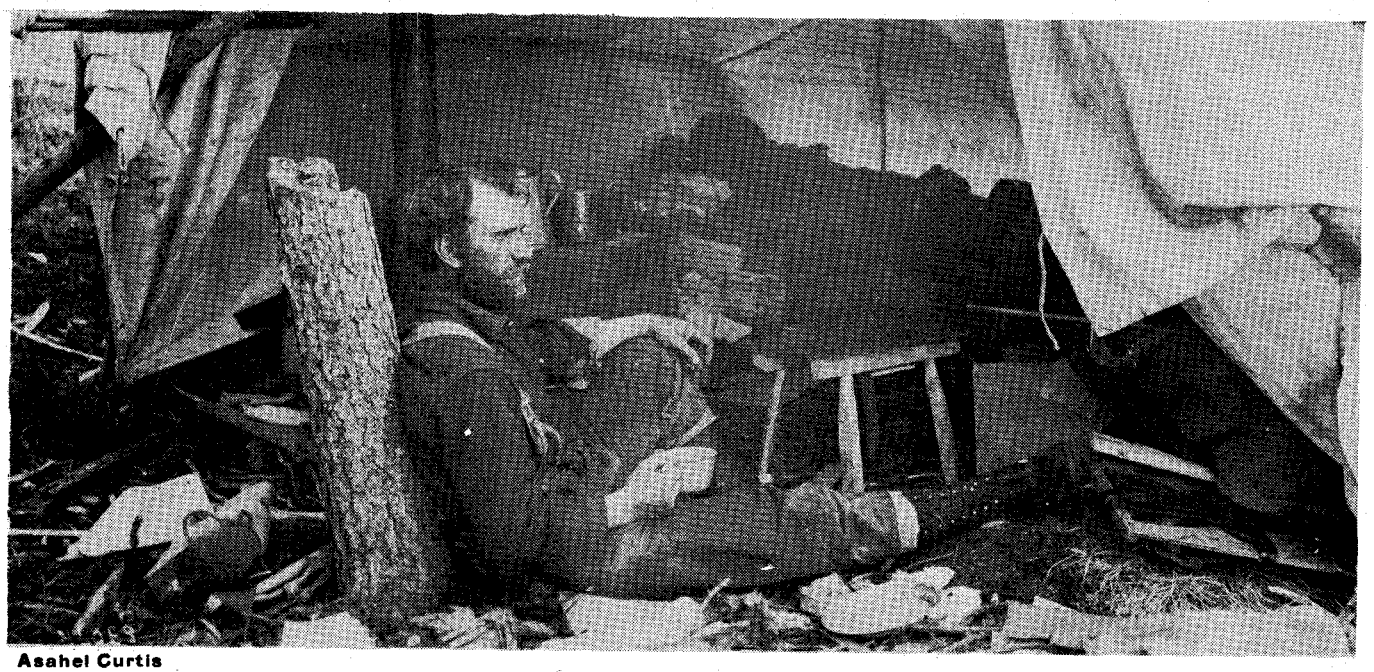
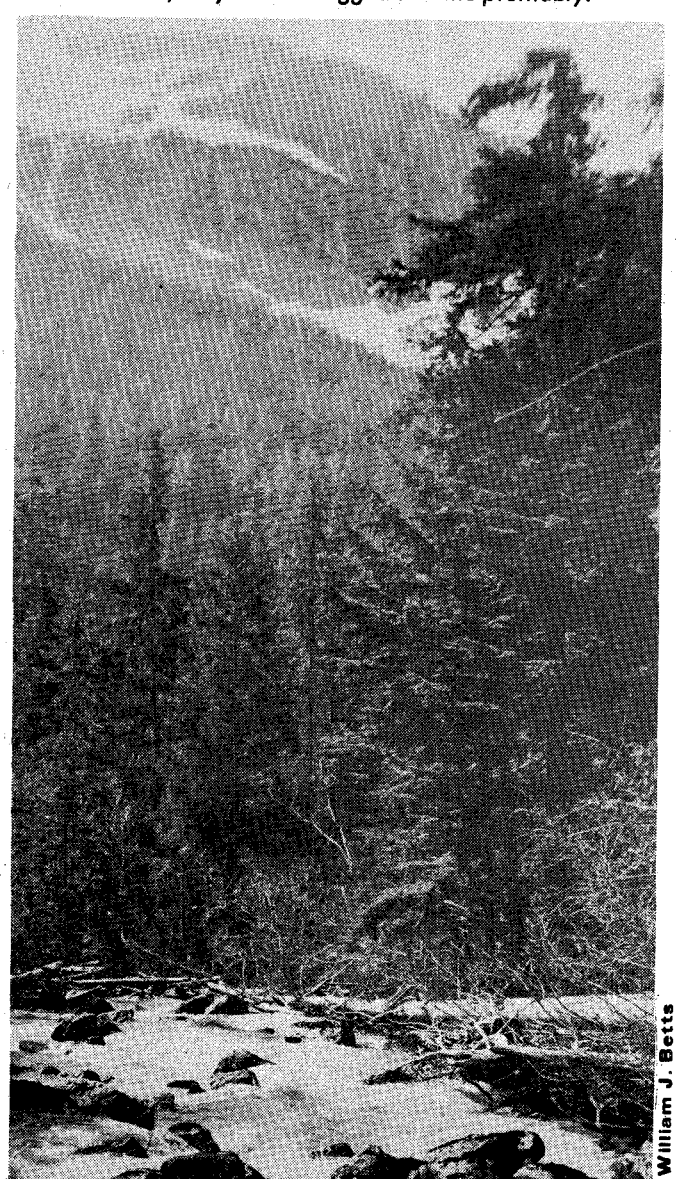


Asahel Curtis

Typical prospector's shelter had only basic equipment. Below: The Coast Range through which the early prospectors had to find their way. Though the mountains contain ore, they are too rugged to mine profitably.



William J. Betts

ones he wore) two pair of heavy, black, woolen union suits or underwear; wool socks, four pair; work trousers, two pair; woolen trousers, two pair; one light jacket and a heavy woolen machinaw; three heavy wool shirts; a belt and pair of suspenders; a cap or a hat.

In addition he had to have two pair of heavy leather shoes and some prospectors brought along a pair of rubber hip boots for mucking in the wet streams. He had to have a couple pair of leather work gloves and a pair of woolen mittens. He usually carried along several large bandana hankies that he used for a variety of purposes from scarfs to bandages.

The Alaska prospector carried a rifle and ammo into the wilderness. This was not so much for protection, although he sometimes had to use it against renegade Indians or a maddened grizzly, but for killing game. The Alaskan sourdough prospector depended on wild meat for part of his food.

The mainstay of the prospector's food was, of course, flour and beans. For each prospector, four 50 pound sacks of flour; 50 pounds of dried beans; 5 slabs of side meat or bacon; 5 pounds of salt; ½ pound of pepper; 15 pounds of dried fruit (prunes, peaches or apricots); ¾ pound dried mustard; a case of canned condensed milk; 20 pounds of coffee; 5 pounds of tea (some prospectors preferred tea to coffee); 2 pounds of dried onions; 25 pounds of rice; 10 pounds of sugar. In addition to this he carried with him: about 30 boxes of matches in waterproof containers (he waterproofed the matches by wraping the boxes in paper and dipping them in melted wax); 3 bars of laundry soap; as much tobacco as he thought he would need, from 5 to 10 pounds (some of this he would give to Indians).

The above is about what Dad and Uncle Oscar brought in with them. Multiplied by two, except the tools. When there was more than one man in the party (and I will say right now that a lone man in the wilderness was a very foolish man) the tools were combined so that there would be one axe, one saw, etc. to the party.

Dad told me years later that their outfit didn't cost them much over $500 and that included everything. Today such an outfit would run into thousands of dollars.

Dad and Uncle Oscar left Seattle in the early spring of 1886, on the Rosalie, for Juneau. Juneau in 1886, was not much more than a cluster of cabins with a single

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street along the waterfront boasting several frame structures housing saloons, dance halls and hotels. Juneau was named after the prospector who had discovered the first vein of ore containing gold in the area. The ore was low grade but was easily separated and mined, which made the Juneau mines very rich.

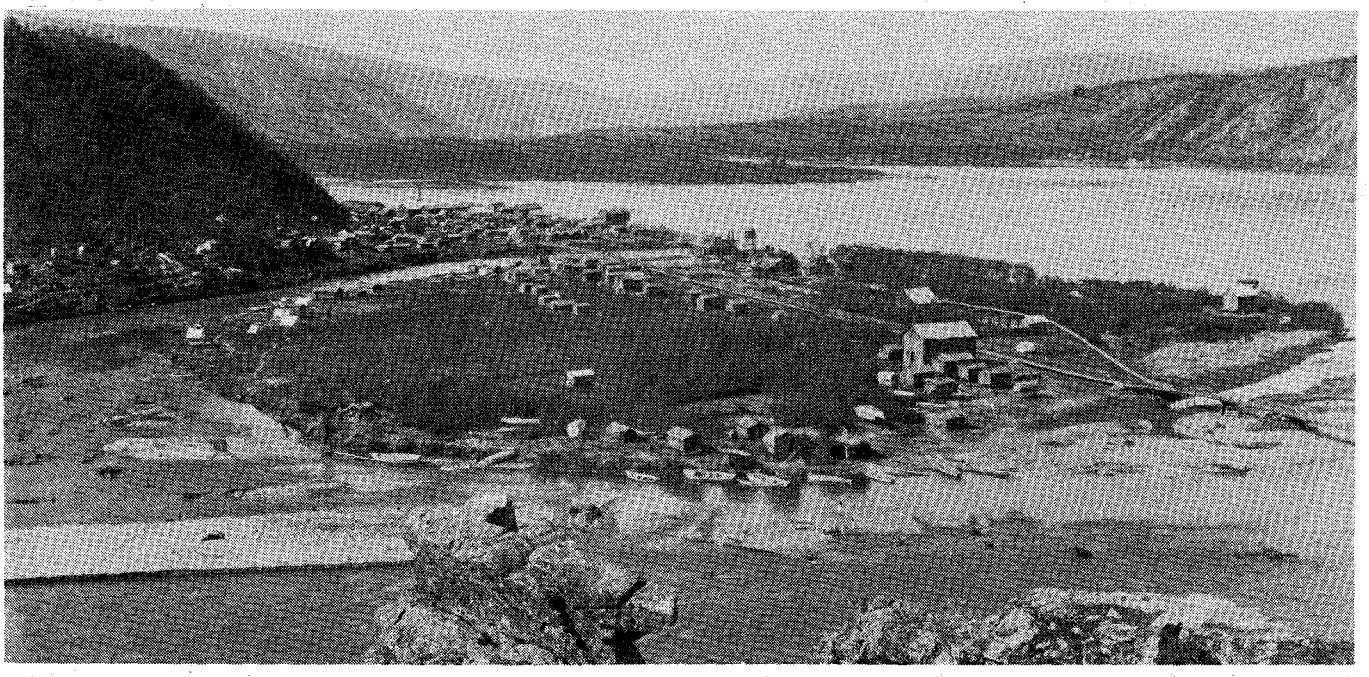
The problem of the placer gold prospector was in finding a stream where the gold has concentrated in large enough quantities to make it profitable to dig to bed-rock.

If the muck, sand and gravel along a stream or river, over-lying bed-rock is not too deep it is a relatively simple task to dig to gold bearing gravel. But if the strata is deep the labor of digging a shaft becomes herculean. A prospector could spend a whole summer sinking a shaft to bed-rock only to discover the gravel is free of gold.

A good placer mine might run from a few cents a pan to as high as several dollars. A man could make wages even on a poor gold bearing stream if he worked

The Ashby's passed up this area, one of the richest gold areas in the world.

Asahel Curtis Photo



his fool head off. But he always hoped to discover the rich producer. And sometimes he did, consider the miners on the fabulous Bonanza Creek in the Klondike, who found pans of $500.00.

Dad and Uncle got their outfits from the Rosalie and began making the rounds of the saloons to talk to the old timers about the prospecting possibilities in the area. "What's the chances for placer showings east of Juneau?" was the question they asked.

They were told there was no area around Juneau for placer mining as the country was too rough, but that in the Yukon country there were many small streams and rivers emptying into the Yukon and all these streams offered great possibilities for placer mining. But there were several serious problems getting to the Yukon country. It was over a hundred miles to the head of the Lynn Canal, and beyond this was the Chilkoot, controlled by the Chilkat Indians, whose hatred of the white man was well known.

But Dad and Uncle Oscar had the gold fever, and when that fever strikes, all reason and common sense go out the window. They were in luck. A salmon cannery, located at Pyramid Harbor, on the Chilkat Inlet, had a boat that was leaving Juneau in several days, and they got transportation on it. The cannery was still some distance from the pass but they could probably transport their supplies in a canoe.

Not far from Pyramid Harbor, on the Lynn Canal side, was a Chilkat village, near where the present town of Haines is located. There were the same Indians who controlled the Chilkoot Pass. Dad hoped that they could hire the Indians to canoe their gear and pack it as well.

But at the village the Chilkats were anything but friendly. "See chief," they said when Dad asked them about the canoe. They pointed to a large house built near the water.

Dad and Uncle walked over to the entrance of the house which was the typical abode of the Coast Indians. It was built from large hand-split cedar planks. A guard, as sullen as the others, stood at the door. When Uncle Oscar told him - in the Chinook jargon - that they wished to see the chief, the guard grunted in answer and then pulling aside the blanket over the doorway, motioned them to enter.

The house was surprisingly large. Round tree trunks, two rows of them, their ends buried in the ground, supported the gabled roof. A fire, built on a dias of rocks, burned near the center of the room.

Around the room, against the walls, was a raised platform on which were spread blankets and the skins of animals, obviously the sleeping area of the occupants. Beneath these bunk-like platforms were ornately carved chests, fishing gear spears, the paraphernalia of a people who secured much of their food from the water.

The house smelled, stunk would be a better word, of wood smoke, dried salmon, colichan oil, the sweaty bodies of its occupants, and lack of toilet facilities. It took a while for Dad and Uncle Oscar to get used to the stench.

At the far end of the house on one of the raised platforms they noticed an Indian sitting there, obviously waiting for them. When they didn't approach him immediately he motioned them to come forward.

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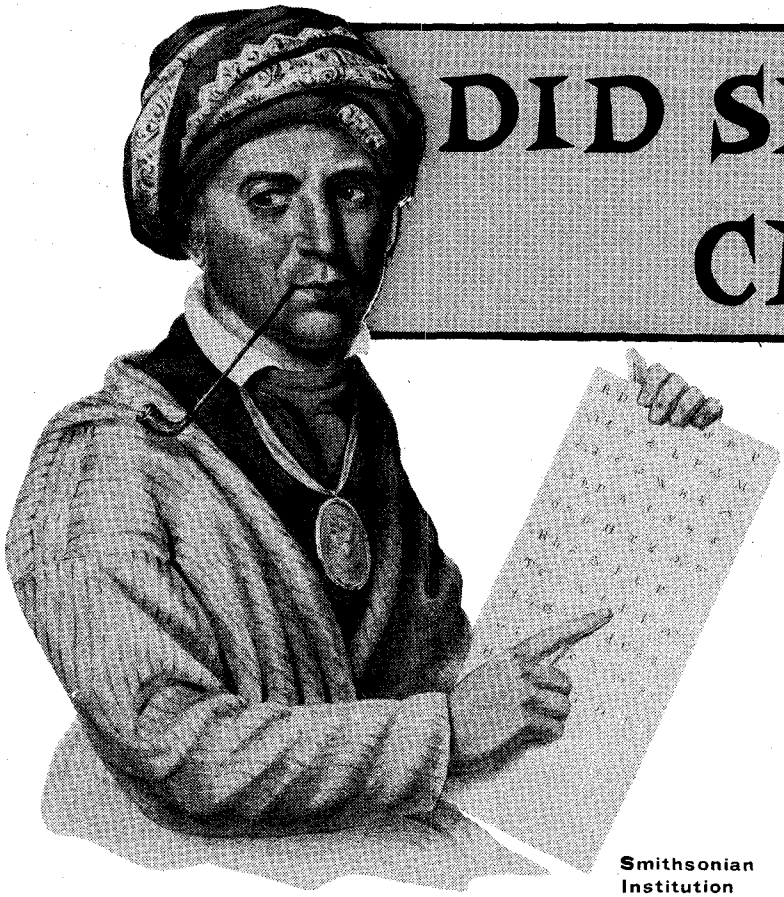
DID SEQUOYAH CHEROKEE



Smithsonian Institution

Startling facts reveal that the man who created the famed alphabet was really a forgotten missionary who let Sequoyah take all the credit.

by Carelton Mays

He was a quiet man, a learned man, dedicated to his missionary work among the Cherokee Indians in Georgia. His name was Reverend Daniel Sabin Buttrick. He could be called, "The Man History Forgot." If you delve deep in Cherokee research, you might find a vague reference to the part he took in defending the Cherokees at the time Andrew Jackson was president.

But history paid so little attention to him that they didn't bother, in many cases, to spell his name right, using one "t" instead of two. Yet the contribution the Reverend Daniel Sabin Buttrick made to the Indian and Cherokee culture remains unmatched.

History has given the Cherokee, Sequoyah, full and complete credit for the amazing feat of perfecting the Cherokee alphabet, a feat that scholars and intellectuals had struggled to perform without success for over a century. Yet history does not record that at the side of young Sequoyah was the Reverend Buttrick, teaching the young Cherokee the importance of sounds in the English alphabet and showing how each character could be used in another alphabet. Without the Reverend Buttrick, there probably wouldn't have been a Cherokee alphabet.

None of this can detract from the courage, the brilliance, and greatness of Sequoyah. He stands out as one of the outstanding individuals among the Indians of North America. He was born George Guess in Will's Valley, northwestern Georgia, the year after George and Martha Washington were married. He died in Mexico the year William McKinley was born.

He grew up like any other young Cherokee. It wasn't an unpleasant life. The Cherokees were one of the largest of the Indian tribes, and possibly the most "civilized." They hunted, fished, farmed and lived in the southern Alleghanies, where the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee join, a mountainous area abound in woods, streams and game.

Young Sequoyah roamed the forest trails after small game like any other growing boy. Except that he didn't go as far as fast. He had one bad leg but whether he was born with it or it was the result of a childhood accident is not known.

Whether Sequoyah became "The Dreamer," one of the names by which he was known, because of his physical handicap, or because he had a mind full of curiosity and independence, is open to conjecture.

It was noticed early that he carried a good Indian trait to an extreme -- that of observation. When the other growing boys were wandering in the woods, he would often start with them, and then stop somewhere, sitting and seeming to dream. Often he was not dreaming but watching, observing. It was said that he could follow the trail of a small insect through the woods as readily as a good hunter could follow that of a bear.

At any rate, with his ability to observe, and a lively imagination, he became a popular story-teller. When the other boys came home with an occasional rabbit or hair-raising tale of adventure, young Sequoyah would come back with a story, often made up from something he had noticed, while sitting and "dreaming."

It was fortunate that he had this ability, as he never became a great hunter, or even a passable farmer. But there was room in the Indian community for a good story-teller. Partly because much of their daily life was lived according to their religion, which included their taboos, and these were handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth, by skilled story-tellers, as they had no written language.

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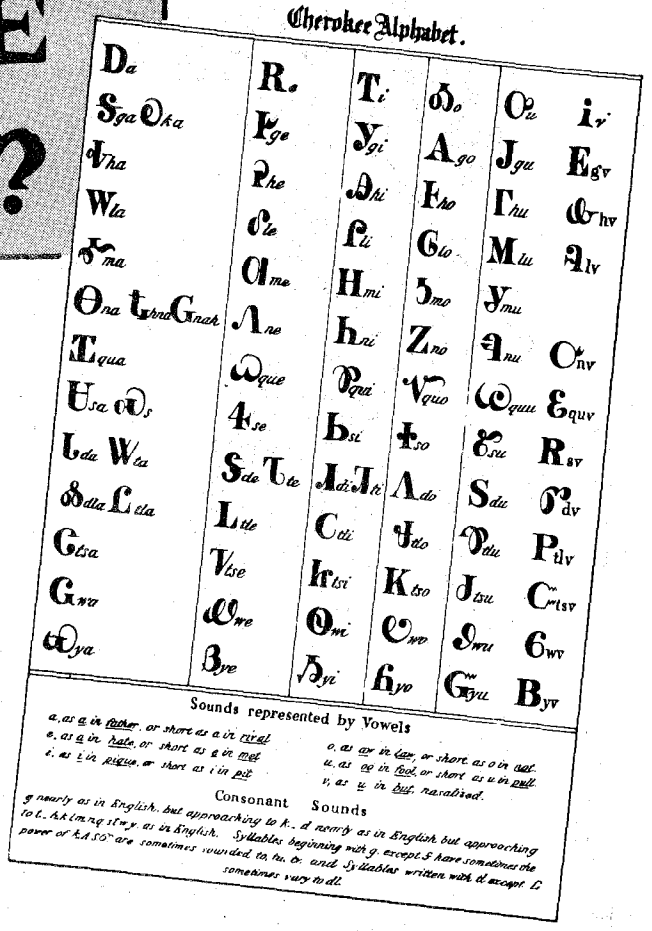
INVENT THE ALPHABET?

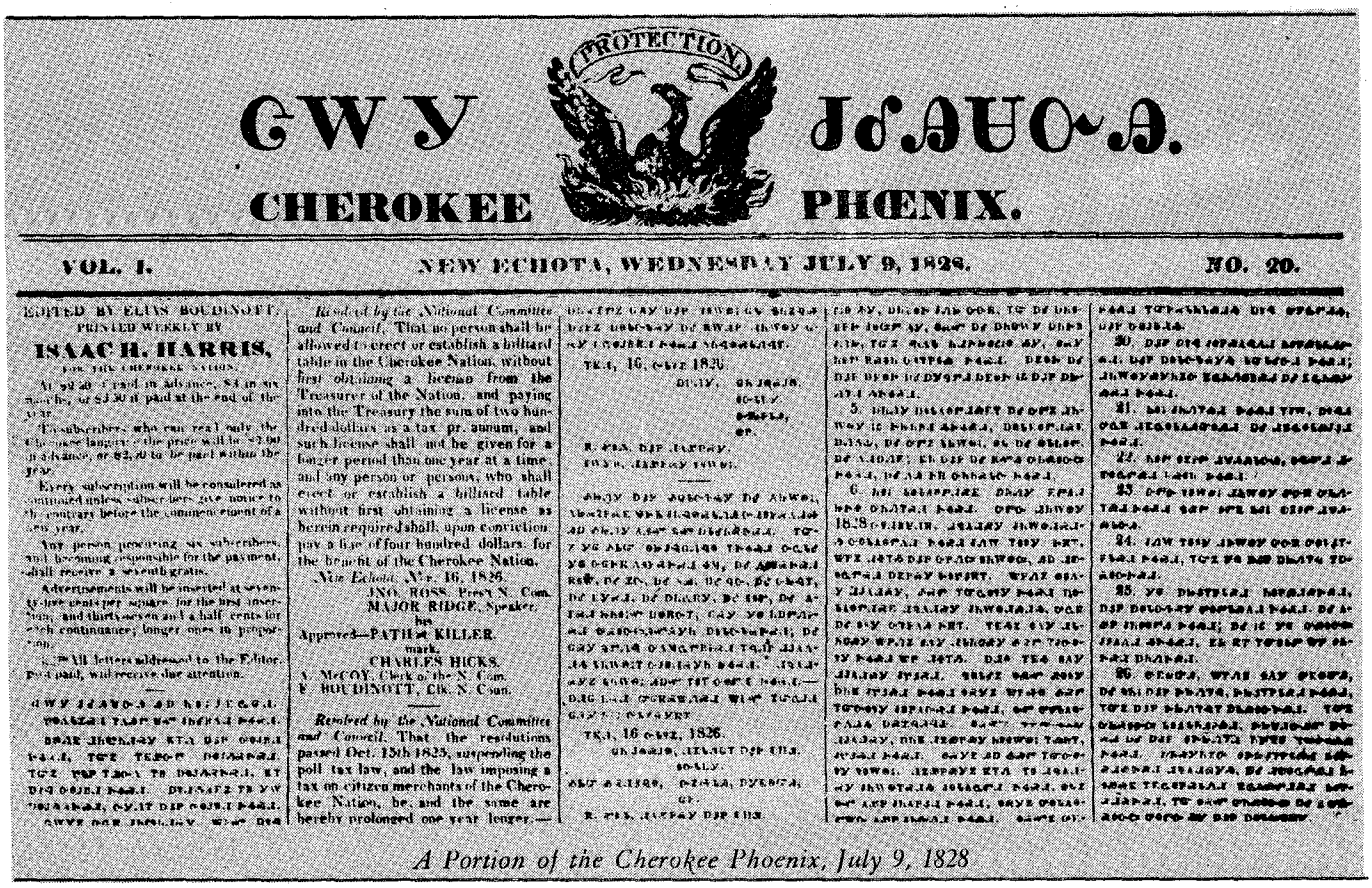


The alphabet made it possible for the Cherokees to have their own language newspapers.

Then two important things happened, one to the tribe and one to the man born as George Guess. Sequoyah's forebodings that these white settlers would push west proved correct, Under this influence, a long-smoldering split in the Cherokee Nation became intensified. The two factions were known as the "Uppers" and "Lowers" from where they lived. Their differences were based on how they lived, not where, but that difference was also based on geography.

The Cherokees living to the north, or "Uppers" were primarily agricultural while the "Lowers" lived by hunting. The white pressure was bothering the hunters more than the farmers, and they were talking about migrating to the west. Sequoyah, was questioned but refused to take sides. He was a patriotic Cherokee and did not want to get involved in factionism.

In Boston about this time, in the year 1817, Reverend Daniel Sabin Buttrick was being ordained as a Presbyterian missionary among the Indians. He had been born August 25, 1789, in Windser, Massachusetts. At the age of



A Portion of the Cherokee Phoenix, July 9, 1828

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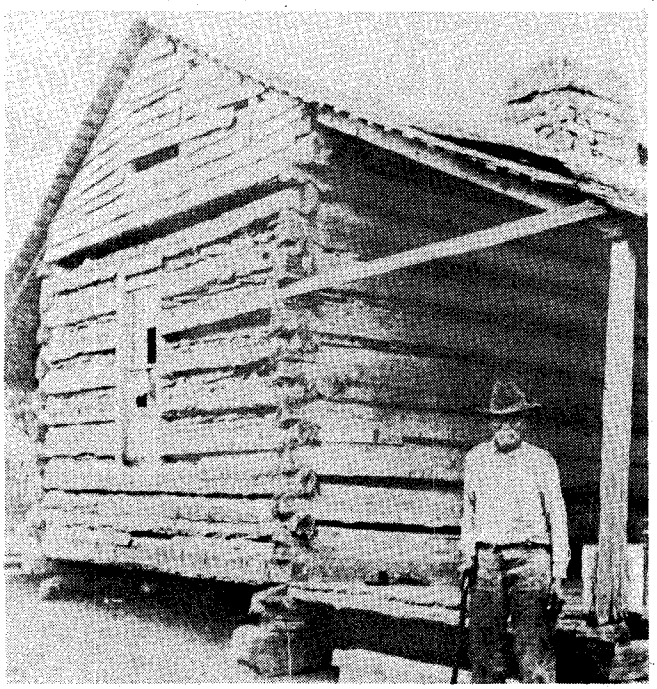
sixteen he made a profession of religion and entered the Cooperstown Academy. He graduated six years later as a minister, but his interest was in field work and in 1817 he became a missionary.

With other missionaries he was sent to Athens, Georgia, on the edge of the Indian country, arriving there December 18, 1817. A month later he was sent to the Brainerd Mission (now Chattanooga, Tenn.). Working out of this mission, he spent all his time with the Cherokees there and the nearby missions. He was called the most enthusiastic and successful missionary the American Board sent to the Cherokees. He lived with them, ate with them, and wanted to be a part of their lives.

He studied their language, spending long periods with them, not seeing any white men. He soon perfected the language, but never achieved his ultimate goal-preaching sermons to the Cherokees in their own language, an accomplishment practically impossible for any white man. In his effort to achieve this goal of preaching in Cherokee, he made the discovery that the Cherokee language, as all Indian languages, had symbols for sounds and not for words, which made continuous thought difficult for a whiteman.



This crude cabin was Sequoyah's home in Arkansas.

In his missionary work he met Sequoyah. Sequoyah had been impressed by Christianity as exemplified by Reverend Buttrick. The two men, quite different in origin and background, had become firm friends. Sequoyah, never a man with a closed mind, thought there was much good in the white man's religion, and much that the Cherokees might learn from it. But how could it be taught to his tribe? Obviously, by the bible. He listened to his friend Buttrick reading from the bible by the hour, and was moved by it, though he understood little English.

Buttrick wanted to teach his friend English, and to read and write, but Sequoyah refused. He wanted only that minimum of English all the eastern Indians were learning, enough so they could, if necessary, talk to, and trade with, the white men. But he did not want to learn a new language, or to read it and write it. This was an anomaly in a man with intellectual curiosity. As an Indian, Sequoyah was a good Cherokee Sequoyah and as a man Sequoyah was proud. He feared that if he learned English, he would become less of a Cherokee, and if he learned to read it and write it, he would lose part of his identification with his tribe.

On the other hand, he wanted the Cherokees to have the advantage of the Bible. He came to the conclusion that it could only be done by translating the Bible into the Cherokee tongue. But the Cherokees, like other Indian tribes, used signs but had no written language. There was no way to write it. He told this to his friend Buttrick, who was intrigued.

Sequoyah watched and listened to Buttrick, and realized there was a connection between the sound of the words the missionary read him, and the little symbols in the Bible. He and Reverend Buttrick started one of the most intricate tasks -- inventing an alphabet.

This was a task difficult enough to have defeated previous scholars who had tried it. Sequoyah was not, technically, a scholar. He was illiterate. He was also, in all probability, a genius. But he had the help of his friend Buttrick, who was a language expert. Another difficulty was the language itself. As is true of many languages meant to be heard rather than read, the meaning of many words depended on how they were said, on the intonation or tone of voice.

Reverend Buttrick and Sequoyah, by intellectual efforts almost unprecedented, started breaking the words into syllables. Buttrick would put the sounds down, trying to approximate English equivalents. It didn't work. There weren't enough symbols to represent the sounds. Sequoyah tried to interest the elders of the tribe in his project. They listened, because they respected him, but they could see little prospect of success. They could not see the advantage in all this work, and it was against custom and tradition, which was very important. They were not interested in helping with the project.

Sequoyah had married in the interval. He became friendly with a western chief with the pleasant name of Jolly. Chief Jolly had assured him that when the time was ripe, he would come east and organize a party to join their cousins who had moved west of the Mississippi. In 1821 Chief Jolly returned to do just that, and in February a flotilla of 19 flatboats started down the Tennessee River for a migration to the west. Sequoyah was one of the members. Unfortunately, Buttrick was not. But Sequoyah, never a man to waste anything, took the missionary's notes with him.

The party's destination was Polk County, north of the Arkansas River in the newly established Arkansas Territory (later the state). Sequoyah and his wife Sally and infant daughter Polly settled down on a farm near the town of Illinois. They built a small house there, including an upstairs room for the scholar to work in. After getting the farm going, he retired to his "study" and left the running of the farm to his wife, who did not seem to object and out of which she was able to wrest a living for the small family.

Sequoyah spent almost all of his time working in the room he'd set aside for that purpose. He looked at the notes Buttrick had made, trying to put the Cherokee sounds into what was, in effect, corresponding English sounds and spelling. Sequoyah knew that wouldn't work, but he was able to use some of it, and make up symbols for the various sounds he thought he needed. Try as

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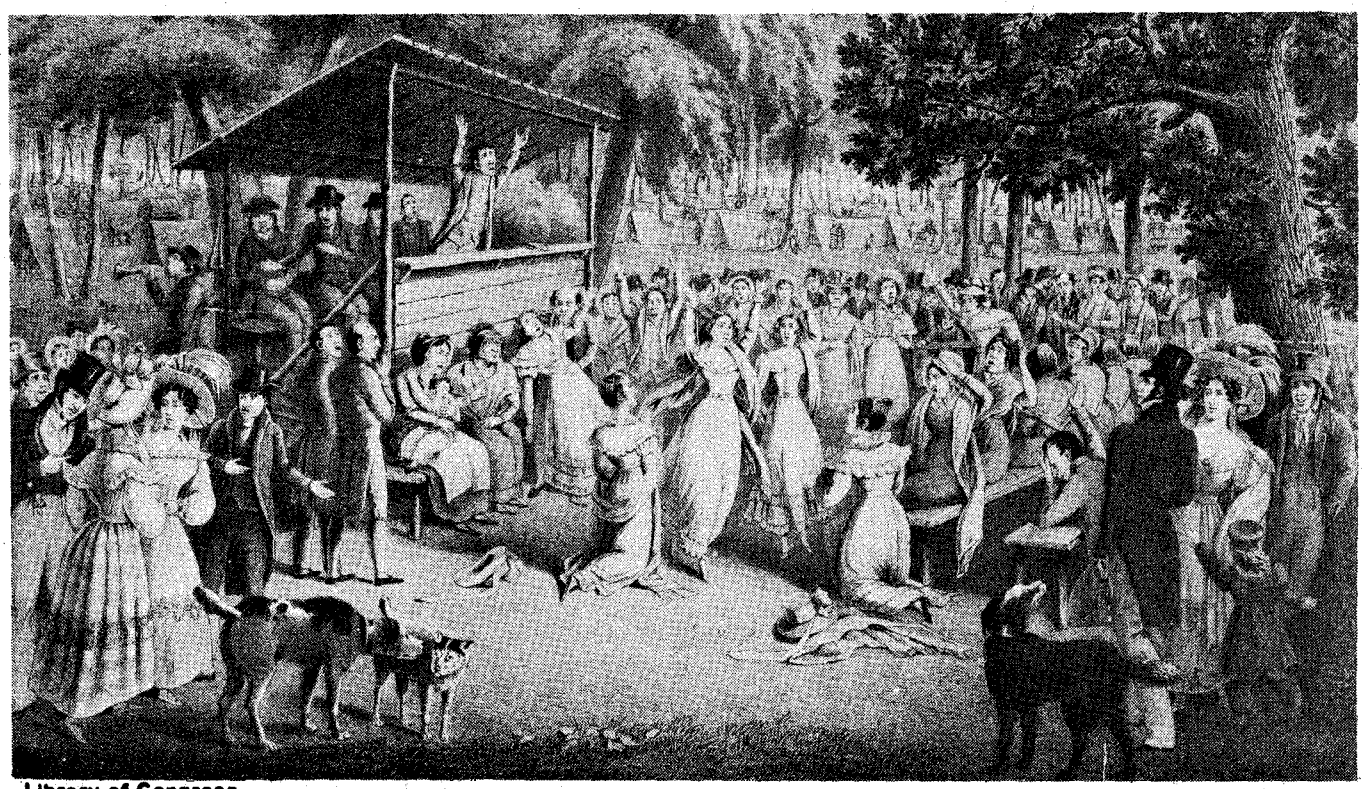
GIVE ME THAT OL' TIME RELIGION



Library of Congress

Sometimes the Preachers were worse than the rowdies, but when they started to preach hell and damnation, you could practically smell the fire and brimstone!

by George T. Manor

The Catholic missionaries, sent to take the Christian religion to the Indians in that vast and unexplored wilderness of the West, built missions and towns and were interested in converting the Indians to the Christian belief. To further this, they taught the Indian how to plant and reap and how to treat metals to be used as weapons.

For over two hundred years these missionaries braved the dangers of that wilderness with hundreds dying in the pursuit of their duty. Then came the great surge of the Anglo-Protestant invasion of the West, and with it came the stern puritanical religion of those creeds.

Preachers followed in the wake of the migration. They held services in saloons and sometimes brothels. Many of them little or not interested in converting Indians. The Indians to them were merely savages that nothing could save.

In those early days there were few women in the West, and the preachers didn't make much impression on the rough miners and cowboys. The restraint on morals the men had known in the civilization of the East broke down in that wild wilderness of the West.

Then the women began to appear on the scene. They kept their restraints and they forced the men to build churches and the West took on some semblance of religious interest. But it wasn't until the towns had been established and life began to take on moral codes that the women, more than anybody else, brought religion to the West. Even before churches were built in many settlements, the women had arranged for "going to meeting," which was a religious service. It was held in a selected cabin. The women sat in the front room, while the men had to stand outside or sit in their wagons or carriages. The preacher stood in the doorway to deliver his fire and brimstones sermons. After that there was singing of emotional hymns and lengthy prayers.

While most women would have hotly denied it, there is little doubt that "going to meeting" offered a pleasant

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LAST OF THE LEES

Indian massacres, snowstorms, prairie madness - nothing could stop this remarkable family from conquering the rugged frontier.

by Maurice Kildare

To Mary Elizabeth Lee death always seemed to be a cloud hanging over her, near her, and near those she loved. She was raised in the town of Kanab, Utah, and she was nine when the Mountain Meadows massacre of immigrants shocked the nation. It happened close to her home and her older brother was killed in the massacre. She saw the battered bodies and losing her brother was her first taste of death.

When she was twelve, her mother was killed in a horse and buggy run away. She married Joseph Hyrum Lee, son of John D. Lee, who had established an outpost and ferry named after him in Utah. Then came death in a new and more terrifying form. John D.Lee, father of her husband, was arrested and convicted for leading the Mountain Meadows Massacre of the white settlers. He died in front of a firing squad.

To escape the humiliation and disgrace his arrest had brought to the family, she and her husband and children in 1876 joined with other settlers headed for the wild Indian country south of the Utah border, country that had known only two white settlers. Mary Lee had grown to a good six feet and weighed two hundred pounds. She had black eyes and black hair and was strikingly handsome. She had studied nursing and could act as a mid wife in an emergency.

The Lee train consisted of two oxen drawn wagons with trailers, 65 head of cattle and 35 horses. The wagons carried their household goods and a good supply of food. Mary Lee drove the oxen for the head wagon. By now her family consisted of her husband, two sons,

Most of the Illustrious Lee family gathered for a reunion at Cedar City, Utah in 1919.

Ada Lee Humphries Collection

TRAGIC END OF A

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Tom and Joseph Jr., and three daughters, Agatha Ann, Sarah Alice, and Elenore Abigail.

But the death that had followed Mary Lee and the Lee family was still with them when the wagon train stopped at Willow Springs their destination. Jimmy, the four year old son of Frank and Alice Freeman, died suddenly of some mysterious disease. The train turned out to bury the little boy in a pine casket alongside the trail. The boy was no relation of Mary Lee, but standing and watching the little coffin being lowered into the rocky grave, she wondered if this was an omen of death that would continue to follow her and her family.

It was rough and wild country the Lee family had chosen for their new home. It was the former land of the Utes. The only protection the settlers had against Ute raids were the Navajos, enemies of the Utes, willing to fight them on any pretext and for any people they attacked. It was Country that would test the mettle, the courage, and the human endurance of any person.

John Bigelow, a friend of Lee, had a stone building on the trail at Willow Springs. The Lee family erected temporary quarters near the stone building, which gave them protection against the Indians. The next spring more settlers had arrived and a make shift militia was formed as a defense against the Utes.

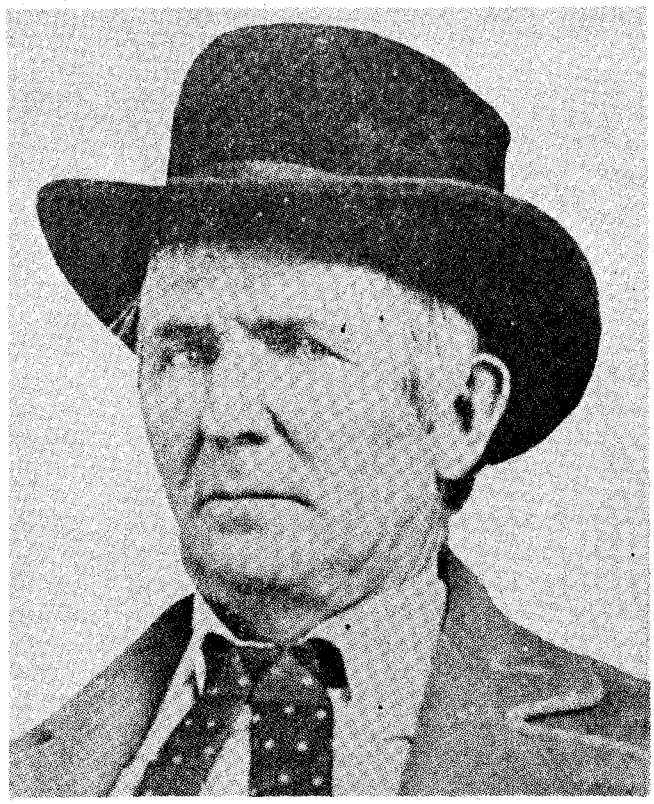
Lee moved his family to Moon Ave. where he farmed. Mary Lee gave birth to a son, but the cloud of death was there. They baby boy died four months later and he was the first of the Lee family to be buried in the now famous Lee lot in the Tuba City cemetery.

The town site of Tuba was surveyed, and Lee reserved five lots for himself and his family. He then selected farming land in lower Moencopi Canyon. With his oxen he broke the sod and planted wheat, corn, beans, potatoes, and mellon seed obtained from the Hopi Indians.

On lots reserved for himself in town he set out a large apple orchard, adding peaches, apricots and plums. At the same time Alonzo and Sy Farnsworth planted fruit trees and started raising alfalfa for dairy cows. The following year Lee built a large eight room house of stone, wood and mud on main street. A white picket fence added later enclosed flower beds. It occupied a site between the small co-op store and Bishop Lon Brinkerhoff's church warehouse.

Life on the frontier demanded work of all. Growing children helped with farming and harvesting crops. Wheat was cut by hand, bundles wrapped and tied with a rope of stalks, heads thrust inside the sheaves. To be milled wheat had to be hauled the long distance to Utah via Lee Ferry. Most of the year the family ate roughly ground corn, boiled kernels or hominy grits.

But the Indians were always a danger. The Utes had been taken north into Utah, but they were restless and unhappy and raiding parties were always riding deep in the Western Navajo country. Then came the dire information that the Utes had started a massive invasion of the Navajo Country, which included the settlement at Tuba City. Navajo runners brought the news that savage Ute raiding parties were descending on Tuba City, and unless more Navajos rallied, the Utes would break through the meager defenses and would destroy the Tuba City settlement.



John D. Lee, grandfather of the Lee family, executed in 1877.

During the night Hopi Indians at nearby Moencopi pueblo fled east to Oraibi for safety. Few local Navajos, and no Piutes or Havasupais had been seen this day. Less than a dozen white men were in the settlement. A few of the men were on distant ranges that fall of 1880. But most were at Flagstaff 74 miles south, cutting cross ties for the approaching Atlantic & Pacific Railroad. This work was a God-send in the form of money for sorely needed family necessities.

Mary Lee's husband, Joseph Hyrum, Sr., worked his teams at the mountain town. Thomas, her fifteen year old son had been dispatched the day before to summon the men home. But rapidity of raiders movements made it impossible for reserves to arrive in time.

The settlement of fifty families faced its worst crisis for survival. In an hour the Utes could accomplish what disease, starvation and other Indians failed to do.

Mary Lee was at the noon day meal with her children when the news of the Ute raiding parties was relayed to her. Almost at the same time one of Junius Foutz's small boys came running into the Lee home with the news that the older Fautz daughter was ill with high fevers. Mary Lee never hesitated. Utes or no Utes. Her duty was to the Foutz daughters, just as her duty was always to anybody sick in the settlement.

She got her medical bag and started for the Foutz's house, and as she did, she saw to the north three ominous

PIONEER FAMILY

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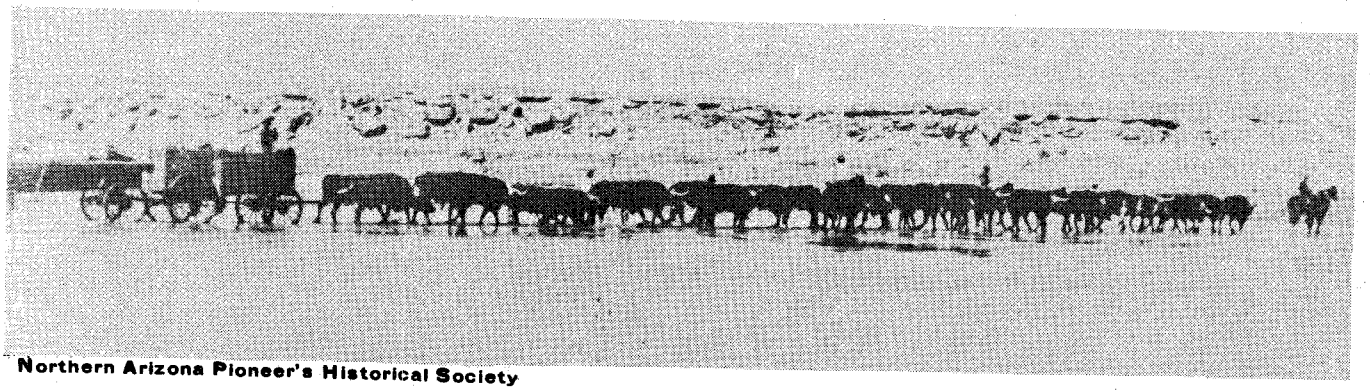


Northern Arizona Pioneer's Historical Society

Joseph Lee's ox team train fording little Colorado River.

smoke signals rising slowly to a cloudless sky some fifteen miles from the settlement. These signals were the warning to Tuba City that the Utes were closing in fast and would hit the town late that day or the next.

Mary Lee remained with the sick Foutz girl until dusk. On the way home she saw Jim Boon, White Horse Mess headman, leading fifty men out of western sandhills. They were tall, sinewy Navajo riders and tough as wet leather. All were heavily armed, wearing high topped moccasins, buckskin trousers and war caps. These men were stripped for battle.

"We catch!" Boon assured her, pulling out of line as his men clattered past. "You tell people here, no more worry!"

"But do you have enough men to help the others fight off two hundred Utes?" she asked doubtfully.

"Me fight with Billakona's (Americans). Me know how. Pretty quick no, we kill! Kill! Kill!"

Her apprehensions about enough Navajo fighting men were set at rest with next dawn. Drawn into a cleverly laid trap, less than a dozen Utes escaped in an all night battle.

An Allen boy rode south to meet anxious men hurrying home to defend their families. He found them twenty seven miles away at Tanner Crossing on the Little Colorado River. Even though the danger was past, a few family heads came on anyway. One of them was Lee. Visiting briefly he returned to the San Francisco Mountains where his several oxen teams hauled cross ties. His horse and mule teams were leased to work on railroad rights-of-way grading.

Once again happiness dwelled in the remote settlement. Families tilled their fields and garden plots until harvest time. Then they gathered their crops and dried fruit. The menfolks returned home when winter snow halted work in the mountains. Supper socials and square dances provided long winter entertainment. Voilins, guitars and drums furnished music. Boys and girls danced barefooted. No settler managed more than one pair of shoes a year. They were self-cobbled from raw cowhide.

The following year Lee let others handle his working teams at Flagstaff. He started a business, building a stone trading post on Tokesjhay Wash. It stood on the Oraibi trail eleven miles east of George W. McAdams at Redlake. Like other traders he sold little more than calico, unbleached muslin, wool dyes, salt, coffee and sugar. Navajos were taught how to roast and grind the coffee as it came green in sacks. The sugar, in cones, they thought to be candy.

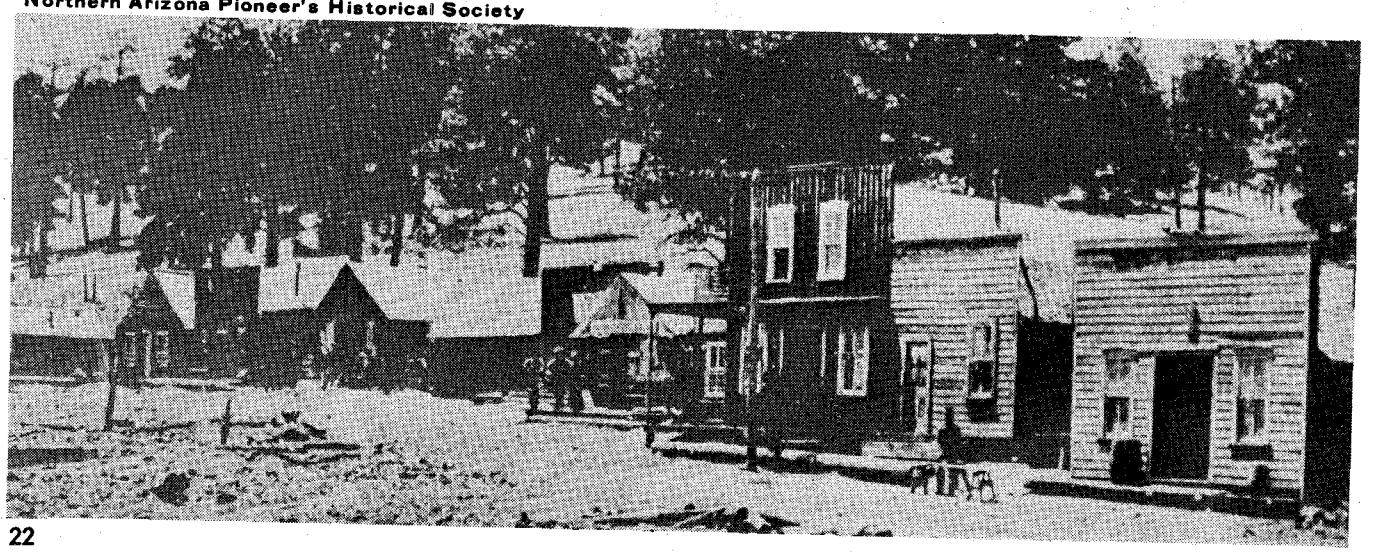
Wool, pelts, hides and native crafted blankets taken in barter trade were hauled the long thirty day trip to Salt Lake City for sale. Merchandise was brought back from there until the railroad made trade goods available closer at the mountain town of Flagstaff. Wool was pressed into 700 pound flat bales before sacks came into general use.

At the end of nine months Lee abandoned his Tokesjhay business. He returned to his teams at Flagstaff. During 1882-83 the railroad passed through to the west coast. The older town of shacks clustered around Leroux Spring faded. People living there moved to new towns on an expansive moutain bench.

Then the grim sceptre of hard times and hunger came.

Flagstaff as the Lees knew it, before the railroad came.

Northern Arizona Pioneer's Historical Society



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Tie hackers were no longer needed. Settlers were out of jobs to make ends meet. Lee managed to remain in Flagstaff hauling logs to Ayer's mill that sawed ties and bridge timbers shipped on down the line. The winter of 1883 he came home with his wagons loaded with food supplies, and bolts of cloth from which his womenfolks made many garments. Well that he brought food, for crops were a failure that year. Fruit trees were not yet in full production. An extended drought killed some of them and they had to be replaced.

There wasn't enough food to carry families through. Before spring ended most were starving, existing on roots and wild grass seeds like Indians. They baked flat bladed cactus, sprinkling it with a tart red berry when sweet juice bubbled out. Grasshoppers came early and were roasted for eating. Their tea was steeped from the greenish-yellow Ephedera torreyana. Corn saved from previous years lasted only until January. Lack of this staple diet was felt most.

Lee took a wagon with extra horses and four big steers to Oraibi pueblo fifty miles distant. The Hopis had been issued new wagons by their agent but didn't know what to use them for. Lee traded two steers for one and second pair for blue corn. He also bought more for $18 per sack with what little money he had left. Back at Tuba City this corn was shared with friends on starvation diet. Malnutrition weakened children for inroads of disease and the rickets. There were many deaths. Mary Lee attended the sick almost day and night. Finally the settlers pulled though until crop planting time agian.

The Redlake trader, McAdams, establishing himself there in 1879, was a friend of Lee's. He turned his freighting business to the railroad over to him. That year another son was born, Wilford Willard. A school term of four months was organized in the fall. Settlers pitched in to pay a man teacher's meager salary. Until then children had been taught the three R's at home.

In between freighting trips Lee built water reservoirs and irrigation ditches. Farming in the canyon he erected barns and an adobe house near the Tanner, Nebecker, Brinkerhoff and Smith family fields.

The Indian danger was never over. One Sunday while settlers were in church, across main street from the Lee home, Piutes from Willow Springs surrounded it. Having learned to speak their language in Utah, Lee led the parley with them. The Piutes demanded their church be abandoned. They didn't want one anywhere in the country. Unless whites quit worshipping their God they would be killed. At the climax of the argument Navajos supported the settlers. Their Billakona friends could worship any God they chose to, they said. Lee's persuasion and Navajo backing sent disgruntled Piutes home to their wickiup encampment.

Winter came with bitter cold and snow storms. Families were stricken with smallpox, measles and whooping cough. Despite being with child again Mary Lee attended the ill and delivered babies. For only ten days was she unable to do so, during the period of another son's birth, George Washington. When warm weather melted snow and ice, sickness vanished and life in the red land returned to normal.

More land was placed in cultivation by the Lee family. The larger girls and boys at home labored in the fields from dawn to dark. Tom worked for the Bowers brothers at Flagstaff, and Joe had been taken in by McAdams.

Having no mill the settler's wheat could only be crudely ground by hand. The product made coarse dark bread.

Maurice Kildare Photo

Hosteen Jim Boon, Navajo Chief whose 50 Warriors delivered defeat to Ute Raiders and helped the settlers. Later, he served as an Army scout for 15 years.

For white flour, espcially during early years of the settlement, they hauled wheat to Utah. Sometimes cattle were trailed north and traded for supplies of all kinds.

Indian troubles continued. Settler's stock, especially cattle, grazed everywhere unmolested by local Indians. There were no fenced pastures. Only fields were enclosed for protection against range free animals. But now Piutes at Willow Springs began running them off. Among a steadily increasing influx of settlers and stockmen in Flagstaff country were a few who bought cattle without questioning ownership. They must have known those coming from Indians wore white men's brands.

Piutes were rapidly stealing settlers blind. Worried most was Lee. Action must be assumed and he disliked violence. Mary Lee stayed awake most of the night trying to comfort him in his misery on indecision. But next day he collected a dozen armed men and rode to Willow Springs.

Surrounding wickiup of principal chief, Lee called him outside with a few of his underlings. In their own language he delivered an ultimatum. Unless their stealing ended forthwith their wickiups would be burned and those guilty of stealing would be strung up on ropes.

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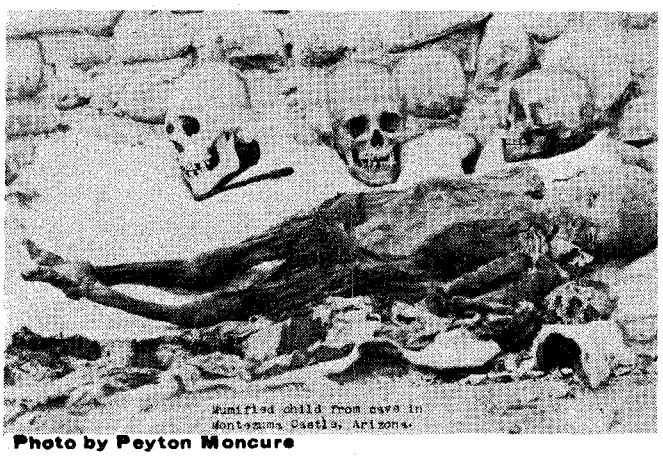
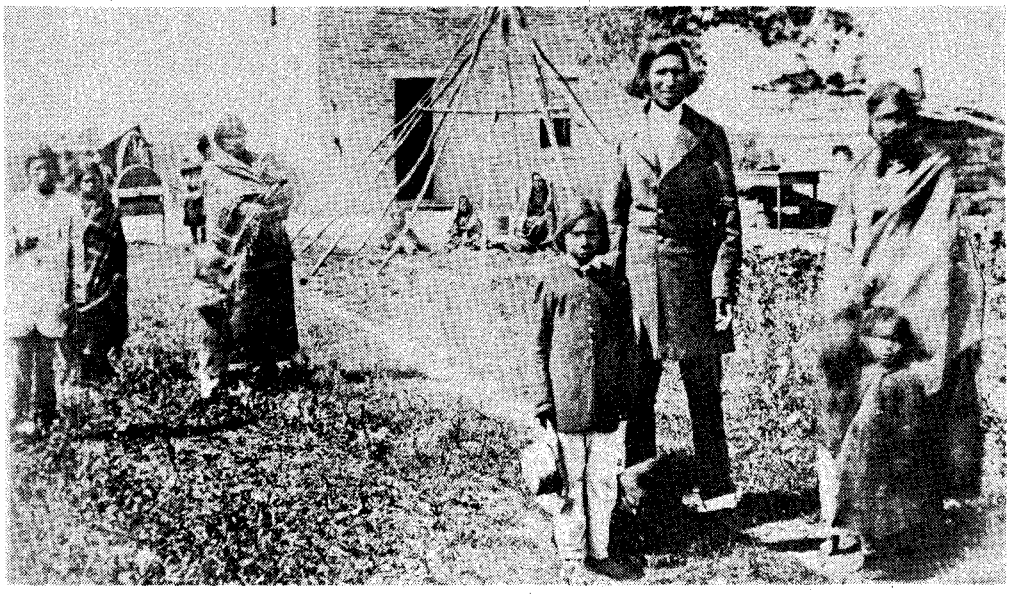


Photo by Peyton Moncure

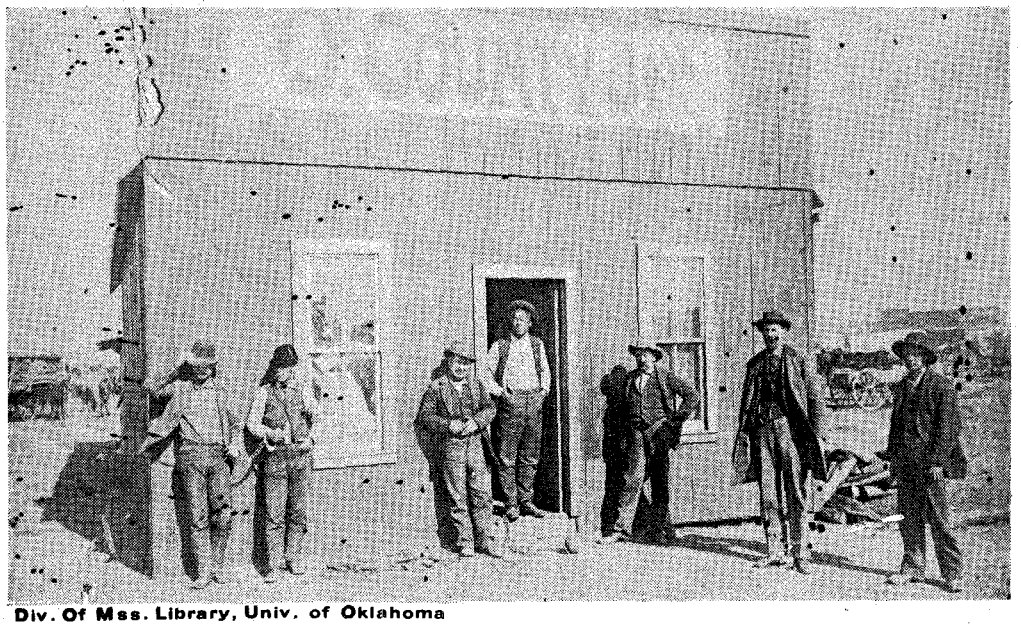
Mummified child found under 12 ft. of debris in Montezuma Castle, Arizona. Other mummies have been found in arid desert regions and in the Pacific Northwest. Occasionally, an Indian burial, combined with proper environment and weather conditions, preserved the body many years.

REAL WEST



Man in the long coat is Chaska, Eastern Sioux, who saved Dr. Riggs and forty others from an Indian Massacre. Photo was taken the day the massacre commenced. Other whites were killed but many survived, thanks to Chaska.

Historical Society of Montana



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First County Jail at Enid, Oklahoma Territory in 1893. Fourth from left, standing in door and wearing ball and chain is Lon Stephenson, fifth from left is John A. Williams and sixth from left is John Riley.

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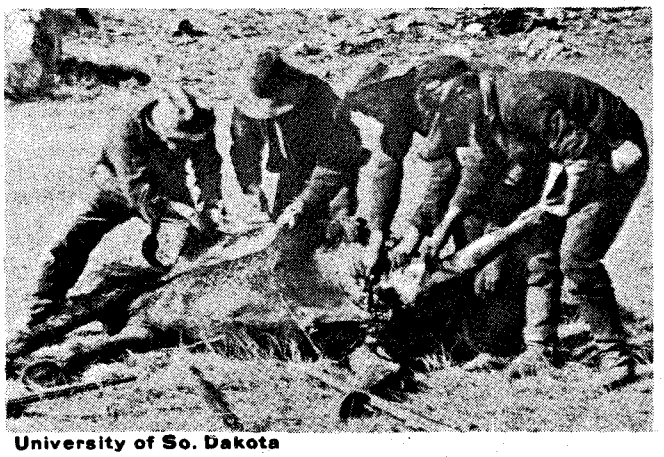
Soldiers in the field often lacked fresh provisions and if there wasn't sufficient game, they were forced to butcher pack animals to survive. At times, the soldiers almost ended up butchering each other as hunger shortened tempers flared and brawls arose over who was to have the tenderest portions of horseflesh.



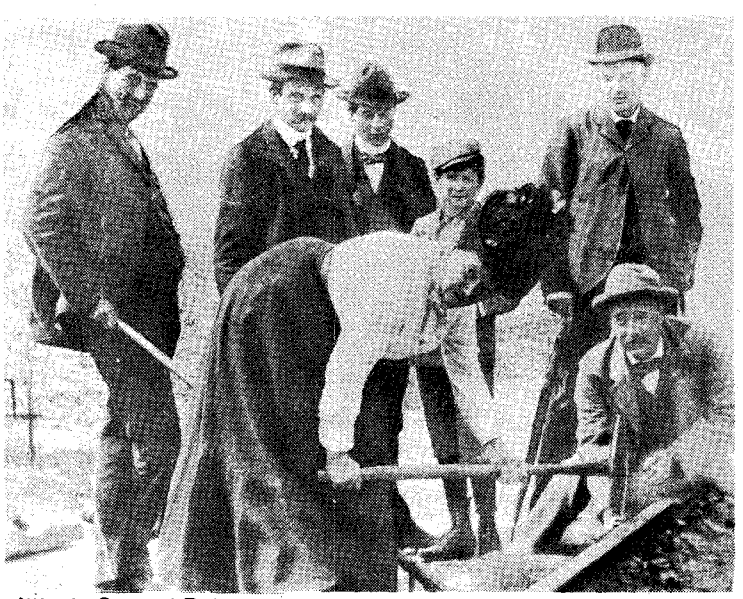
University of So. Dakota

PICTORIAL

Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co.

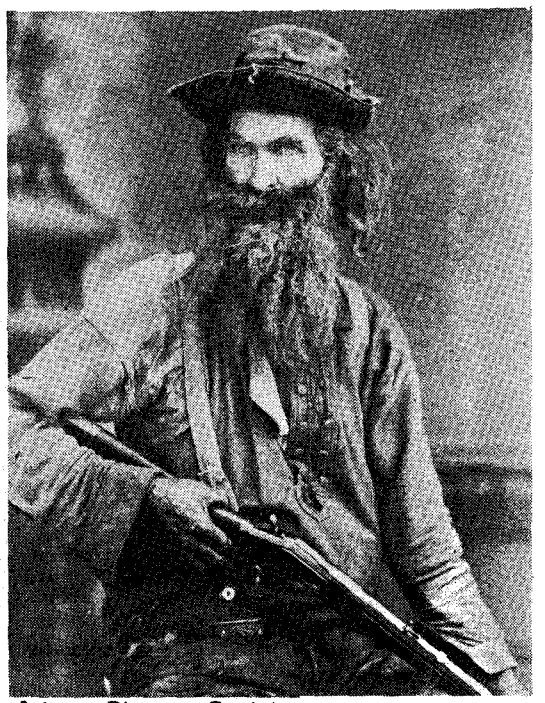
In this harvesting scene near Hallock, Minnesota, self binding reapers mechanically cut grain into bundles, but the horse still held sway in The West as the major source of power and transportation.

When Elijaka Reavis decided to forsake civilization about 1875, he found an ideal hideway in Superstition Mt. east of Phoenix, where he remained in solitude for twenty one years.



Illinois Central Railroad

Gold spike ceremonies completing new lines were a dime a dozen, so the Illinois Central decided to celebrate at the start, in the Cherokee division in Iowa. Mrs. Charlie Gibson drives the spike.



Arizona Pioneers Society

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"THEY'LL KILL

The Indian youth vanished like a spirit, leaving a trail of death and destruction in the mojave desert, leading his pursuers on the most incredible manhunt in The West.

Riverside, Cal., Oct. 1st, 1909

Wanted for Murder

$50.00 Reward

Willie Boy, a Chimawawa Indian. 28 years old. Height 5 feet 8 or 9 inches. Weight 150 pounds. Smooth face. Medium build. Has a scar under his chin where he was shot about three years ago, the bullet coming out of the mouth, taking out two or three teeth. Wore new black hat, dark gray coat and pants.

Willie Boy is wanted for the murder of Old Mike, an Indian, on Sept. 26, 1909, at Banning, Cal. He also shot and killed Old Mike's daughter on Sept. 30th, after forcing her to follow him 70 miles in the mountains. He was trailed to a point about 25 miles northeast of The Pipes in the San Bernardino mountains on Sept. 30, 1909, and was headed toward Daggett or Newberry. He has a 30-30 rifle with him and is a desperate man. Take no chances with him. I hold warrant for murder. Arrest and send any information to

F. P. WILSON, Sheriff.

by Bob Young

"Take no chances with Him," the Wanted poster said, which practically meant, "Take him dead or alive." But Willie Boy fooled everyone, even to the end.

Madison Collection, U of Calif. Library, Courtesy Paisano Press

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YOU, WILLIE BOY!"

Willie Boy padded along the Southern Pacific tracks choosing that gait of fast walk-slow run which is killing to the white man but seems natural for an Indian, such as Willie Boy. He gave scant notice to the lithe young girl, Lolita, who followed him a few paces behind.

She had a sculptured beauty, features, which were soft despite the constant tugging of black hair which was pulled severely into braids at the back of her head. The loose clothing betrayed the handsome body beneath and only a suggestion of her beauty was seen. Her face was stoic, though once she seemed to stifle a sob.

It was then that Willie Boy cast a sharp glance over his shoulder. He said nothing. What was there to say? He had just murdered her father, and they were running away.

That Sunday evening, September 26, 1909, was the beginning of the west's most massive manhunts which covered 500 miles in country which barely sustained the most primitive life---the quarry being harried, going without water and moving in desert sun which would kill an ordinary person.

Willie Boy's flight is perhaps unequalled. It was with some prescience that he had been given the tribal name of Swift Fox.

There was little promise of permanence in history when Willie Boy was born in a wickiup in Nevada of Paiute parents. He was taught the tribal signs and portents of Indian lore and Willie Boy believed in the spirits and let them guide him all his life.

His parents were drowned in a flash flood and he was allowed to mature loosely under the guidance of two aunts. With scant schooling, no training and little ambition. Willie Boy was about 25 when he became a cowboy in the San Bernardino and Mojave desert areas.

Willie Boy had an Indian pride which, when unrecognized, made him morose and sullen. His tribe insisted that he marry since a Paiute man without a wife was considered a simp. He married as told, then dissolved the marriage in a short time by returning the wedding gifts. With that done, Willie Boy set out to take a woman of his choosing. He settled on Lolita, 16, daughter of Old Mike, a Chemehuevi, who promptly ran Willie Boy off. By the strange coursings of tribal marriages, Lolita was a distant blood relation and such a union was forbidden.

Willie Boy didn't protest but his sombre, chocolate colored eyes, said he didn't accept the rebuff lightly, nor final. In a few days, Willie Boy found Lolita in a pasture, and they ran off. Old Mike set out as an irate father, rifle in hand. Old Mike found them living together and after pulling Lolita away, leveled his rifle at Willie Boy.

"No, don't shoot," Lolita cried. She pulled away from father and stood in front of Willie Boy, not so much in love as to save her father from trouble.

Willie Boy rode off, leaving his intended with her father but a few weeks later he heard they were at the Gilman Ranch near Banning for the fruit harvest, and Willie Boy hired on as a ranch hand. He bunked with Don Newman.

Willie Boy had no chance to speak with Lolita as Old Mike was always about but there was a fiesta coming up and Willie Boy saw a chance. He bought a 25¢ scarf to give Lolita but he never had the opportunity because of Old Mike's interference, and it didn't seem to Willie Boy that Lolita was much interested either.

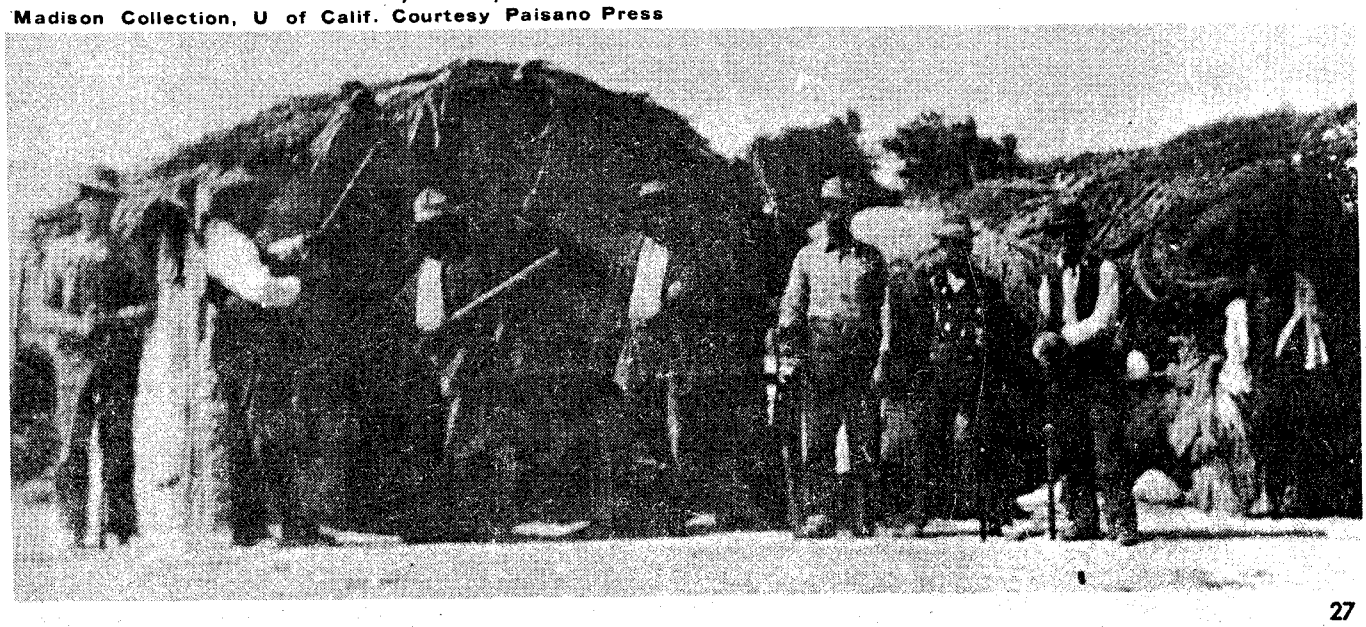
He and Don bought a quart of whisky. A little of it had been enough to put both men down since neither was accustomed to the fiery liquid, but Willie Boy began drinking by himself that Sunday as he lolled about the bunkhouse. The whisky was just the fuel he needed for his bitter resentments and hatreds.

His first move was to steal a Winchester 30-30, a double handful of cartridges, and a belt. With the rifle loaded, he walked towards Old Mike's place. Once there, he called Lolita. But it was Old Mike who answered the call.

Willie Boy quickly raised the rifle and shot once. The bullet went through the old Indian's left eye and killed

Each time the heavily armed posse was hot on the trail, the killer vanished like a phantom.

Madison Collection, U of Calif. Courtesy Paisano Press



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him instantly. Willie Boy then repeated his request for Lolita, who then appeared. He threw the 25¢ scarf at her feet and demanded that she come with him. When she refused, Willie Boy said he would kill her mother, then the other members of the family, one by one, until she agreed. Lolita hesitated but her mother told her to go with Willie Boy at once. Willie Boy said he would kill Lolita at once if the officers were notified, and the other Indians shrugged.

He and Lolita had a six hour start before a posse was organized. The fugitives hadn't taken much trouble to cover their tracks at this point because they had to move in an area where they were known, and cover was scant anyway. Sheriff Frank Wilson, Ben Crevecour and Joe Toutain were in the forefront of the posse and they tried to outguess Willie Boy. Two possible escape routes were open to Willie Boy, so Wilson split his parties, with

Madison Collection, U of Calif. Courtesy Paisano Press

It was a grisly scene, a tragic end to an unhappy romance.

Toutain in charge of one and Crevecour in charge of the other. They were to meet at One Horse Point.

Willie and Lolita were working up the wash, silently, and nearly concealed by the tall mesquite trees. There was no difficulty for the posse to follow the fresh tracks, except that night dropped over the desert. But a full moon floated overhead, and the sand shone with the light. The men smiled. It would be only a matter of hours now before the chase would be over.

But then the incredible happened. A mysterious shroud of fog seeped out across the desert, reducing visibility to a few feet.

The men bedded down for the night. In the morning they found tracks which had circled their camp, then turned and headed for the San Bernardino Mountains. The tracks were those of Willie Boy and Lolita.

The chase was on. It was Tuesday, September 28th.

The fugitives weren't moving at a rapid pace any longer. Both were carrying their shoes as they scuffed up the Big Morongo Canyon away from White Water. No sleep, no food and only one gulp of water had started to tell on them.

Willie motioned her down as they approached the Warren Ranch, then after being sure no one was looking for them, he slipped under a tree and was asleep in a second. He dreamed of the coyote, the evil one. Its fangs dripped blood and Willie Boy awoke in horror, his eyes casting about.

Willie Boy knew he would have to cross the desiccated Sawtooth Mountains working towards Pipes Canyon where there was a line cabin. There was water an there might be food! With rest there, he figured it would take them the next two days, or nights.

They both put pebbles in their mouths to stimulate saliva, and Lolita was just about to give out when they discovered a small tank, where a scummy pool had collected a hardpan in the shade of a tangled mesquite. Pushing aside the green float, they drank heavily. They drank again. A few juniper berries helped their hunger, and both slept, this time dreamlessly, and through the night.

The dawn sun flamed across the desert when they sighted the small shack at Pipes Canyon. Willie Boy rushed inside. Lolita could hear him crashing about, searching for food. He came out. In his hands there was a box of matches, a sack containing a couple pounds of flour, and a battered canteen dangled from his arm. His plain, homely face mirrored the disappointment he so keenly felt.

Willie shoved the things in his ragged coat and together they drank from a stale cattle though. Willie Boy risked the sound of a rifle shot to kill a rabbit, which was roasted over a small flame.

He had to pull Lolita to her feet. He thrust the few items they had to carry to Lolita, then strode off through the brush, moving in a generally northern direction.

It was a calculated risk. There were seeps and tanks here and there, and Willie Boy knew them all but they had only a short quart of water. A walking man in desert heat required at least three gallons to stave off death from water loss.

He quickened his pace as he spotted some willows. But clawing at the sand brought only damp, no water. He cursed, then took a gulp from the canteen. Lolita took one. They both fell in the willows and slept.

Willie Boy awoke, aware somehow of danger. He saw dust in the distance. That was made by men, men tracking them! He jerked Lolita to her feet and told her they would move north instead of heading for a sure tank, almost straight ahead. The posse would aim for that year-round oasis.

Willie Boy pushed her ahead with the butt of his rifle. She stumbled into a cholla cactus, the fibrous harpoons driving deep into her legs. He knocked them off with his rifle butt, even as she screamed with anguish. He held the canteen for her, and she gulped until he pushed her away. Drops of water fell, then disappeared into the hot sand. Willie Boy cursed bitterly. But he drove Lolita on, prodded by his rifle. She fell and stumbled frequenly, and he let her rest only when he had to take observation on the pursuers.

As he poked her ahead, Willie Boy began to wonder. Was Lolita faking the fainting, stumbling? She might

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HANDSOME MARION HEDGEPETH, MONTANA BANK ROBBER

He lacked brutality but the Debonaire Bandit made up for it in dress and derring-do!

by William Thomas

The man entering the State Bank at Choteau, Montana on that early morning of November 14, 1890 was tall, good looking, probably in his middle or late forties. Yet there was something youthful about him - his immaculate dress and his rapid walk.

Nobody would ever have suspected that he was a Western bank robber. But he was one of the most unique, if not the most famous, of all outlaws. As he walked up to the cashier, George Crane, two other men descended on the cashier and the other officers. Six-guns were drawn and the robbery was over in minutes, with the immaculately dressed bank robber carrying the sacks of currency and gold, totaling $21,000.

This tall immaculately dressed bank robber was Marion C. Hedgepeth. He had many other names. The Pinkertons called him, "A notorious Western outlaw." Montana claimed him and called him "Montana's Handsome Bank Robber." Others called him, "The Debonair Bandit."

Yet despite all these unusual qualities, writers and historians have almost completely ignored him. The answer probably is in the fact that his career in crime was short liced and lacked the brutality and blood thirsty killings of the Daltons or Bill Doolin.

Hedgepeth was born at Prairie Home, Cooper County, Missouri on April 14, 1856. As a child he was something of a dude in dress. He grew up to be a six footer, with dark complexion, black wavy hair, and brown eyes. There is no record of any connection he had with outlaws until 1890. In his twenties he roamed the west as a cowboy. There were rumors later that he was a

(Continued on Page 67)

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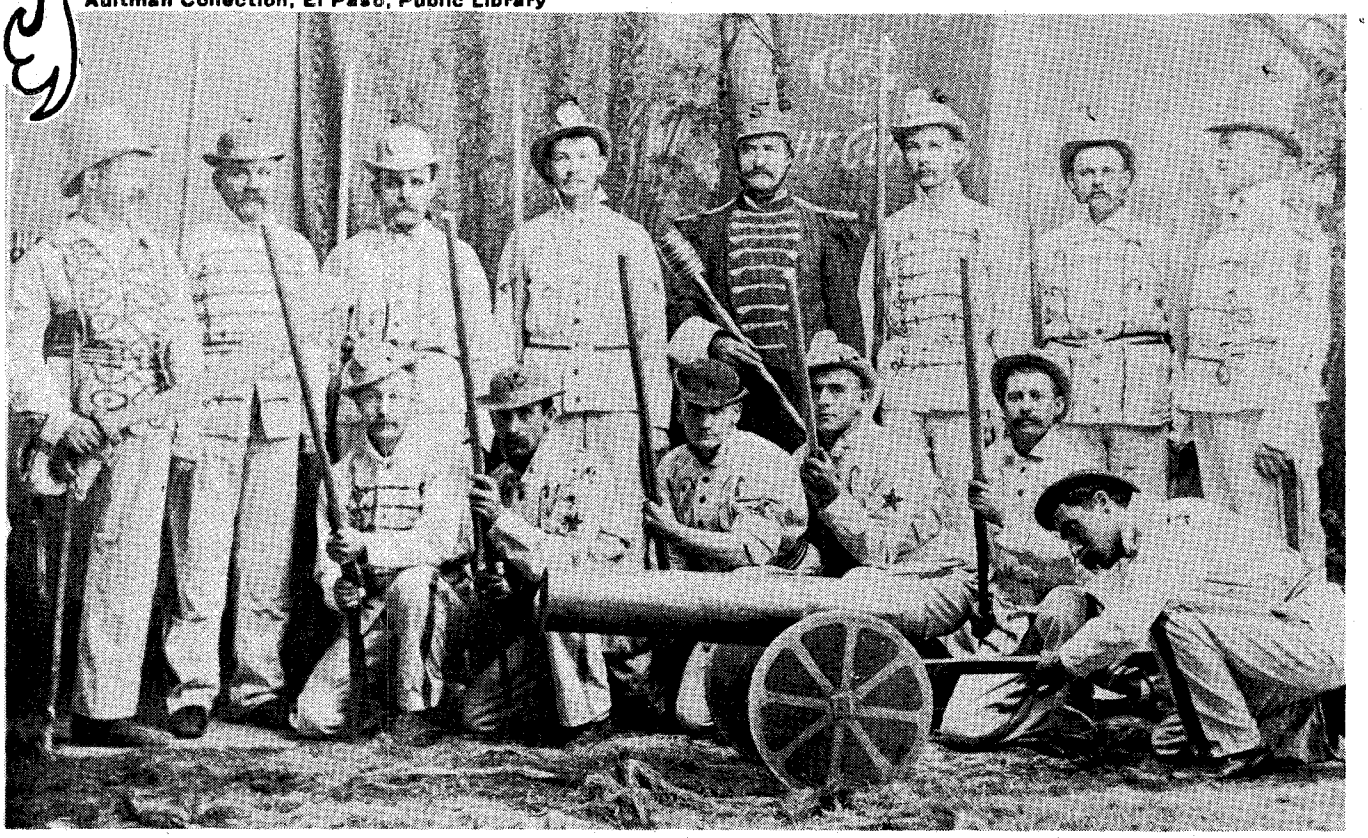
the HECTIC TEXAS

by Joe Parrish

They dressed outlandishly, paraded noisily and seemed to have no goals but drinking and song. Yet, this unique

Aultman Collection, El Paso, Public Library



Today you can walk into any bar in El Paso or Juarez and order a "McGinty" of beer, and your brew will be served in an enormous schooner.

This is about the only modern tangible reminder of the famous old McGinty Club that for more than a decade at the turn of the century flourished as a unique institution in the West.

The McGinty Club was a social organization made up of a number of prominent El Pasoans. Its purpose was to provide fun for its members and entertainment for the community, to prick the balloons of pomposity, and serve as semi-official greeter and unofficial Chamber of Commerce for the city. In its heyday it entertained presidents, railroad tycoons, high-placed politicians, prominent scientists.

The club's "constitution" stated that the group was formed for the noble and praiseworthy object of "putting down liquor," and one newspaper remarked that "the only likeness between McGinty at the bottom of the sea and the El Paso McGinty Club seems to be that the first died from the effects of water and that the latter, evidently warned by his sad fate, seems to leave water strictly alone."

But the McGinty Club was not a drinking club composed of topers and drunks. Members were hard-working respectable members of the community, and to belong was an honor. The emphasis on the *appearance* of heavy drinking was merely part of the broad humor that underlay everything the club did.

The McGinty Club wasn't deliberately organized for specific purposes. Instead, it sort of "just growed." In 1886 or 1887 several cronies -- D.W. Reckhart, "Peg" Grandover (his nickname arose from his wooden peg leg), J.J. and W.H. Watts, Charles Layer and others -- used to gather in front of Reckhart's assay office on San Francisco Street for companionship and what today is known as barbershop singing.

One Sunday the group decided to go on a picnic. So the members loaded some food and a barrel of beer

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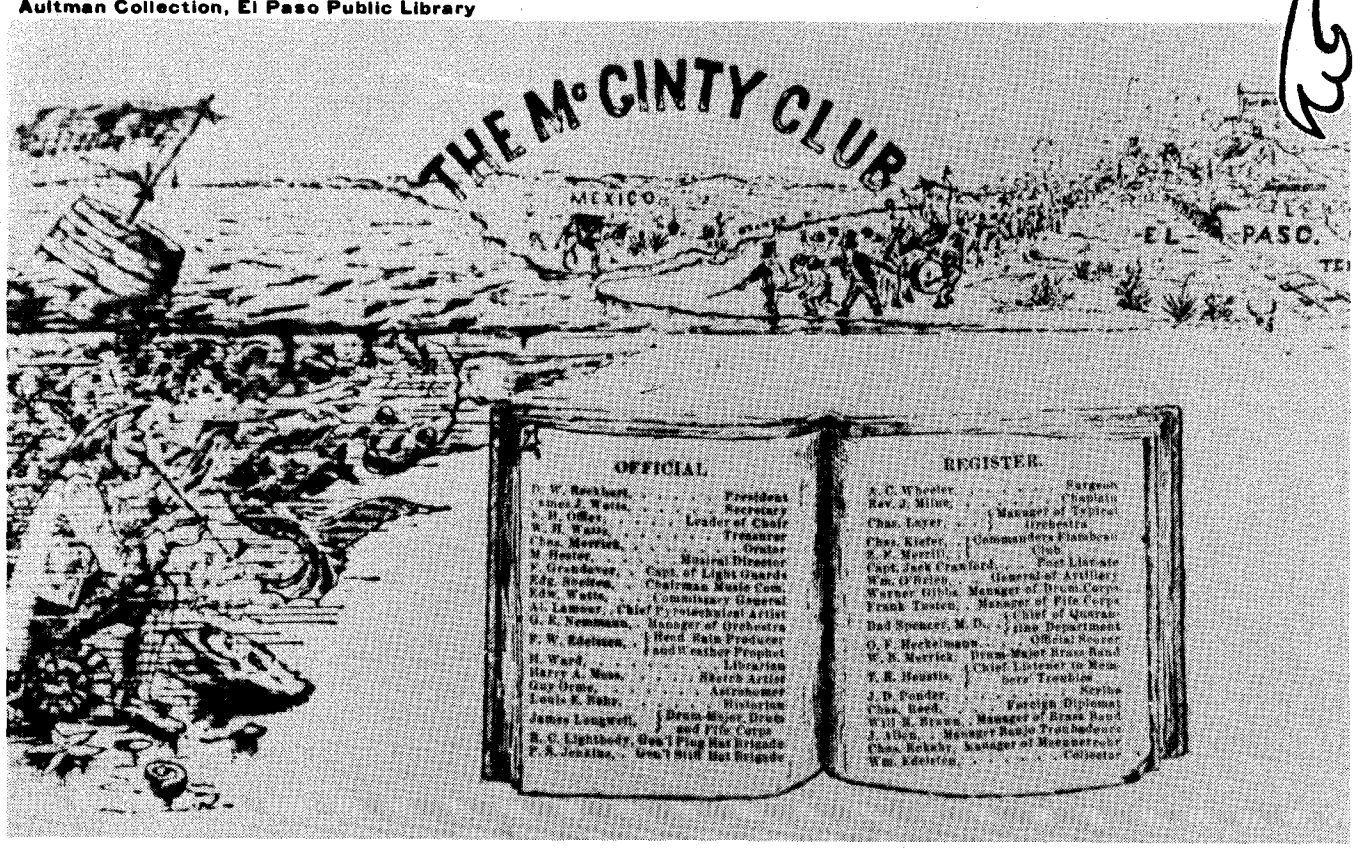
McGINTY CLUB

El Paso Club listed only members who helped their community and country.

Aultman Collection, El Paso Public Library



onto a cart pulled by a scraggly burro and headed for the banks of the Rio Grande for a day's outing. The barrel was decorated with a sign proclaiming it to be filled with "Ice Water" and the provisions were labeled "Barbecued Burro."

The party was progressing down the main drag, enlivening the morning with a harmonious rendition of "Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea," when a man on the sidewalk yelled, "Where are you going?"

Peg Grandover immediately retorted, "We're going to hunt McGinty!" And thus was born the McGinty Club.

The name tickled everybody's fancy for its outlandishness. El Paso is situated in one of the most arid areas of the world, eight hundred miles from any "sea," and the idea of hunting the famous drowned McGinty in the middle of a desert was funny just on the face of it.

Every week thereafter the same group went down the river for a picnic, gradually adding recruits, until in a few months membership numbered about a hundred. Then the club began holding weekly "blowouts" in local hotels for its own entertainment. At these affairs members burlesqued national and community enterprises, local and state politics, El Paso bigwigs whom they considered to be stuffed shirts, and each other. It was like a gridiron dinner every week.

One never-to-be-forgotten "blowout" was distinguished for its entertainment. Reckhart sang a composition he had written himself, entitled "Chile con Carne," and continued with other songs including such stirring ditties as "A Texas Steer", "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea", "The Handcar", and "Up Went Guggenheimer".

Sometime in 1891 the formal organization came into being with a "constitution", a set of officers, and a club house, a building called Fort McGinty situated on a hill just north of the present site of the Union Depot.

Reckhart was stuck with the presidency and held the job throughout the club's life, as no one else wanted it. Other officers included Guy Orme, Official Astronomer

{Continued on Page 58}

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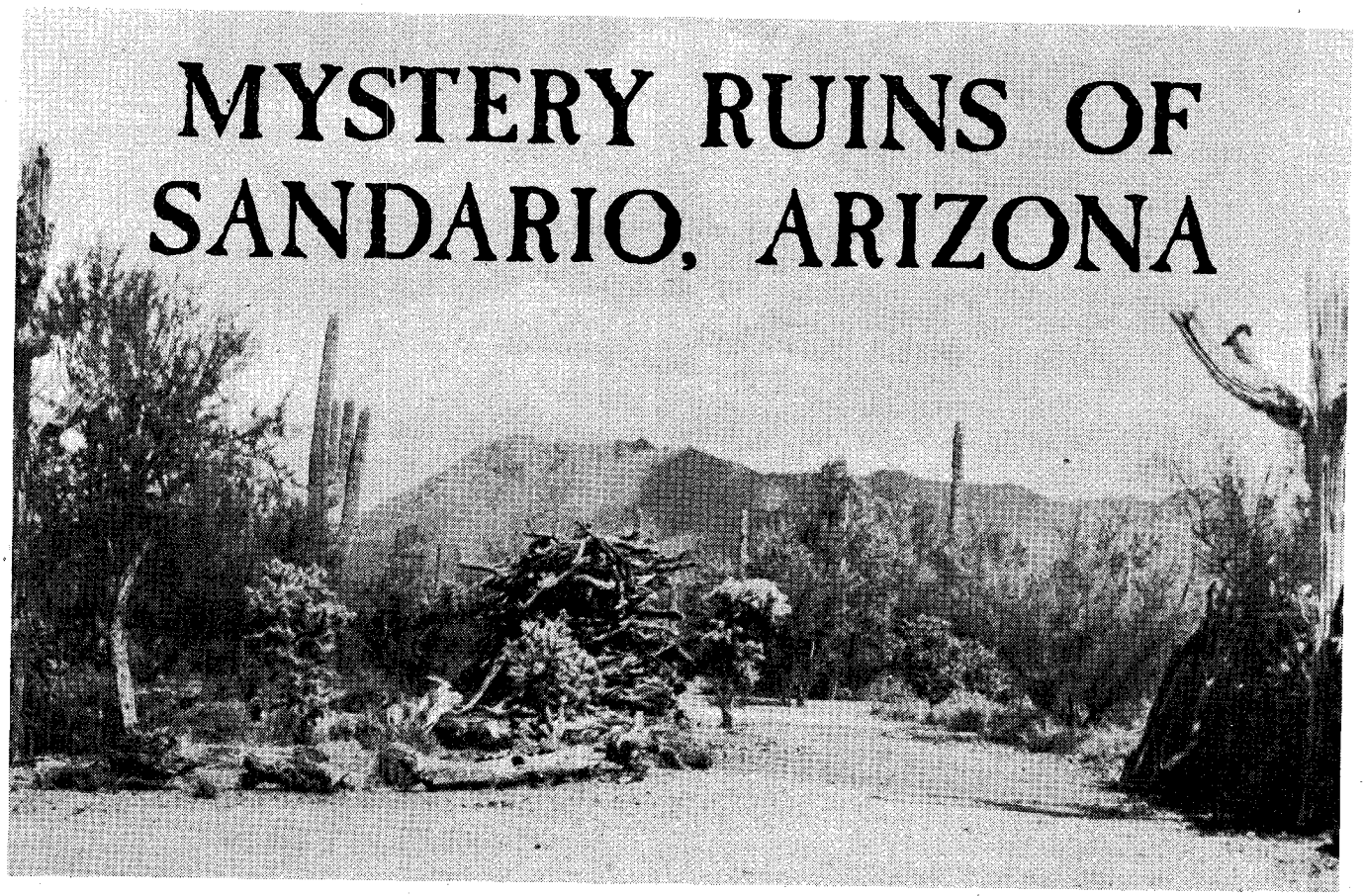
MYSTERY RUINS OF SANDARIO, ARIZONA



These incredible Indian ruins may be the missing link between the vanished Snake Town Indians and the present day Papagos

All Photos By Author

by Arizona Bob Kubista

In the spring of 1965, none of the people in the resort city of Tucson realized that 30 miles to the Northwest the site of an ancient Indian Village was discovered. This might indeed be the "missing link" between the Snaketown Indians of yesteryear and the present-day Papagos. What was important was that the village was found where there appeared to be no reason to look for one. It fits in with none of our pre-conceived ideas of where a village site ought to be, and yet there are hundreds of artifacts, pottery shards, stone tools, grinding stones: all the remnants of village life.

How did it happen that this area was overlooked for so long. Let's go back several hundred years and you will understand the sequence of events that took place.

When Fray Marcos De Niza crossed into what is now Arizona at a place called Lonoya on April 12, 1539 he was heading North. Coronado, and later De Anza also went North in search of lost cities of gold and treasure.

In the Tucson region the route most commonly followed by these assorted travelers and their wheeled vehicles paralleled the Santa Cruz River bed.

The East-West highways make a jog as they pass through Tucson, keeping close to the river bed. Very few persons ever bother to cross the Tucson Mountains unless on a Sunday drive to the Desert Museum or the Saguaro National Monument. And so it was that the white man's thought ran in this direction...but the Indian mind worked in another way. The red man had other problems to contend with and another way of life that very often took him on foot in a generally East-West direction.

Before the coming of the Spaniards, the Southwestern Indians had neither horses nor wheels and so they were limited in their travels. They had to go on foot. Their largest domesticated animal was the dog and the loads he could drag were not very great. With the general shortage of water, the Indian could only move about two dozen miles in any direction with ease. Naturally then, he traveled most between his several hunting areas with his village some place in the center.

His camp or small village was built right out in the open where he had a clear view for miles. This was important because he had the absolute necessity of being on the lookout for game. In this wild land he had to be able to see the game first, in order to get close enough to bring it down. Then again, his enemies also had to be seen first, and if he had his travel camp down in a gully they could sneak up on him with ease. If you are looking for travel camps of the early Indian don't waste much time on dark-colored ground. No matter how rough, he always chose to camp on light-colored ground. He could see things moving against the lighter ground at night, which was a lot safer for him.

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So it was that the red man chose to make this camp at the end of a long finger of land where he could look down on the bottom lands near Brawley Wash. A few miles farther West was a fair supply of water in what we now call the Avra Valley. The weather was usually mild, although it could get hot in the summertime. The winters were bearable and there was no danger from freezing. Close at hand was water and a sandy-dirt suitable for making crude walls or even adobe brick, usually only sun baked. Wickiups were easily assembled from the large supply of brush around the camp site. In the Tucson Mountains themselves are several caves, but these have proved to be not used as dwelling places because they were too far from water and the animals that came to drink. The ancient Indian lived right in the open, on almost barren ground.

However, he did move around, usually to other hunting grounds in the Catalina Mountains, about 20 miles to the North-East. In the 20th Century you and I would drive through Gates Pass, in order to enter the Avra Valley from Tucson. But there was no Tucson then for the Indian to go to and so he walked through Contzen Pass, 10 miles to the North. We know this because very little Indian writing has been found on the rocks along the sides of Gates Pass, but hundreds of examples of picture writing have been found on a line running from Sandario Indian Site, through Contzen Pass, across the Santa Cruz River, and up Canadadel Oro to the Catalina foothills.

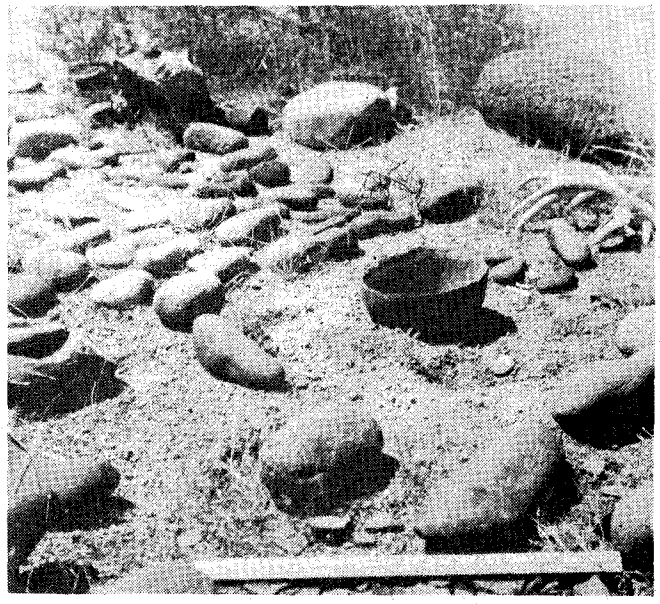
The picture writing can be divided into two groups: one tells a story and the other serves as a route-marker or word-map pointing to hunting grounds. Several Indian village sites were discovered in the Catalina Mountains and there are a number of known caves yet to be excavated and catalogued. The picture-rocks have also been known for almost a hundred years...why then was it not until 1965 that the Sandario Site was found?

The reason is that very few people care to pass through this area even today. Early travelers went along North-South routes and had little reason to go off into the West through land apparently so forbidding and difficult to cross. Visitors now exclaim and comment on the desolate and wild vista they see when they cross either of the two passes and see the cactus fields that lie before them. The Saguaro National Forest has one "unit" close by that is filled with towering cactus reaching 40 or more feet into the bright blue sky.

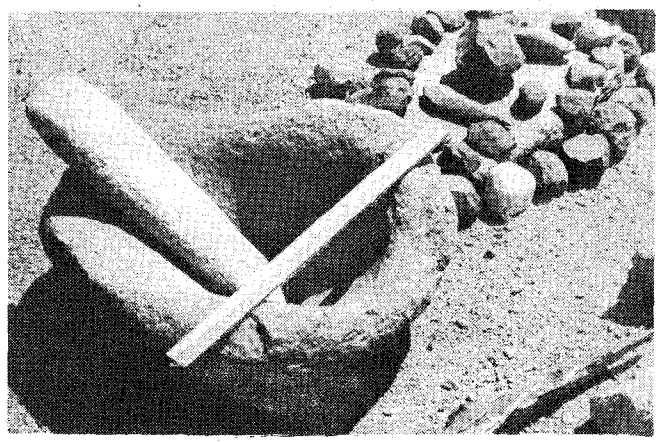
For 20 miles due West and approximately 50 miles north and south the land is mainly filled by a wild cactus forest that staggers the imagination. For the unwary motorist, a car failure on a hot summer day on any of the dirt roads can quickly lead to panic. Noontime temperatures of 100° are common in the summer and the humidity is usually 2% or less.

Some thoughtful men however, took the time to consider what possibilities this otherwise forbidding land might have. One of them prudently considered the fact that there was a long gentle slope leading Westward from the Tucson Mountains, and realized that there had to be water beneath the parched soil if only he went down far enough. He did.....540 feet.

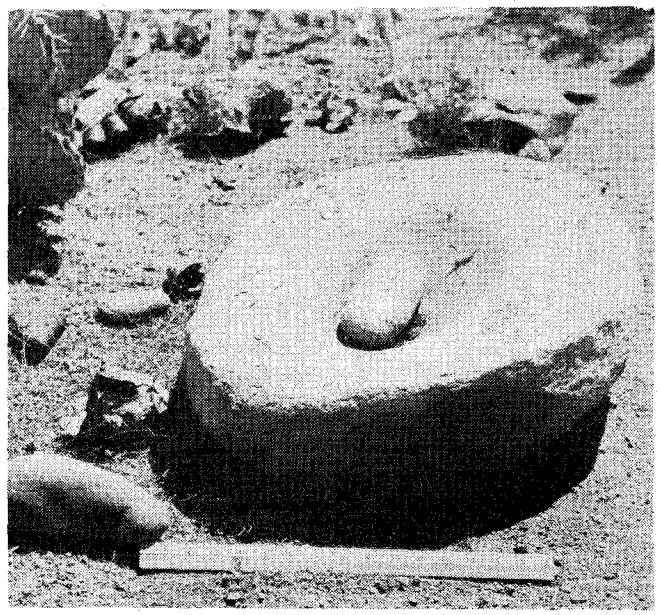
Now that he had water he began modest ranching operations near Sandario Road on a year round basis. There were a few small Mexican ranches already, but they were periodically being wiped out by either flash-floods or severe drought. This deep well on a slight rise was a fine beginning.



Many of the polished objects were of stone that must have been brought in by early dwellers of the village site.



Above: This unique mortar has an open bottom through which ground grain could fall. Below: It takes two men to lift this. A grinding tool made of foreign granite.



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Bowls, hide scrapers, arrow straighteners, rings of volcanic materials, some in perfect condition, have been found lying out on the desert of Sandario.

Some glazed bowls have delicate designs showing a high form of culture. Other pieces of pottery have unique geometric designs that seem to tell an ancient message.

Let me describe this ranch for you now and you will realize why it was possible to pass within a few feet of the Sandario Site, and never suspect a thing. After passing through a dense Saguaro forest with hundreds of thousands of strange looking cactus towering toward the sky, the land slowly changes and there are less and less Saguaro. Instead there develops a thick undergrowth of Ocotillo, Prickly-pear and Staghorn cactus, plus a green wall of mosquito and manzanita.

The whole group of closely grown desert vegetation literally becoming a tremendous "dry jungle." Everywhere you turn there is a mass of gray-green pressing in upon you. In the summer the heat becomes almost unbearable and you can only see 50 feet in any direction.

It is not possible to run through this "dry jungle" and a cautious foot traveler does well to walk in a general direction, much less trying to walk in a straight line. It cannot be done, although you can drop to your knees and look under the brush for some distance. The brush is filled with all sorts of small wild animals and birds of many types live in wild confusion. In building the first ranch houses on his Hidden Springs Ranch, Mr. Ellington Curtis began to find assorted Indian objects scattered on the ground.

As the pile grew he began to realize that his ranch was setting right on top of something. Without doing any digging at all, Mr. Curtis found more and more large stone and pottery objects within his compound. Half a dozen metates, complete with manos for the grinding of corn or grain meal were found lying in the open. The land slopes gently to the West into Brawley Wash and the cotton fields beyond, even though it looks perfectly flat here. Through the Sandario Site run many shallow washes only one or two feet deep. When the water flows in a wide sheet across the desert slope after a hard storm, it covers, un-covers and moves the objects left lying on the ground.

That is why objects have appeared where just the day before there was nothing. There is a faint suggestion that there is a pattern to these washes and they may be part of an ancient irrigation system based on the flow of surface water. Stone arrow straighteners, broken bowls with painted designs still visible, five clay olla-like jars with the bones of buried Indian children still inside, and hundreds of other objects have been found.

All of them are things you would naturally associate with Indian village life. Burial grounds are usually found on higher ground where they are protected against washout from flash-floods, but tricky Nature some times changes water courses and man's foresight comes to nothing.

Now, the question arises...when was this Site occupied and by whom? Is it also possible that there have been more than one Indian tribe living here? This last question should be answered first. At least two different groups must have lived here, and possibly a third, because there are two general types of objects found in quantity here, plus another style that might have been the result of trading.

To go backwards in time, we can identify the most recent objects the most readily. Some remnants of Indian basket weaving have been picked up and it is not likely they would have survived for very long. We should not be surprised to discover that these have designs that resemble those of the Papago Indians, who live on their own Reservation near the Mission of San Xavier Del Bac.

{Continued on Page 50}

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Denver Public Library Western Collection

LADY MOON, FABULOUS BARONESS OF COLORADO

The Buxom Irish Colleen was probably the first woman in history to pay alimony to her husband - with his own money!

by Louise Cheney

Marrying European noblemen was the fad for American women in the 1880's, but none did it with such gusto as Catherine Gratten Lawder, of Colorado. She jumped gaily into the state of holy matrimony with Cecil Moon, later Sir Cecil Moon, during the lush mining era of Colorado. Lady Kate achieved many things in her tumultuous life, one being the distinction of being the first woman in Colorado to pay alimony.

Not too much is known of Kate's early life. She was born to Irish parents on a British ship off the coast of France in 1865. Whether her father was a seaman or a ship's officer is not known. When she was in her teens she came to America and entered domestic service in the home of a doctor in the East.

The West with its adventure, and its great wide-open spaces beckoned to the Irish girl, so Kate saved her wages and took herself to Colorado.

Shortly before her arrival, a handsome young Englishman named Cecil Moon also landed in Colorado. Cultured and possessed of an Oxford education and accent, he had been sent to America on a remittance basis. Although his family held a proud old title, Cecil held little hope of ever becoming a baronet since three older brothers stood between him and that honor.

Cecil, 21 years old, came to Colorado in 1885 with R. C. Vidler, a mining promoter. He secured a job as secretary in the Transcontinental Transportation Company in the Argentine District above Georgetown. Cecil, who soon proved a flop as a secretary then took a job in the mines as a day laborer at the wage of $2.50 per day. This job was to his liking and he made a good hand worthy of his hire, in spite of his fine British manners and speech.

Cecil was neither a heavy drinker nor a reckless gambler. His American friends often speculated why he preferred to remain in the rough mining camps when he could have engaged in a much more civilized existence in England.

Eventually the mine where he was employed shut down so the Englishman moved to Denver. From there he went to Larimer County and there he fell ill, so seriously ill in fact that it required the services of a nurse to pull him through. The nurse was none other than lusty, buxom

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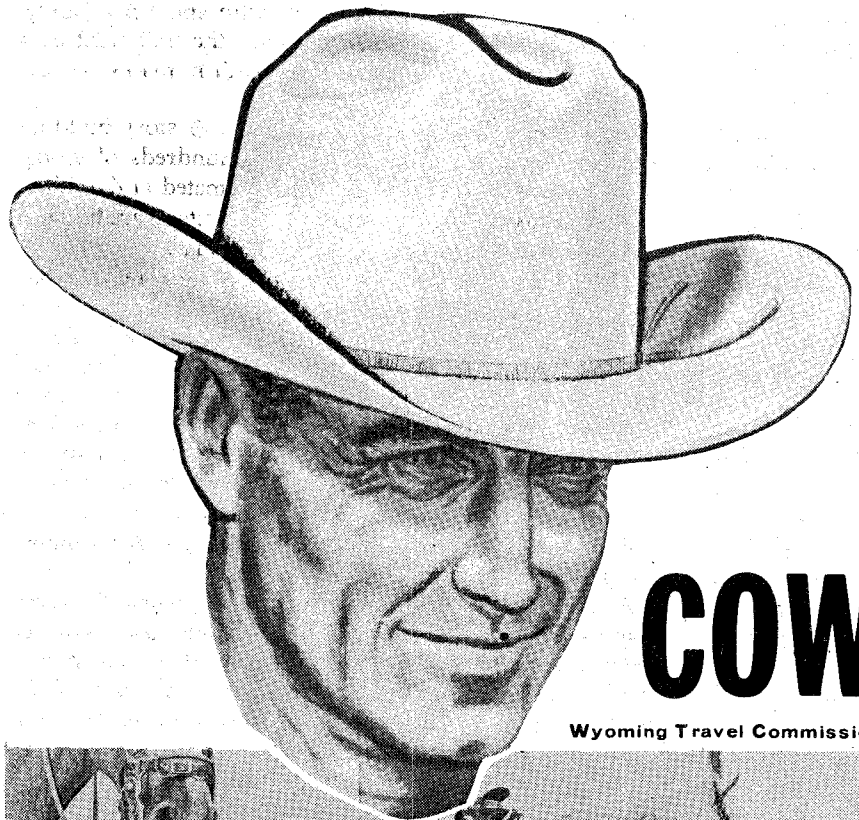

STORY OF THE COWBOY HAT

Wyoming Travel Commission

If there's one thing in the world that brands a cowboy, it's his hat!

by Ray Schuessler

Nothing made a man look more like a cowboy than a cowboy hat. Can you picture a cowboy in a bowler, a high hat, a baseball cap, a jockey cap, a turban, a beret or a ribbon? If he were seen without his cowboy hat even though he had a dozen Colts strapped on his hairy torso and was as bow-legged as a wet wishbone, he would be nothing more than just a nude rude dude. As one bucolic western muse put it: "There among the bulls he sat, but I could tell him by his hat."

The cowboy hat when it was first introduced by John B. Stetson back in the 1860's was eagerly accepted by the western cattlemen as their very own, long delayed, piece of natural raiment. Like a peacock needed feathers, the Cowboy needed this headgear.

Through the years the hat grew to accommodate a host of chores by the hard working, hard playing cowboy. It had more uses than a movie director could imagine. It was used as a bucket to fill "ole Paint" with oats and water; as a sunshade to scan the hills for renegade Indians, as a umbrella to keep the neck-wrinkling sun away. You could help fan a fire with the billowy hat, and beat out a bush blaze; it could be used to whip a stubborn horse, quell a stampede, and semaphone signals to distant range riders.

In the winter a cowboy tied it down around his red ears with his handkerchief. It was a briefcase, a valise, a file, a fly swatter, or a decoy in a gunfight when he stuck it around a rock to draw a revealing shot. Without his hat a cowboy was somewhat naked; the first thing he put on in the morning and the last thing he took off at night--if he ever took it off-it made such a cozy pillow.

And it was sometimes used by a scoundrel of a gunman as a screen by dropping the hat in front of a hand that streaked for a gun. A few suspicious fellows were plugged for just innocently dropping their hat in front of their gun belt on a hot day during a misunderstanding. No lifeloving gunman ever wore a cowboy hat with a

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limber brim if he valued his life. When he pulled his shooting iron he didn't want a flapping hat brim to obscure his vision.

The cowboy hat was really devised under pretty fuzzy circumstances. In the 1860's John B. Stetson, son of a Philadelphia hat manufacturer who went West to cure his tuberculosis, the occupational disease of hatters. While on a camping trip with a group of friends, (some claim he was out hunting gold) he found the need to build a shelter. They had untanned animal skins which stunk to high heaven. Stetson, with a hatter's experience, mentioned that cloth could be made without weaving and leather without tanning. "Impossible," his companions insisted.

So with his hatchet Stetson shaved off the fur from the hide. Then he cut a sapling and made a hunting bow. With this bow he agitated the fur, keeping it in a little cloud in the air. Filling his mouth with water he blew a fine spray into the fur as it fell. Soon he had a mat of fur which could be lifted. He then dipped this sheet of matted fur into a kettle of boiling water. Stetson kept dipping it and squeezing it until he had a blanket, soft and smooth of perfect cloth.

As mystifying as the process seemed, it was quite reasonable. All the pieces of fur have hooks or prongs and when stimulated by hot water cling to each other. As the felt shrinks, the fibers interlock grabbing each other and drawing in closer.

His friends were delighted. They had never seen the process before. However, felt making was known since 1500 B.C. To further amuse his companions, Stetson fashioned a big hat which he proposed to be the most practical bonnet for the West. It was big enough to protect a man from all the rigors of the open spaces--sun, rain, hail, wind, flies, and foul jokes.

As a joke, Stetson wore the hat on his camping tour, mostly through mining towns and attracted a bit of good natured ribbing. A rugged horseman of the plains (some say he was a Mexican bullwhacker) stopped Stetson and offered to buy the broad rimmed umbrella of a hat. When Stetson let him try it on and viewed his creation perched jauntily on the head of the mounted horseman, he saw a picturesque sight of cavalier strength. He sold the hat for five dollars.

When Stetson regained his strength about a year later and returned to Philadelphia, he thought a lot about the silly hat that looked so gallant on the rider and was built so usefully for the West. The cattle business was just getting started at that time. Maybe the cattlemen would cotton to such a distinctive brand of hat which would give them a sort of status symbol to go with their new trade. Besides it was just dang useful on the plains.

Stetson was barely getting along in his tiny shop at Seventh and Callowhill Street in Philly. But he decided to throw everything he owned and could borrow into such a venture. He made a number of big hats which he called "The Boss of the Plains" and sent out a dozen samples to dealers in the West and Southwest.

The Stetson attracted the attention of the cattlemen immediately. It not only was useful against the weather, but it "looked a darn sight pretty." The overjoyed inventor was soon swamped with orders. In his small shop he couldn't keep up with the demand. Some dealers sent cash with their orders hoping for preferred service. The Texas Rangers just had to have the new lid to improve their prestige. How would it look if a raggy Ranger with a coon cap arrested a crook who sported a jaunty, knightly "cowboy" hat? Cowboys on the trail went nuts over the giant hat and paid outlandish prices for the few that were available.

In a year, Stetson had to build a 3 story building 100 feet long. By 1906 he was making hundreds of thousands of hats a year. (Today it is estimated at 4 million a year). Other manufacturers besides Stetson are helping to supply the demand for cowboy hats today.

The felt cowboy hat was both light weight and durable. You just couldn't wear it out. If it got stomped on in a barn dance, or sat on, or slept in, it would always come back to shape. Even a bullet hole couldn't detract from its quality; in fact, it added glamour. You could put six holes in a hat and it wouldn't ravel. Many hats have been in service 20 to 30 years. It may gain weight and odors, but it is indestructable. A cowboy never bragged about how new his cowboy hat was but how old it was. It was scrubbed "everytime the Republicans swept the solid South."

A cowboy hat wasn't shaped to be worn the same way in all parts of the West. The Southwest used a wider brim for protection against the sun and the Northwest used a high crown and narrow brim because of the high wind. A cowboy from the desert and plains country would probably wear a wider brim and a higher crown.

Library of Congress

Some men, like the scouts selected a hat to fit their needs.

The crown was creased in various ways according to the lay of the land, and of course one's own peculiarities. In rainy country a hat would be creased just once, down the front to form a rain drain. In desert country the hat would be creased on four sides for coolness according to some provincial figurations.

Many things have changed out West, but the cowboy hat remains the same as it was back in the 1870's. The cowboy hat will never disappear from the West. It's a symbol of big days when men died doing big things.

RW

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Pertinant details from authors personal observation and from national cowboy hat manufacturers.

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THE CHARMED LIFE OF RANGER McDONALD

The indestructible Texan dodged bullets for 25 years; then in one evening he stopped a lifetime supply.

by Robert St. John

MANY WISE WORDS filter into Texas from across a very fabled and very old lady called the Rio Grande, and in a time when Texas was suffocating under the smoke of outlaw bullets, the Mexicans along the Border would say of Texas Ranger Bill McDonald that "esta un favorecide del destino" and "un bala no puede martarle." (He lives a charmed life. No bullet can kill him.)

And certainly the lives of men who wore the badge of law-enforcement in those days had to be charmed and luck had to be a lady or they'd end up at the edge of some town with a "born" and "died" carved into a cold, hard tombstone under their name.

But Bill McDonald had escaped the clutching, sticky arms of death many times...for 25 years in fact...and there was no reason to think he wouldn't continue to do so...that is, until that dark and gray December day in Quanah.

The time was 1895 and Quanah was a mushrooming town at the eastern edge of the Texas Panhandle. It had been made by the railroad and the railroad maintained it. But, as was true of most of the blossoming towns of the frontier, Quanah was full of more than its share of red-light girls, swindlers, gunmen and gamblers.

Still, to McDonald it was home, and he bought ranching land near Quanah and built a house for his wife.

Now in 25 years of being Texas Ranger, McDonald

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had made many, many enemies and many had sworn to send him eight feet under the Texas ground. But the worst he ever made was a fellow named John Pierce Matthews.

Outlaw friends had helped Matthews gain the office as sheriff of Childress, and the silver star -- at least on the surface -- made him an honest man. It also worked well to the advantage of his lawbreaking pals.

Hot blood pressed against the boiling point between McDonald and Matthews a number of times, and finally, Matthews could take no more. He swore he would go to Quanah and settle Bill McDonald once and for all.

So the Childress sheriff caught the old Fort Worth and Denver for Quanah. It began to send black, smutty smoke toward the gray, doomsday sky, and John Pierce Matthews probably thought of many things.

Perhaps his mind wandered back to a time...years ago... when he shot that steamboat captain. Nobody knew about it now. Well, nobody but Bill McDonald.

And probably, too, he remembered the time he had bad words with Gov. James Hogg at a sheriffs' convention. He was about to tell Hogg where he could go and maybe even help him along his way when McDonald stepped in and told John Pierce to "shut it off."

But the clincher was the Sheriff Joe Beckham incident. It had been Mathews' chance to get some real money. Beckham was sheriff of Motley County and another enemy of Matthews. And one day Beckham walked out of his office in Matador with full saddle bags hanging over his shoulder. Nobody paid much attention, but after Beckham failed to return for a few days, they found that much of the county's money had left with him.

Matthews got wind of the theft and decided the situation was tailor-made. He could get Beckham out of the way once and for all and gain the money for himself.

Yet before Matthews could catch Beckham, the Motley sheriff had ridden safely into Oklahoma Indian Territory. Matthews was furious. Finally, he talked a Texas Ranger named McClure into going over the state line -- out of his jurisdiction -- and bringing Beckham back.

Again, Matthews was crossed. McClure took Beckham back to Matador instead of Childress where Matthews was waiting. Matthews went to see McDonald and demanded that McClure be dismissed from the Rangers. Bill refused...it was the last straw. Matthews then began circulating rumors that he planned to drop over at Quanah one day and, just for pastime, kill Bill McDonald.

Folks in Childress said Matthews was certainly no slouch with a gun and day by day they watched him honing down his shooting prowess even more.

And, just in case, the old Fort Worth and Denver on this particular day also carried two of Matthews' cronies to back him up.

The train screeched to a halt at the Quanah Station, and Matthews looked around and then swung to the ground, followed closely by his pals. The trio walked past the telegraph station and barreled into the first saloon they saw.

Drinks were finished almost as soon as they touched the counter and they were refilled over and over. Soon, liquored-courage replaced the tickling feeling that must have originally been in Matthews' stomach.

He told people in the saloon and anyone who would listen that McDonald would never see another sunset... and people listened because they were scared, or they quickly ducked into a store on the street and pulled the shades down.

Word finally reached McDonald at his ranch that Matthews was in Quanah shooting off his mouth and also emptying his gun on various signs hanging from the stores in town. Bill slowly got ready and started for

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Division of Manuscripts, Library, University of Oklahoma

A group of Texas Rangers from four battalions near Langtry in 1896. McDonald is fourth from the left, front row.

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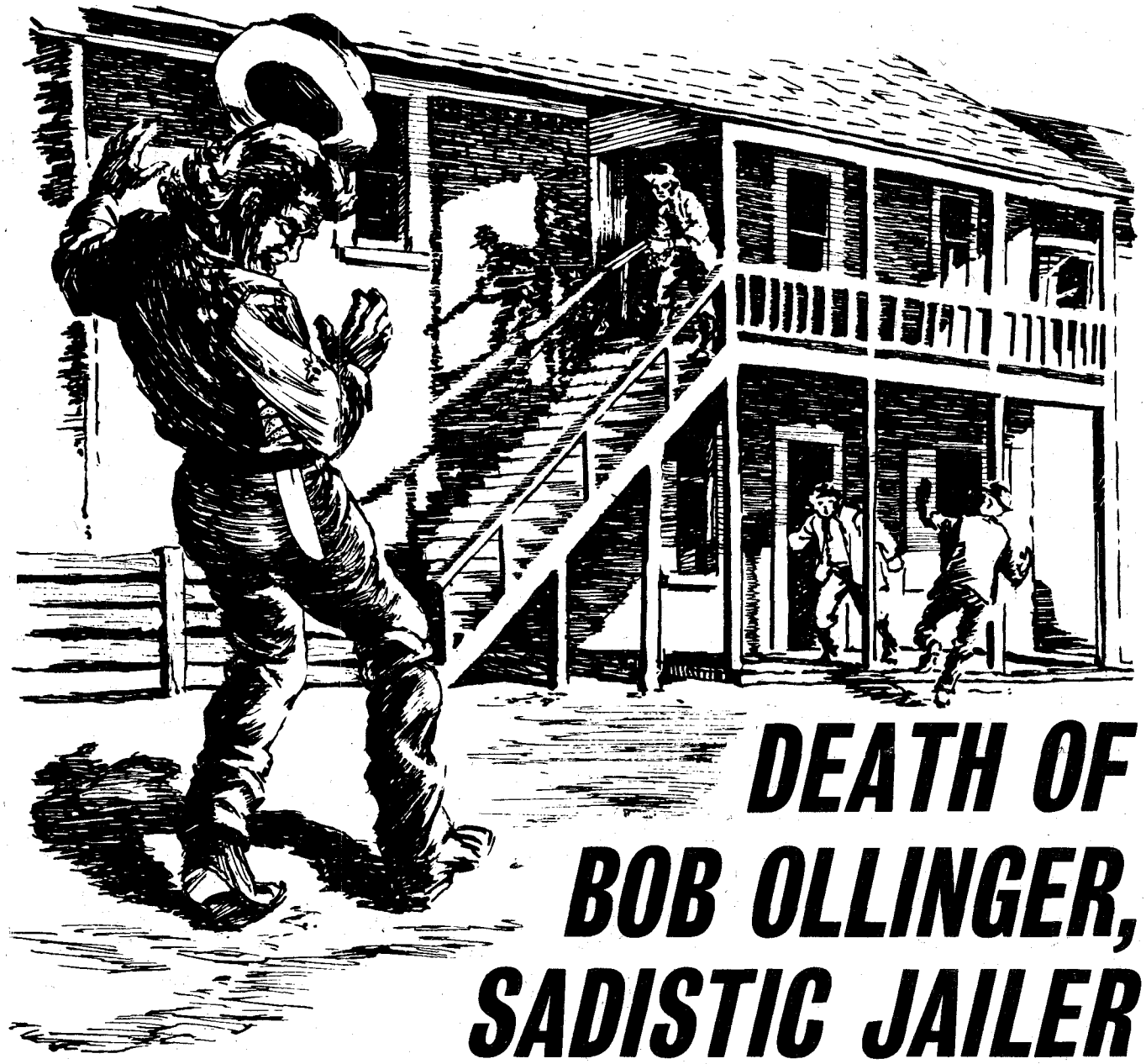

DEATH OF BOB OLLINGER, SADISTIC JAILER

by James Hines

TRYING TO PICK the phoniest gunman in the old West would be difficult in most sections of the West, but in Lincoln County, New Mexico this distinction would go to Bob Ollinger by prompt and unanimous decision.

And the story of how he died is still argued in Lincoln County.

Bob Ollinger was the sort of imitation bad man who really looked the part of a real desperado. He wore his hair long, and, when in such towns as Las Vegas, or Santa Fe, he would go about arrayed in a fringed buckskin outfit. He would spread his long hair out over his shoulders and strut through the streets and in and out of the town's drinking places, picking his teeth with a large Bowie-knife.

It was his idea to impress people with his toughness, and to show off by throwing his knife at trees or hitching racks or doorjambs along the street. As the knife would land quiveringly in its target, Bob would smirk and swagger.

Bob was his own greatest admirer. Of course, all the bad men and gun-slingers had Ollinger sized up for what he really was -- a phoney. They simply ignored him, and Bob had sense enough in his somewhat empty cranium to know with whom to fool and whom to let alone.

But Ollinger was not all actor; he was dangerous. He set himself a dangerous role in that hair-trigger land and age; but the worst part about it was the fact that he lived up to it, partly. His character was worse than his pose.

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He acted the part of a desperado; he also lived it. He was a killer. There may have been some question as to his courage, but there was absolutely none as to his deadliness. He placed no more value on human life than on that of a rattlesnake or lobo-wolf.

Ollinger, before that genuine bad man gave him his quietus, had killed at least three men under particularly treacherous and brutal circumstances, and without danger to himself.

The first of these killings was of Juan Chavez, a Mexican.

Ollinger was acting as town marshal of Seven Rivers, New Mexico, at that time. Chavez, who had known the murderous town marshal for several years, and had always been on friendly terms with him, offended Ollinger in some small unimportant way. Nursing the grudge in secret, like the small man he was, Ollinger kept up a show of friendship with the unsuspecting Mexican.

One day he met Chavez on the street. With a grin on his face he approached him. "Hi-yah, Juan. Como este tu?" (How are you?)

He extended his left hand toward Chavez in a friendly gesture, as though to shake hands.

As the unsuspecting Chavez grasped Ollinger's left hand, the imitation bad man snatched his Colt .45 from its holster with his right hand and, placing its middle against Chavez's breast, shot him through the heart. It was cold-blooded murder of the most brutal kind.

Another man killed by Ollinger was John Hill. All that is known of this killing is that Hill was shot in the back, without warning. Ollinger's third murder was equally brutal. It was that of Bob Jones and took place also at Seven Rivers.

Bad blood existed between the two. Jones himself was considered a somewhat dangerous man to fool with, and Ollinger was afraid of him. A warrant had been issued against Jones for some misdemeanor and placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Bill Pierce to serve.

Ollinger volunteered to assist Pierce in making the arrest. Jones surrendered peacefully and without causing any trouble to the arresting officer. After the arrest, Ollinger shot the unarmed prisoner three times. The killing was entirely unprovoked and without extenuation.

Ollinger was working as a deputy under Sheriff Pat Garrett of Lincoln County when he was killed by New Mexico's most famous desperado.

Garrett had no illusions regarding Ollinger and excused Ollinger's appointment as his deputy on the grounds that deputies in that dangerous time were hard to get.

The killing of Ollinger by Billy-the-Kid, at Lincoln, in 1881, is really one of the classics of the old Southwest.

After many weary months of hunting, Billy was finally captured by Sheriff Pat Garrett. Tried, and sentenced to be hanged, he was confined to an upstairs room of the old Murphy Store, the Lincoln jail not being considered as a safe place of confinement.

He was heavily manacled -- with both legirons and handcuffs -- and was under constant guard by two deputies -- Ollinger and Bell.

Ollinger hated the Kid with an undying hatred and lost no opportunity to taunt his prisoner. Ollinger's hatred of Billy stemmed from the fact that Billy had killed Bob Beckwith, a friend of Ollinger's, in the Lincoln County Cattle War.

A few days before he was due to be hanged, Billy, wearing his heavy legirons and handcuffs, was being taunted, as usual, by Ollinger.

"Well, I see you've only got three more days to go before you'll drop through the trap and have your damned neck stretched. Hell, I sure wish it was right now."

Billy's eyes narrowed. He said: "I'm not dead yet. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched, Bob. You might get disappointed."

"What the hell do you mean? Are you figgerin' on making a break? Damn, I sure wish you would." Ollinger patted the double-barreled shotgun cradled across his knees.

"Yeah, I sure wish you'd try to make a break. I'd like nothin' better than to cut you in two pieces by letting you have both barrels of this gun."

Billy grinned. "Don't be too sure, Bob. There's three

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Ollinger made the fatal mistake of taunting the Kid.

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"THEY'LL KILL YOU WILLIE BOY"
(Continued from page 28)

be trying to delay him so they would both be caught. There was a grim set in Willie Boy's expression as Lolita struggled ahead of him. She stumbled and fell, then lay quiet. He raised his rifle and fired once. Lolita's closed fist jerked, then slowly opened. A flowered scarf, worth about 25¢, fluttered out onto the desert.

Willie didn't bother to pick up his coat, provisions, nor even the empty canteen as he strode on without a backward glance. His mind seemed more at ease now that she was gone but Willie Boy wouldn't permit himself to dwell on her by name because that attracted the tsoavict, the ghost of the dead person and it would never leave. He thought more of where he had been born in Pahrump, Nevada. He would go there, far from where the white man would ever look. It was several hundred miles away, of course, but that didn't matter to him. The desert was his home and it would be good to him now that he needed it.

Willie Boy skirted civilization, working his way through a maze of sandy canyons, finding water here and there. A few grasshoppers made a meal for him, and he was able to lay down with the sky and bony fingers of sage to cover him. Perhaps the next day, October 1st would be better.

While he was momentarily safe, events which would shape his future were taking place. The death of Lolita had caused a sensation, second only to public's interest in Ramona. Lolita was built up as a western Sacajawea, and her father, Old Mike, a tribal chieftain of comparable rank to Chief Joseph.

"KILLS GIRL WHO HAD CRAZED HIS HEART"

one headline ran and helped to inflame and spur efforts to hunt down Willie Boy. While there was no lack of effort or interest by lawmen, they were realistic enough to know that Willie had the advantage and he would press it. They were dedicated men and would do their job.

Willie Boy, as he strode alone across the desert, would have smiled one of those rare smiles if he had known the legend of his name had become such that gravediggers had refused to complete burial of his victims! He walked steadily across the playas towards the distant Bullion Mountains, which under the desert's unflinching glare seemed like no more than pasteboard cutouts pasted on an electric blue sky. His step showed confidence for he had feasted on another rabbit and his pocket held some pinon nuts and mesquite cakes.

He had a haunting fear and needed a sign that all was well. He stopped, broke off a creosote twig, then split it. It was yellow and Willie Boy breathed easier. If it had been red, he would have had a bad augury: death.

About 20 miles to the north, he might catch a freight train when it stopped for water at Ludlow but he rejected that as being too chancy. A grinding 75 miles across the Bullion Mts. lay Nevada and there was an excellent chance of escape that way. But Willie had an aberration. He turned down a trough in the Bullions and headed back for Twenty-Nine Palms, about 25 miles away. There were friends there who might help him, he reasoned.

He made for the village because there was a small settlement of the Chemehuevi there, including Old Mike's hogan where he knew a rifle and cartridges were hidden.

All the posse could not do was carry back the lifeless copse of the prey that had eluded them for so long.

Madison Collection, U of.Calif. Courtesy Paisano Press

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All of the Indians' shacks were deserted. Willie Boy went directly to Old Mike's, assuring himself that no one was there. He pushed in and plunged his hand back of a niche where the guns and bullets were kept. Gone. Nothing. Willie Boy wheeled as he heard a crackle behind him. There stood a fat old Indian woman, her leer emphasized by her toothless gums.

"Want a gun? Bullets?"

Willie Boy's frown deepened and he nodded slowly. He followed when she crooked a finger then pointed to a pool. In the moonlight he saw the dull glimmer of shells at the bottom of the pool and in the center a rifle sticking up like a rusted, bony finger. The Indians of Old Mike's tribe were mocking him. Willie Boy furiously slapped the old woman then pushed her aside. She wasn't hurt and laughed maniacally as she yelled:

"They'll kill you, Willie Boy. You're dead, Willie Boy."

Willie Boy walked away from the small Indian settlement. No food, no water, no help. In a way it may have saved his life, because the posse swooped down not many hours after he had been there. Then the desert took a hand by pinning the posse down. A sudden desert storm swept across the dry lakes, making movement by horse or car impossible. But he had gone on, reaching the far edge of the storm and moving out of it. The same wind had also obliterated all the tracks that Willie Boy had left and the posse were forced to guess again.

The heat billowing up from the dry lake could be seen and almost touched. Horses lathered, their chests began to heave at the pace. Yet it was obvious that Willie Boy was lengthening the distance between them! It was an incredible feat of desert endurance. The horsemen dismounted to track on foot. They left the playa and moved into the low hills where their speed was impeded by the narrow defiles through which Willie Boy moved easily. Not only was it difficult to lead their horses, which were tired and reluctant, but the men had to be careful they weren't ambushed. It would have been easy for even one man to hold off an army.

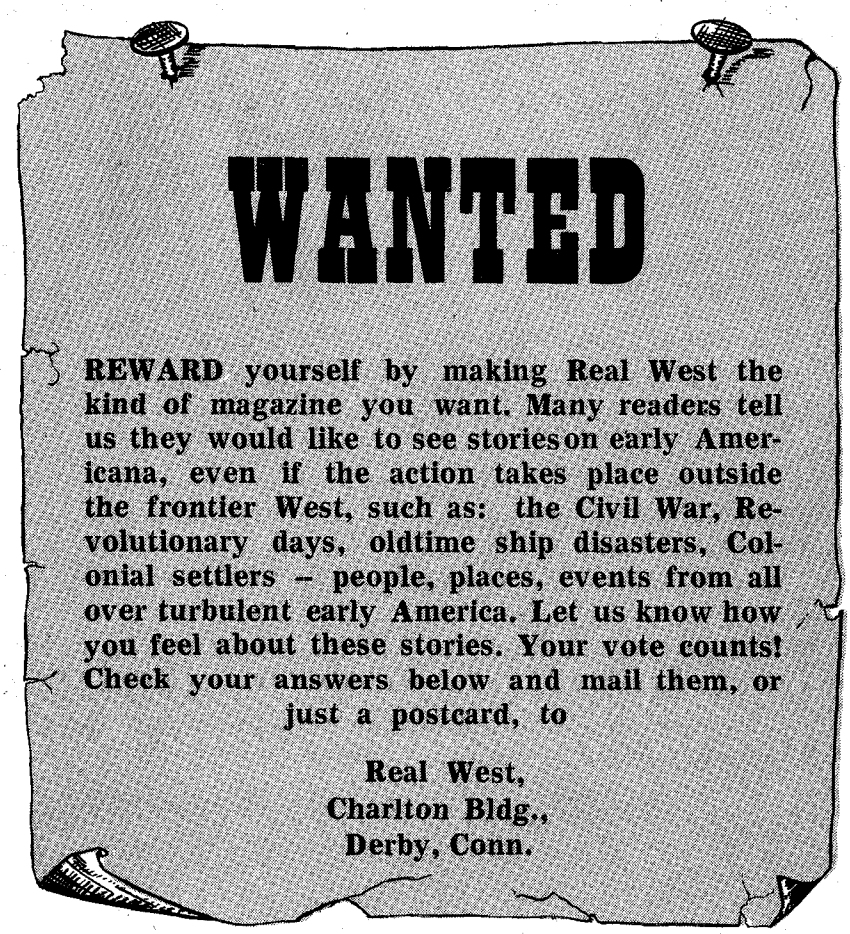
Willie was exhausted from the burst of speed he had put on. His stomach ached with hunger, his tongue was thick and black. He had reversed his course, hoping to throw off the tracker but he knew it was futile. There were just too many after him to miss all of the signs a traveler must necessarily leave behind. He half-trotted along, dragging his rifle. His eyes blurred, skyrockets spun in his mind and the heat clawed at him and dragged him down. He lay on the sand, his tongue clogging his mouth, his breath coming in gasps. He put his head down and slept again.

Water flattened clouds ,scudded across the desert from the Coffin Mountains and rain began to spatter. With the drama of a desert storm, tons of water poured down, wetting down Willie Boy and saving his life. Desert tanks filled and the clay sealed dry lake ahead was dotted with fast drying pools. Willie Boy stirred, then saw the water about which he had been dreaming. He struggled to his feet, ran forward and when he fell, his face plunged into a pool of tepid water. He gulped and drank deeply from this desert Pierian spring, one that gave him the wisdom to survive for a curious end.

With renewed strength Willie ran on to the edge of the dry lake and found a cowboy cache where he was able to feed himself. It was something, and anything was better than the chuckawallas and the other trash he had tried to eat.

Food had honed his cunning and he was again master of the chase. He doubled back and fourth, hid and obliterated tracks.

He had just finished another can from his sack of provisions and was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relaxing with his rifle across his knees when he first heard a rock roll, then a whinny. He looked down into the canyon below him, where five horsemen strung out about 15 feet apart. Rifle cocked, he laid the barrel against a rock and aimed. It was about 500 yards. The shot killed the horse, the rider fell with it. The next shot brought down a rider. His next three shots killed or crippled the horses.

Like a desert wraith, Willie Boy disappeared.

The wounded possemen and others agreed that he was a shadow, and they almost reached the conclusion that they couldn't kill him.

The newspapers in the state were just as sure that they could--and should--kill him.

Randolph Madison of the Los Angeles Record was assigned to cover the continuing manhunt and when he dropped off in Banning he was wearing a shiny reporter's badge, a cartridge belt and a six shooter to complete the raiment of a city reporter on a desert manhunt.

Madison chose Crevecour's posse to travel with and began sending lurid dispatches back, datelined: "Via Indian Runner to Banning." Besides Madison like Crevecour's denial that a late night shot might mark the end of Willie Boy by his own hand. That would spoil all the good fun expected.

Madison shot pictures of local Indians, did color stories of background and generally drew interest to Willie Boy. Madison had some of the possemen making rather heroic statements such as "no quarter," and "death to the child-bride killer."

With every whimper and word being printed, it was easy to inflame the public. Willie Boy was poisoning all the waterholes. Undertakers allegedly offered wholesale rates for burying Willie and members of the posse who might be killed in the capture attempt. There were many suggestions: an anarchist could be taken along to hurl bombs at Willie Boy, a balloon could drop dynamite on him; if he holed up somewhere, they could feed a horse sticks of dynamite then shoot the animal when it approached the fugitive.

But the possemen were urged to bring the murderer back alive. No one would ever believe he was captured otherwise and Madison was determined that he would report the story in depth--the why of Willie Boy's actions.

Madison's colorful reporting revived interest in the fugitive's capture and there were substantial rewards riding on Willie Boy's head. He became an obsession with some of the trackers and unfounded reports poured in.

Lawmen rounded up a number of Indians who were thought friendly to the fugitive and might give him aid and, of course, all Indians for a time were suspected. Even a general uprising was feared after one newspaper reported: SEVENTEEN ARMED PAIUTES MISSING... The usually responsible Los Angeles Examiner said: "..not less than 300 families have deserted their homes."

Willie, instead of being the quasi-modian figure he actually was, now stood tall, very tall in the desert. An imposing, fearful figure.

It was Friday, October 15th, when 12 determined possemen led by Wilson, Crevecour and accompanied by Madison, moved southward from Rock Springs towards the Ruby Mountains. Madison discussed with the others the propects that the killer was already dead, a situation which a few had considered since a lone shot had been heard in the night. But most of the possemen showed their disbelief by clutching their rifles a little more tightly.

Indians trackers were deployed on both flanks of the column and the single file moved along. They were approaching the area near where the previous ambush had been executed.

The silence was shattered with a shrill scream. One of the Indian scouts excitedly motioned toward an object on the ground.

"Willie Boy! Willie Boy!" he cried.

A scuffed, worn shoe covered one foot. The other foot was bare. The possemen circled warily, holding their rifles at ready though there was no indication of resistance by Willie Boy.

Willie Boy lay on his back, near a granitic outcropping. Sightless eyes peered upwards at a sky which he would never see again. Beside him lay the rifle but the rest of his possessions were scattered about, obviously having been flung away. It was the Paiute tradition to cast off material things before dying.

"He lived like a white man but died like an Indian," someone observed, laconically.

Not entirely true. His chest was ripped open with the self-inflicted blast from his rifle. Neither the desert nor the law had been able to defeat Willie Boy but the conjunction of those forces and the Indian's determination that no one would capture his unfettered spirit had eventually killed him.

Following announcement of the death, there were the usual macabre and necromaniacal exploitations of Willie Boy's death, including a display of the Indian's things and some reporting which was in exceedingly bad taste. But history has softened that and most that it remembers now centers around Willie Boy for whatever he was.

Following the discovery of his body in the Ruby Mountains, on October 15, 1909, a Friday, the men decided that Willie should be cremated there in "...rites for which every Paiute longs."

The Indian trackers were assembled at the death scene and helped gather the brush which made the pyre. They looked at each other and a flickering of smiles were evident on their usually stoic faces.

Cremation for the honored dead had long been abandoned by the Paiutes. That cremony was now reserved for criminals, murderers, or suicides. Willie Boy qualified on all counts.

RW

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CITY HAD PHONES EARLY

Deadwood not only had the first telephone in South Dakota, but it had the first telephone exchange. The first telephone user was Paul Rewman, the year was 1879. That year, 14 telephones were installed. The exchange was initiated the next year by the Black Hills Telephone Exchange Co., later named the Black Hills Telephone and Telegraph Co., a predecessor of the present Northwestern Bell.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

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I LIVED THROUGH KLONDIKE HELL
(Continued from Page 15)

They walked the length of the house to stand before the Indian. As Dad told me years later, "We waited for some Chilkat to jump us from behind but they didn't."

This was Chief Kekah. He was perhaps thirty years old, although it was difficult to say for sure, maybe he was fifty or sixty. His greasy hair hung about his shoulders like a wet mop. He wore a drooping mustache, giving him an odd oriental look, like a fat mandarin. A few hairs grew from his chin to form a sparse beard. his eyes, deep set, were small, black as coal, and burned with a deep mysterious fire.

Chief Kekah was wise, shrewd, well versed in the coniving ways of some whitemen, but he liked the Whiteman's money. Or rather he liked the things the money could buy.

It was Kekah's love of money that allowed Dad to convince him he should transport their supplies from Pyramid Harbor to the head of Lynn Canal.

"Look chief, we pay much chickamin. Hyus dollah, chief, hyus dollah," Uncle Oscar told him.

A glint came to the Indian's eyes but he shook his head. "We wait, We wait. Only take stuff to Dyea, then we see. You wait."

Kekah dispatched a large dugout cedar canoe with 8 men to transport the supplies to Dyea at the head of Lynn Canal. The cedar dugouts of the Chilkats were large sea-going crafts that could carry a ton of cargo as well as a couple of dozen men.

In 1886, Dyea was another Indian village of the Chilkats. Later, during the stampede to the Klondike, it would become a mushrooming settlement of 10,000 gold hungry men and a handful of women just as hungry for the yellow metal and with no scruples as to how they got it.

When Chief Kekah and his canoemen arrived with Dad and Uncle Oscar, they found other prospectors there arguing with the Indians to take them and their supplies over the pass.

The Indians refused for good reason. The rumbling roar of avalanches as the spring thaw loosened the snow and ice on the high slopes, sending tons of ice and snow down the pass.

Dad got his first sight of that horrifying death as he stood and stared up at the pass. Two prospectors were loud and profane in their demands that the Indians take their supplies over the pass, and when the Indian refused for the tenth time, the two prospectors swore they would go over the pass without the help of the Indians.

Dad watched them as they carried supplies to the base of the pass, and then carry one or two bundles up the snowy slope. Then it came, that terrifying rumbling roar of an avalanche. It came roaring down to cover the two prospectors under tons of ice and snow.

Dad later told me he felt sick all over as he realized the two men were buried deep under the avalanches of death. It opened his Uncle Oscar's eyes and they didn't argue with the Indians about the pass. They waited for two weeks until Chief Kekah announced that the Pass was safe and his men would carry Dad and Uncle's supplies over the pass.

The Chilkats were *hyus skookum,* (very strong packers). They easily carried loads in excess of a hundred pounds and never even breathed hard! It took them only a day to pack over the outfit.

In 1886 the rate charged by the

Oscar Ashby's claim was among these in the gold-rich Eldorado Creek Valley.

Asahel Curtis Photo

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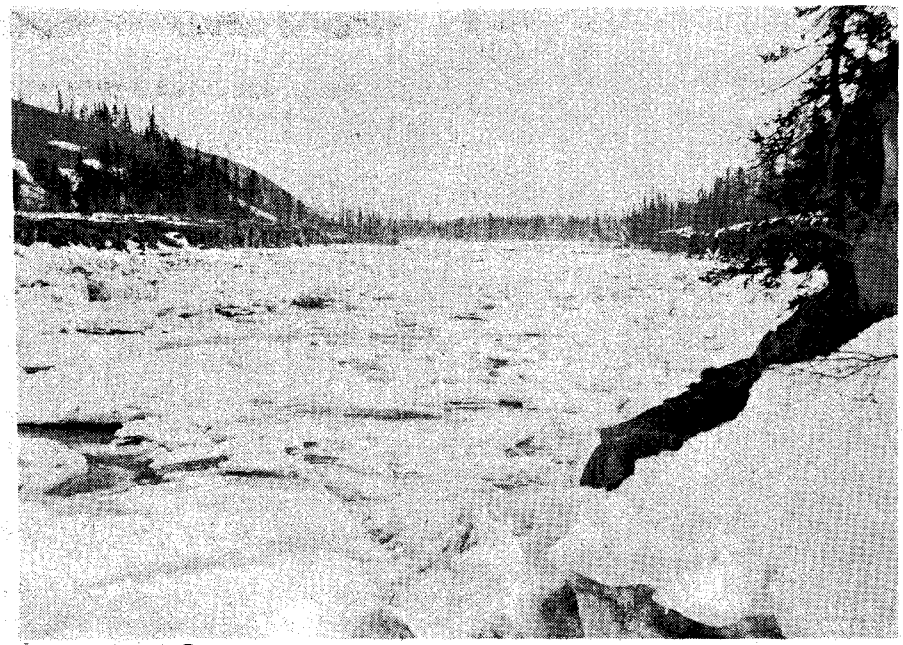

Asahel Curtis Photo

The Ashby's found the White Horse rapids frozen as they moved northward.

Indians was 5 cents a pound. That sounds like a lot, about a hundred bucks for the outfit, but consider the stampeders of '98, when they payed five times that amount.

Dad had to portage their supplies to Lake Bennett where they made camp until the ice had left. They decided to build a raft and float their supplies down the chain of lakes, Bennett, Tagish, and Marsh Lakes, into the Lewes River which emptied into Lake Leberge and eventually into the mighty Yukon.

Their idea wasn't much different from that of thousands of stampeders who came the same way in '98. The stampeders whip-sawed lumber from the mountain spruce to build boats in which they floated down the Yukon to the Klondike and Dawson City.

Dad decided that their best bet would be to prospect the Stewart River watershed instead of going on to Alaska as they had first planned. The Stewart was in the Yukon Territory of Canada.

Alaska was no garden spot in the spring and summer. Certainly it was no paradise on earth. The old Sourdoughs called it, "Stinging Hell." When the frozen tundra melted in the spring, there was no water way for it to run off. So it remained on the ground, making large areas of Alaska swamp country.

And from this stagnant water came mosquitoes such as no human has ever seen in any part of the world. They were giants and when they stung, which they did continually, unless you were prepared to keep them away, it felt like somebody had jabbed a knife deep in the flesh. That is why the Sourdoughs called it "Stinging Hell." These swamps also produced other insects, whole swarms of them.

These swamps gave the air a damp and foul smelling odor. It permeated everything. Bread would be moldy in a few hours. That is why prospectors had to depend on sourdough. This dank air caused strange bronchial ailments, and any prospectors who had to work in a swamp area had a hacking cough. More terrifying was the type of pneumonia it caused.

If you were in good health and had proper food, the chances of catching this strange pneumonia was not great, but even in 1886 when there were only a few prospectors, this death struck and Dad saw enough dead bodies from it to know the dangers. Yet in 1886 the real hell hadn't hit Alaska and the Klondike. It was in 1898 during the mad rush to the Klondike that gold crazed humans walked glossy-eyed to their death in some avalanche of snow and ice. All because they wouldn't wait a week or two until the danger had passed.

In 1886 only tough and hardened prospectors ventured into the wilds of that land for gold. In 1898 the people came by the thousands who never had any experience in Alaska or any rough country. Many of them were clerks in stores and bookkeepers. They only knew that up in the Klondike was a fortune awaiting them and they had to get there, no matter how. Many lost their outfits floating on rafts. They didn't run back. They went ahead without food or any supplies. Many turned thieves and thievery became such a problem that a thief caught in the act of stealing was shot on the spot. Not many of these unfortunates lasted long. They quickly died on some pass from pneumonia or other disease. Their bodies were strewn on many of the passes.

Moose and deer did come down to the swampy ground, but if you were panning for gold dust, you couldn't take the time out to go hunting, which would take several days. In 1898 hunters made a business of killing moose and deer and selling the meat to the prospectors at fantastic prices.

There were other annoyances to make life in the gold country far from pleasant. Claim jumpers were always around and a bullet in the back often caused a good producing claim to change hands. Then, too, if you had sacks of gold dust from working a claim, you had to watch every side of you as you headed back to civilization to change the gold dust into hard money.

Dad and Uncle Oscar spent that summer prospecting some of the tributaries of the Stewart River. They found enough gold to make wages but nothing to really brag about. They headed back to the coast before winter's freeze-up.

The next year they were back. They went right over the same route to get to the Yukon. They went past the Stewart River and headed for Alaska, the area around Fort Yukon. They had heard that prospectors were doing very well there.

They floated down the Klondike River, little knowing this "moose pasture," as the prospectors called it, would, in less than a decade, become the richest placer strike the world had ever known.

They were lucky, in a way, although they never made big strikes on the Yukon, they made enough to be lured North again and again. They were in the north when news of the Klondike strike, made by Carmack and his two Indian brothers-in-law, went up and down the Yukon with the speed of a prairie fire.

Dad and Uncle Oscar were able to get in on the ground floor, ahead of the mad rush of would-be-miners that converged on the mouth of the Klondike like flies around a honey pot. Both were able to stake claims. Dad had a half interest in a claim on Bonanza Creek and Uncle Oscar had one on the Eldorado.

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The claim that Dad had on the Bonanza did not pay off. Ironically, the claim just below his was a fabulous producer of gold. The owners made a fortune. Dad told me that the bed rock on his claim was tilted so that the gold did not hold on it.

On the other hand, Uncle Oscar's claim on the Eldorado was a rich one and he made a fortune from it. Dad later moved down the Yukon to the new strike at Nome in 1900. He had better luck there, making about fifty thousand dollars in the next few years.

My mother, sister and I joined Dad and lived for a time in Dawson City, I went to school at Nome so I remember more about that. One of my schoolmates was Jimmie Doolittle, the well-known general of World War II.

Dad never did stop prospecting. When I was twenty-one we went into a partnership and moved to Southeastern Alaska. There, of course, we prospected for gold-bearing ore rather than placer gold.

My Dad never regretted the years he spent as a prospector. He helped make the history of Alaska. If I were young again I would go back to the life of a prospector, despite all the hell that went with it.

RW

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This article is based on my personal experiences in Alaska as a child with my father and later as a prospector myself.

THE BRAND
WAS MURDER
(Continued from Page 9)

bull calf that was to bring about the death of two men.

On January 20, 1891 at Leoncita, northwest of Alpine, a few local ranchers staged a roundup. They began cutting out their own critters from the herd of a huge outfit owned by Dubois and Wentworth whose brand was the Diamond Tail. Jeff Webb, range boss of the D&W detailed a man by the name of Fine Gilliland to represent the ranch. Just as Gilliland reined in at Leoncita a man by the name of Powe who had lost an arm in the Civil War and who owned a small spread in the area appeared. He cut out a brindle yearling from the edge of the herd. Two other members of the roundup, Gene Kelley and Frank Rooney had just assured Powe that the unbranded animal belonged to a heifer wearing the H.H.P. brand which belonged to Powe.

Gilliland upon seeing Powe's action spurred his horse up to the one armed rancher's son, Robert and inquired if the bull yearling had a mother in the cut. "No," replied young Powe, "but father has two witnesses, Rooney and Kelley who are positive that the maverick was dropped by a H.H.P. heifer."

"Well," answered Gilliland, "that's not enough proof. Your father will have the devil's own time getting that animal unless he can point out the mother. Otherwise it goes with the B&W herd."

Gilliland then rode to the yearling and began to drive him back into the herd. As he passed Powe he stopped and the two men argued angrily over the ownership of the bull. Powe approached Kelley for the second time and inquired if he were absolutely sure the yearling belonged to the H.H.P. herd. "Of course I'm sure," returned Kelley. "It's yours. Take him."

Powe then turned his mount into the herd and proceeded to drive the yearling in question out.

Gilliland galloped furiously to Powe and again the two men exchanged angry words. Powe was suddenly silent when wheeled his horse and headed for the far side of the roundup where Manning Clements, a cousin of John Wesley Hardin and no mean gunman in his own right, sat astride his horse watching the activities. Powe talked briefly with Clements who nodded to him. Powe then reached inside Clements' saddle pocket and brought out a pistol.

Now armed Powe returned to the herd and drove the yearling toward the cut. Gilliland raced over and tried to manuever the animal back into the herd. Suddenly he halted and unbuckled his saddle bag where he too carried a side arm. Then he uncoiled his rope and swung it in an attempt to lasso the disputed yearling. He missed.

Powe snapped a shot at the bull but like Gilliland he too missed. By now Gilliland had swung off his mount and squatted down on one knee. Holding his gun with both hands he aimed at Powe's back.

Robert yelled, "Look out Father!" Just at that moment Gilliland fired but his bullet missed Powe. Powe then got off his horse and Gilliland fired again and again he missed his target. The one armed Civil War veteran was forced to wrap the bridle reins about his hand as his horse, badly frightened by the gun fire, was striving to break loose.

DEADWOOD-LEAD TROLLEY

Transportation for many years between Deadwood and Lead was by trolley car. The rails were three feet apart which made it easier to travel through the winding ravines. Each car carried some 50 passengers, was operated by a motorman and a conductor. The introduction of the automobile was responsible for their abandonment.

Gilliland moved rapidly to within five yards of Powe and both men shot simultaneously. Both missed and both fired again.

Now Powe's gun was empty having held only three bullets. Gilliland snatched the useless weapon and with his own gun shot at Powe again. And this time he did not miss. Powe fell dead instantly.

Robert gazed at the scene in stunned horror. He made no move as Gilliland with both guns in his hand, ran to Manning Clements and demanded a horse. Clements let him have a mount and Gilliland leapt into the saddle and raced away. The Texas Rangers were notified of the murder and soon a party was on the killer's trail Gilliland evaded them and took refuge in the mountains. After two days of searching, the Rangers under the command of Captain Frank Jones gave up the chase but two men were detailed to find Gilliland and bring him in.

From then on Gilliland was a wanted man. He remained under cover for several days. No doubt he cursed the brindle bull maverick that had turned him from a respected citizen into a fugitive.

After five or six days he came back to civilization. One day as he rode through a canyon he saw two riders approaching. They were Thalis Cook and Jim Putman who had been detailed to bring him in. Before he could go into hiding they saw him also. Deciding to bluff it out he rode forward and it was then he saw their badges. "Are you Fine Gilliland?" called out Cook.

Gilliland replied with a shot. The bullet hit Cook in the knee, breaking it in four places. Gilliland then fired a second time, killing Cook's horse.

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At the first shot Putman jumped from his horse, pulling his Winchester. As Cook and his mount fell, Gilliland spurred his horse to a gallop. Putman fired and killed the animal. Putman then ordered Gilliland to surrender but the murderer fired again and took refuge behind the dead horse. Gilliland fired again at the officer but missed once more. Gilliland then raised his head above the body of the horse and Putnam took aim and snapped the trigger of the Winchester. Gilliland was the loser as the bullet tore into his head. Thus the second man met death all because of a maverick bull calf.

Putman helped Cook upon his horse and carried the wounded man to Marathon. From that town Putman sent a wire to the Brewster county sheriff at Alpine, advising him that Gilliland had been killed.

In the meantime a fearsome sight had come to inhabit the peaceful range country of the region. At Leoncita after the murder of Powe and the flight of Gilliland, the cow pokes had cut out the cause of the killing, the brindle yearling, and with a hot running iron had burned the word, MURDER on his hide along with the date, January 20, 1891. And then and there the gruesome legend of the maverick with the hideous word on his hide was born.

It has been told that the curiously branded bull never took up with any of the herds that ranged the region. Likewise he avoided all men. He was ever a loner. Now and then a cowboy would glimpse the critter standing alone against the sun or in the moonlight. At the sight of a man it would vanish, as if ashamed to be seen with its ugly brand. It has also been told that the animal grew to epic size and that the letters became bigger and bigger. As the bull advanced in years his brindle hide turned grey. Men came to fear the maverick. They held the belief that he was a jinx and would bring bad luck.

The Murder Steer as he was called ran on the range for five years after Gilliland was killed. He shunned all mankind and all mankind shunned him. Finally in 1896 Robert Powe the son of the murdered Civil War veteran met a man by the name of Bill Allen who was driving a trail herd to Montana. Young Powe asked him to take the Murder Maverick along so as to get him out of Texas. Allen agreed. Powe put the animal in the herd and rode as far as the Pecos River at Horse Head Crossing and watched the bull cross the river. He never saw the critter that had brought violent death to two men again.

But even though the animal went north he was not forgotten. Stories about him persisted and there were many who swore they had seen his ghost running the range at dusk. And one and all believed him an ill omen who would trigger violence and death.

It has been many years since his ghost has been seen but there are still those in the Trans-Pecos country who believe he will roam as long as there is a Texas. And---no one wants to see him with the hideous brand on his ungainly body.

RW

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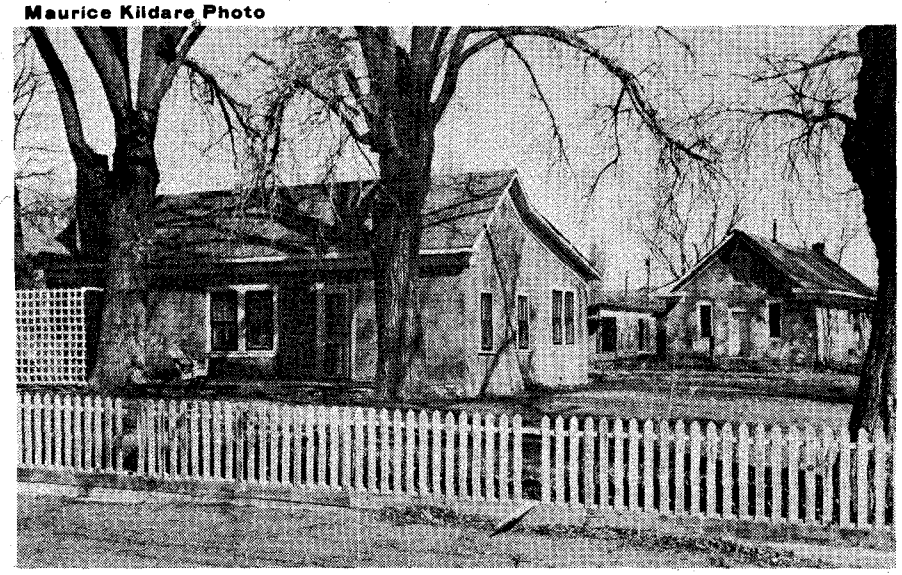
LAST OF
THE LEES
(Continued from Page 23)

The Piutes knew Lee meant exactly what he said. Thefts ended abruptly. Most Piutes moved west of the Colorado River onto a reservation at Moccasin.

As 1890 came in, Mary Lee could look with pride on her children growing to adulthood. She had married when only fifteen and had then trained in nursing at Salt Lake City two years, but her daughters waited until they were eighteen or twenty. Sarah Alice married Austin Farnsworth; Agatha Ann, Olaf Anderson, and Elenore, Joe Cliilefield. Each started raising families of their own in the settlement.

Life at Tuba City changed much for the better. Former starvation days and fears of Indian raids were ended.

The Lee family home. Building at right was later used as an Indian Jail.
Maurice Kildare Photo



Towns and other settlements of whites were not too distant and increasing. Communication lines stretched to many places outside their country. Comforts of living were abundant, if not luxurious compared to the first decade after their arrival at Tuba City. Orchards alone produced an income and food. Still, there occurred incidents of violence and threatening danger to peaceful existence.

Zeke Jason suffered a critical gunshot wound one dark night. An Indian was suspected but never arrested. Bullet through left lung, he convalesced several weeks before recovering. Mary Lee dressed and medicated his injury. Meanwhile her children had increased by two more daughters, Ada Bell, and Lola Violent.

By 1890 Indian agents for the Hopi pueblos began enforcing government school laws. This immediately caused serious outbreaks of violence. Soldiers were necessary to round them up on mesa towns. When school opened the following September an old renegade Oraibi chief counseled armed resistence. No children appeared for school. Nearly a thousand Hopis armed themselves and forted up prepared to fight when soldiers should be sent for a second time. As the bitter situation worsened it spread to Moencopi. A farming off-shoot of Oraibi, local

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Hopis intended to obey their chief's instructions.

Hopi men stocked hidden retreats with food for their families. They believed desperate fighting inevitable, espesially over secret edicts issued from ancient kivas. Hopi friend of the settlers, who had protected them from other Indian's depredations, gave warning of hostile plans. When troopers appeared the Oraibi chief declared that all whites should be slain in order to rid the country of them. Acknowledging critical condition, Lee formed a guard company of settlers under arms. They watched the town casually in daytime so as not to unduly alarm surrounding Indians. At night patrols roved between outskirts and Moencopi.

Soldiers did appear in the eastern Hopi country to restore order. But no pitched battle took place. Ringleaders were arrested and jailed with a minimum of scuffling incidents. A cavalry patrol advanced west to Tuba City. No difficulty with local Hopis erupted. During their brief stay one soldier died of natural causes and was buried on the southeast edge of town.

Settlers soon endured a type of trouble they could not combat. The giant Navajo Reservation had been extended around them in 1884. In 1890 subagents and Indian Service employees came around interfering in their affairs. Most were easterners who claimed all whites were interlopers. They declared them squatters unlawfully on Indian lands, whereas it was public domain when they settled in and around Tuba City. Indian agents with political power agitated all must be forcible removed and their property seized.

Their productive lands were wanted for Indians, who cared nothing about farming and refused to. Eventually they were bought out by the government. But for ten years officials furnished a constant source of harassment, often seizing farms with as many as 200 renegade Indians until the courts ordered them to desist.

While harvesting for the Bowers brothers in the fall of 1894, Tom was bitten on the left hand by a skunk. Thinking it unimportant at the time he continued working. On returning home after crops were in, he told his mother. Alarmed on realizing his possible danger, she wanted him sent to a doctor in Kansas City. A number of skunk bitten Flagstaff people had gone there to be cured. Tom's father didn't believe it necessary and his son was against it himself. Mary Lee's fears were confirmed when he became ill and grew worse until bedridden. He died in convulsions from the dread hydrophobia.

Then the death Mary Lee feared struck again, this time with ghastly terror. When winter came in 1895 an epidemic of diptheria hit the eastern Hopi pueblos. The Indians living closely packed together died like flies. Some fleeing the diease to Moencopi brought it to those living there. Hopi families succumbed so fast no adults were well enough to bury them. Bodies were wrapped in blankets and dropped into canyon crevices or merely placed in small caves.

The epidemic inflicted settlers and their families. Mary Lee worked herself to exhaustion day and night. Someone mistakenly told stricken families that painting throats inside with iodine was a sure cure. No matter what Mary Lee advised they would do, people, especially children, fell before onslaught of the grim reaper. One of the adults who died was Ryle Allen's wife, a Lee relative.

Joe, summoned home to help in the stunning emergency, seemed impervious to the disease. He alone was able to keep digging graves. Those with any strength left helped him gouge holes into solid rock of the cemetery when they could.

Assisting him one bleak morning Oscar Farnsworth remarked earnestly, "I'll be the one put here next."

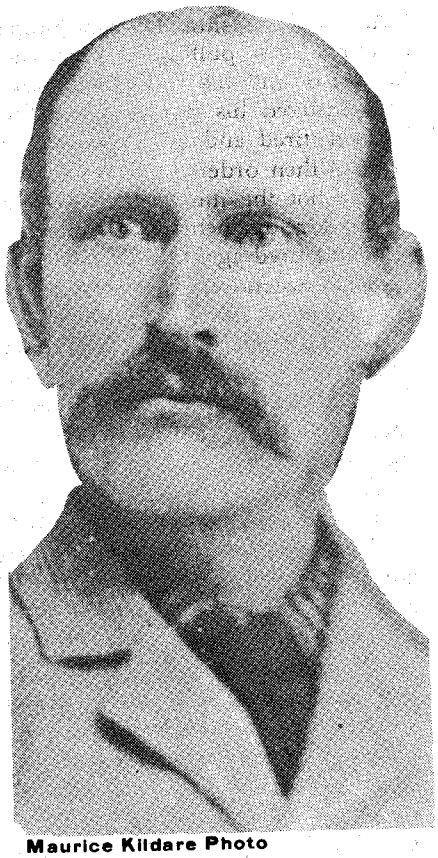
That night he came down with diptheria and choked to death before dawn. In one week Sarah Alice Farnsworth lost all six of her small children. Other families were also very nearly wiped out.

A sub agent arriving at Tuba City conceived what he thought a bright idea. Enroute there he had been innoculated with anti-diptheria serum. He decided to use the scab to vaccinate Mary Lee. She was the most important person in Tuba City to protect. When he did so she contracted diptheria, dying within a few hours. The town was plunged into deepest mourning. The passing of beloved Mary Lee was one of their worst tragedies.

This wonderful mother, an indis-

Joseph Hyrum Lee became the most noted of all old time Indian traders.

Ada Lee Humphries Collection



Maurice Kildare Photo

George McAdams, Redlake trader, turned his freighting over to the Lee Family.

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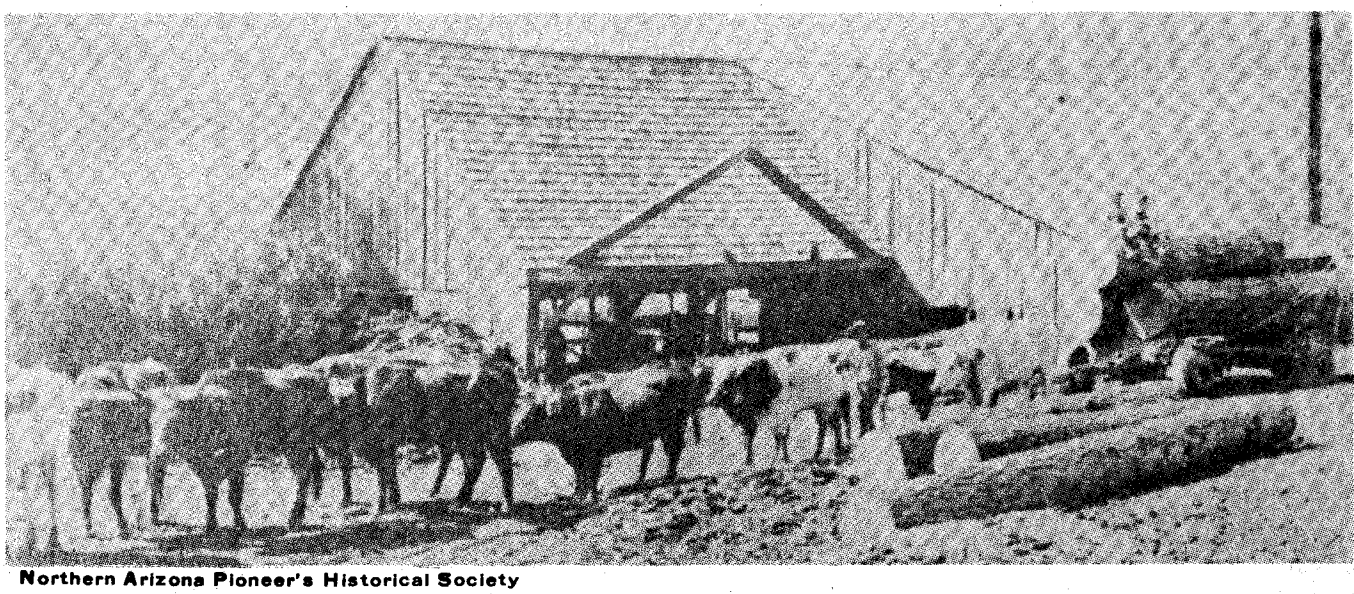

Northern Arizona Pioneer's Historical Society

Lee ox teams hauling logs to Ayer's sawmill which burned down in 1885.

pensable community nurse, passed on when only 47 years of age. The grief stricken family laid her to rest in the Lee plot at the side of her son Tom and the son who died in infancy.

Help against the felling disease finally came. Vaccine arrived from the eastern United States, but too late to prevent the terrible toll in human lives.

The sudden passing of Mary Lee broke up the pioneering family. She had come in unafraid, laboring for her family's and settlement welfare, and remained there forever. The two youngest children were taken into the homes of married brothers and sisters. Lee himself went back to Utah, far from the unhappy scenes of his great loss. One by one those still living at Tuba City moved elsewhere, scattering from Farmington, New Mexico to Utah and Colorado.

By 1901 Joe alone of the family remained in the great Indian country. Living there the balance of his life he died in 1952, most famous of all old time Indian traders.

RW

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Most facts in this article are taken from Joseph Hyrum Lee, Jr.'s own MS story of his life.

"Aunt" Emma Lee, then Mrs. Franklin French, was interviewed by me at Winslow, Ariz., 1916.

McAdams, was my great uncle, and gave me much information about the Lee family.

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MYSTERY RUINS OF SANDARIO

(Continued from Page 34)

As recently as 1960 the Papagos would come North and camp within one mile or so of the Sandario Site to harvest the fruit of the Saguaro cactus. They would put up a temporary camp and move on in a few days, changing locations as they exhausted the supply of Saguaro fruit which they made into preserves or wine, or would even eat fresh. However, there is no knowledge of their ever having a regular village any place near here. The closest Papago village is about 30 miles to the South-West.

Their oldest known site, which dates back before 1539, is along Santa Rose Wash, close to Gu Komelik, exactly 41 miles North-West of the Sandario Site. It is at this ancient well where four children were sacrificed before the coming of the white man. In the soft, slurring sounds of the Papago language is told even today the sad story of their sacrifice at the "Baby Shrine" to stop the flow of water and prevent the flooding of an Indian village.

Who else lived here and where have they gone? Our best evidence can be found on the ground. Here, at Sandario Site have been found the same type and shape and color of objects now being excavated at "Snaketown" near Sacaton, Arizona. In October, 1964 extensive work was begun at the Snaketown Site on a 1000 year old Hohokam village, which had it's beginning at Christ's time.

The same reddish-gray "plainware pottery" has been found at both sites, including some ritually broken figurines which were thought to have been deliberately "killed" as part of some burial ceremony. At the Sandario Site have been found the same round, dough-nut shaped stone rings whose exact usage at the Snaketown Site has not yet been determined. These are of a gray volcanic rock, about 6" in outside diameter, with a 4" center hole. I believe that they are part of an Indian game played something like quoits.

Pottery shards are found in profusion scattered all over the ranch which occupies about one section, or one square mile of land. The pottery shards appear to be in three rough groups. The largest number of them have the well-known Hohokam reddish "plainware" color with white geometric designs. But there are also some with a light-gray background color and and ivory painted design and some others have a very dark and smooth gray surface with a lighter ivory painted pattern on top.

Similar "plainware" shards have been found in great quantities at the Snaketown Site, where digging began in the 1930's, and some experts believe that the Hohokams were the procurers of the present Papago and Pima Indians. That site is believed to have been started about the time of Christ, and lasted for a thousand years or more with extensive irrigation chan-

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nels dug along the Gila River. For a long time it was thought that the Hohokam culture was locally developed, with many influences brought up from the South.

The Sandario Site is South of Snaketown. It is about 50 miles farther South and is close to Brawley Wash which joins the Santa Cruz River and runs on to merge with the Gila River near Snaketown. Both Sites then are in the Avra Valley, a natural route that the Indians took when they came up from Mexico. The Avra Valley as a gateway from Sonora provided a much shorter route for the prehistoric Indian to take. The Indians moved more slowly on foot and had to stay close to water, so this was the route they used.

We know from excavations made elsewhere that the making of pottery came from Mexico and that from the first entry of the Spaniards into this region they have it the name of ALTA PIMARIA or Upper-Pima-Land. And, while there has yet been found no positive evidence of irrigation at the Sandario Site it is easy to see how it could be done. About 900 A.D. Snaketown was abandoned for some unknown reason and other Indians entered the same area. Where did the Hohokams come from, and where did they go?

Here at Sandario Site we may find the answers to both these questions among the large assortment of artifacts. This discovery is especially significant because the articles are yet undisturbed and except for occasional digging for adobe brick material no other excavations have been made.

No beads have yet been found, such as have been uncovered in jars left on hilltops in the nearby Santa Catalina Mountains. The finding of large quantities of heavy objects might suggest that they were left as a result of some emergency or calamity, but such is not usually the case. They always remain at the various Indian sites simply because the Indian had no ready way of moving so many heavy objects over great distances, until the coming of the horse.

Two or more sets of things needed for community life were often used, and then left behind at either site as the tribal group moved back and forth between hunting areas, or made the necessary seasonal camps. As summer approached and the heat became more intense the Indian followed the animals uphill to cooler temperatures and more water; in the Fall he would come back down again to the original village site. Stuff too heavy for carrying he buried, to find it ready for use on his return. Large stone metates and manos, and the more fragile clay ollas were most often left behind. These are exactly the objects found lying in the open at the Sandario Site.

Bob Kubista Photo

Even after centuries, the pottery shows Indian markings made by a mysterious race.

At Sandario Site was found one metate made of granite that is so large that two men can barely lift it with difficulty. No wonder it was left behind! It is as big as a wash basket and shows years of use, having been polished smooth by women grinding corn and other grains. A pestle or mano to match was found lying inside of it. Only 1½ miles away near Signal Hill have been found many examples of Indian picture-writing or petroglyphs, but these have not yet been fully examined. When they are deciphered they too will add to the store of information being uncovered at Sandario Site.

Up to the present only the first hints of what may be found at this site have been realized. But already dozens of large artifacts have been picked up, and literally hundreds of pieces of broken reddish pottery have been found in the open.

A diligent surface search is now going on within the boundaries of this private ranch and no visitors are welcome. No digging is permitted for any reason, and to preserve this valuable find no trespassers are allowed. What has emerged so far is the outline of an early Hohokam or pre-Pima Indian village site that possibly dates back to about 700 A.D. The next few years may reveal that the new Sandario Site is indeed the "missing link" that Indian Historians have been looking for.

Only time will tell.....

RW

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Material for this article was obtained by personal visits to the Sandario Site, my intimate knowledge of the geography of Arizona, and my knowledge of Indian lore.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

FISHING--INDIAN STYLE

When Europeans first came to this continent the waters were teeming with fish. In fact their great abundance quickly attracted fleets of fishermen from all parts of the Old World. Early in the 17th century, Captain John Smith related that on one occasion the fish were in such number in the Potomac River that it impeded landing his boats. Fish life varied with locality and season. On the northern and eastern coasts the fish disappeared to a great extent when the weather turned cold, most moving to warmer waters. Whale, sea lion, seal, otter, swordfish, sturgeon, porpoise, cod, haddock, halibut, pollock, salmon, trout, herring, shad, perch, bass, mackerel, flounder, eel, plaice, turbot, whitefish, catfish, smelt, pike, dogfish and all varieties of shellfish were plentiful.

To the Indian, fishing was not a sport but serious business, for although fish were abundant, they were not easy to catch in every season, and for many tribes, fish formed the principal food. Practically everything edible from the water was consumed by the Indians of this continent. But the Apache, Navaho and Zuni considered fish taboo.

For tribes of the North Pacific coast, salmon and herring eggs formed one of the staple diets. The tributaries of the Columbia River and the many small rivers emptying into the Pacific Ocean were the favorite egg-laying waters for the salmon and fish crowded into the mouth of these rivers when egg-laying time approached. There were various methods of collecting the eggs and fish. The Nez Perces would stand on the bank or in the streams using long handled fish spears or three pointed gigs. In the larger streams the fish were speared from canoes. In some of the large streams or rivers a regular platform was built in the water. The fisherman stood on this with a spear to catch the fish. To collect herring eggs the tribes of the North Pacific coast laid under water a row of hemlock branches which were held in position with weights; then branches were fastened together, and a float was fixed at one end, bearing the owner's mark. When these boughs were found to be covered with eggs they were carried ashore and elevated on branches of a tree where they were left to dry. At first the eggs adhered firmly to the boughs, but later they were very brittle and easily knocked off. Part of these were then stored in the intestines of animals to be used during the winter.

Large fish and marine mammals were harpooned. The smaller ones were caught with bow and arrow, gigs, nets, dull, trap or weir. Torches were used along the shore or on boats. The gleam would attract the fish to the surface where they were then caught by hand or with a net.

The Great Lakes Indians during the winter season speared fish through the ice. Bundled in their furs, they chopped openings in the ice with stone hatchets and erected shelters over the holes. The fisherman waited patiently, a lure in one hand a spear in the other. Women later made the rounds collecting the fish which had been caught.

Often fishing was done with a bone hook tied to a long line of sinew attached to the end of a willow pole. Grasshoppers were good bait. An ingenious device was used by the tribes of the North Pacific coast. This consisted of a straight pin, sharp at both ends and fastened at the middle to a line. This pin was run through a dead minnow and when a fish swallowed this, a jerk of the string caused the points to pierce the mouth of the fish, which was then easily taken from the water. Artificial bait made of stone and bone was as attractive to fish as the bait used by today's fisherman.

The Omahas speared fish with wooden darts or with a special kind of arrow with an arrow head. The ends of the shaft were pointed; then held close to a fire and turned around until it was hardened. When the traders came, the Omaha learned to make fishing lines of twisted horse-hair which was sturdy. They did not use sinkers and floats and never used poison to catch fish. The Omahas and the Ponkas both fished in the Missouri River and used similar methods. The fisherman would throw the line out into the stream, then secure the other end to a hidden stake next to the shore. Next morning early, he would examine his line. If he did not get there early, other fishermen might poach his fish. The Omahas caught Misouri catfish, round-mouths, buffalo fish, sturgeon, long nosed or gar and the spotted fish. The spotted fish was also found in lakes and was generally from 2 1/2 to 3 feet long and had a long nose.

In shallow rivers low dams were built with a central opening through which fish were forced into a trap. Brushwood mats were moved along like seines to drive the fish into shallow or narrow places where they were readily taken by hand or with dip-nets. Along the shore of rapid streams, men stationed themselves on rocks or staging and speared fish as they passed.

Great supplies of fish were cured by drying in the sun or over fires. Sometimes they were finely ground and packed in sinks or baskets for storage or trade.

Fishing was so vital to many Indian tribes that they would go to war to defend their waters and fishing rights. To those tribes it meant the difference between a good supply of food or starvation and extinction.

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THE CHARMED LIFE
OF RANGER McDONALD
(Continued from Page 39)

town. Anyway, as he told his wife, he had a few chores that needed tending in town and he had to send a telegram to his men in Amarillo.

Bill was later quoted as saying, "I didn't talk as loud as he did, nor as much. I reckon' he thought I was scared of him.

"I guess it's what I know that keeps bothering the sheriff and the fact that he didn't get Beckham. I remember when he put a slug in that skipper. His name was different then, but he can't change that face...sheriff in front of his name...don't change him a bit."

Bill McDonald was not a big man, standing about 5' 10" with a slim, wiry build. He spoke in a mild, but determined voice and it has been said that he barged right toward an opponent before a fight, often throwing the man off balance or unnerving him.

Bill usually dressed in a long coat during the winter and his trousers were tucked into tall black boots with high heels. He wore a sand-colored hat and his face was powder-burned from many scrapes. Bill's face was accentuated by grayish-blue eyes, which were as cold as the wintry sky that day. He had a mustache and his hair was gradually turning white.

Bill was in his early 40's when he reached Quanah that day... few doubted he would become a day older.

The Ranger circulated around town, taking care of his business and soon three dark figures started following him. Once Bill whirled around and warned them to stay away from him or expect trouble... they moved away.

It was beginning to look like just a lot of liquor talk to the people of Quanah. But a couple of hours before dusk, McDonald was sending the telegram to Amarillo when an old man came running into the station and told him Matthews was waiting outside and wanted to patch things up.

Matthews, his two friends and Sheriff Dick Coffer of Hardeman County were waiting outside the depot. Accounts of the story fail to explain Coffer's presence. Perhaps he was around to try and stop trouble, or perhaps, he was a friend of Matthews, too.... maybe Matthews had brought him along under false pretense.

They exchanged words... Matthews' voice was shaking.

"What is it, John?"

"Well, what is it, Bill?"

"You been goin' 'round here sayin' some pretty hard things about me. I heard you planned to gun me down. Is that true?"

Matthews edged a step behind Coffer and answered, "Naw, that ain't what I said... but by God!" And he pointed a finger of his left hand at Bill and reached into his scabbard for his gun with his right hand.

Captain McDonald saw the move and went into the side pocket of his overcoat, where he kept his six-shooter during cold weather. Matthews' gun hung for an instant, but he quickly swung it clear and fired. Probably, because he was shooting over Coffer's shoulder, the bullet went high and passed through the collar of McDonald's coat.

Bill lunged to one side of Coffer and fanned two shots at Matthews' heart. But fate had a trick up its sleeve. Matthews was carrying a thick plug of Star Navy and a big notebook in his shirt pocket. The bullets lodged in these things and failed to penetrate.

The Ranger couldn't understand why Matthews didn't fall, but Coffer understood what he wanted to do... he got the hell out of the way. And just as Coffer fell to the ground clear, Matthews pumped a shot from his .45. With a sickening thud, the bullet ripped into Bill's left shoulder and ranged down through his lung and lodged in the small of his back.

Seeing his advantage, Matthews quickly moved closer for the kill, but Bill slapped his gun and the next bullet passed up through McDonald's hat brim.

Bill shifted his aim to the left side and dropped Matthews with his third shot. The impact from close range flopped Matthews backward on the ground, gasping for breath and holding his right chest.

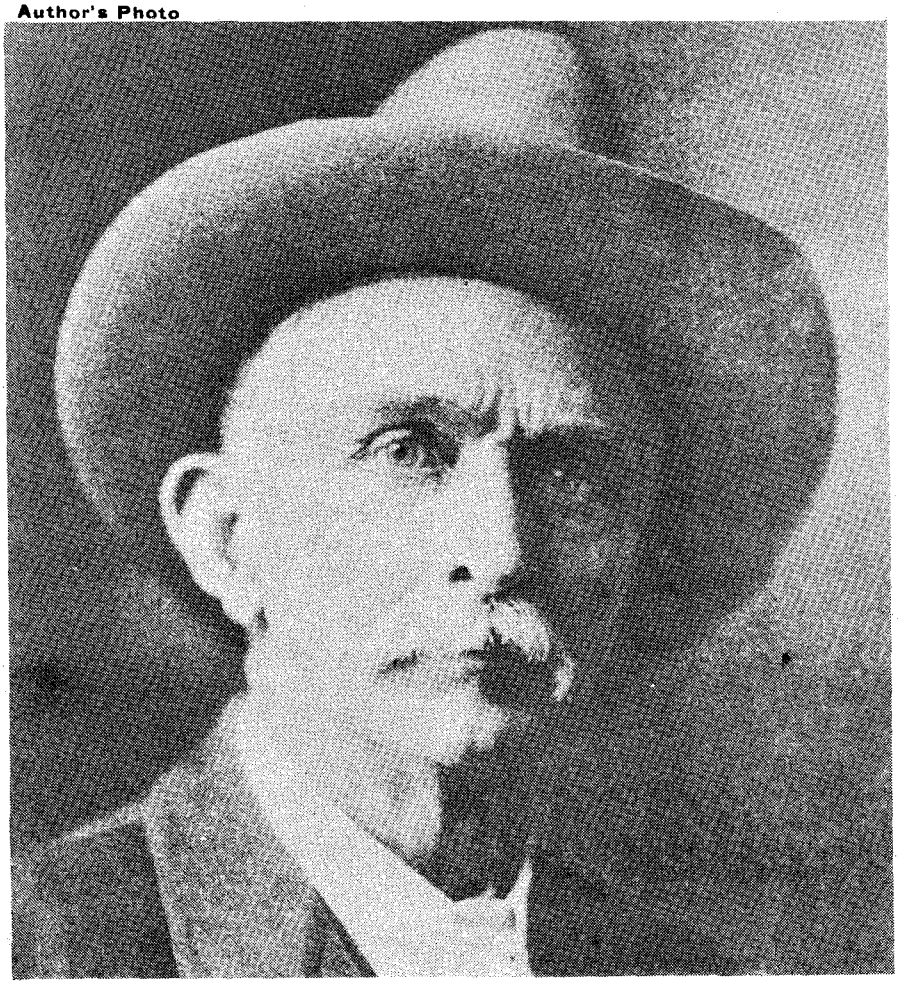
Matthews' friends, who had watched the scene almost paralyzed, suddenly opened fire and sent two bullets winging through Bill's left arm.

Bill faced them and, before he could fire, one of the would-be killers exploded a shot into his right shoulder. Bill lost the feeling in his right hand and couldn't cock his gun.

The gunmen stared wildly. This was their chance... but why wouldn't the Ranger fall? And they watched closely

Bill survived numerous wounds and lived to fight many more battles.

Author's Photo



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Division of Manuscripts, Library, University of Oklahoma

Capt. McDonald (far right) joins other rangers in camp near San Saba, Texas, 1897.

as the wounded, crouched figure in the dusk slowly raised his .45 to his mouth with his crippled arms... bit the hammer with his teeth and started cocking it back. All the time he was staring over the barrel of the gun with icy blue-gray eyes.

This was enough for the would-be killers. One whirled and ran into the approaching darkness and the other one wasn't far behind.

Matthews was slowly moving in the street from the pain of his wound, and Bill wasn't much better off. He let his gun drop to the ground and staggered a few steps to a post and painfully let himself down.

A man rushed over and asked, "How 'bout it, Bill?"

Bill nodded... he didn't know this time. Men rushed the Ranger and Matthews to the drugstore and the doc came and started probing for the four slugs in McDonald.

"Forget everything but the bullet in my back, Doc," said Bill. "I can feel the blood sloshing 'round back there."

The doc took the bullet out of his back and Bill predicted, "I'll get well now."

True to his word, he got well. The doc's other patient didn't fare as well.

The old Fort Worth and Denver was late that day... about ten minutes late. Possibly if the engineer hadn't stopped to ask a station attendent how his new baby was comin' along, or if they'd poured a little more coal in the fire, it would have been on time. And perhaps John Pierce Matthews would have forgotten his revenge and caught the train back to Childress. But it was late... and fate dictated that Matthews must take his last ride in a casket.

And Bill McDonald? Oh, he was up and about again in a few months. He was to fight many more battles and settle many more disputes until his retirement in 1907. He was to see the country progress and railroad lines bring the North, South, East and West closer together. He was to become a close friend to Teddy Roosevelt and serve as a bodyguard to Woodrow Wilson. Finally, he died of natural causes in 1918, at the age of 66.

But why was Bill McDonald's life charmed? A little cemetery near Quanah may hold the answer even today. For carved into the stone above Bill's grave are the words: "No man in the wrong can stand up against a fellow that's in the right and keep on a-comin'."

RW

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"QUANTRILL IS NOT DEAD..."

(Continued from Page 11)

"I cannot think of Sharp as an inventor of tales. He did not talk much when sober, but after a few drinks, the Civil War was fought over again.

"These details are very clear in my mind to this day... I cannot recall a single incident Sharp ever told when we two were alone at his house, as he seemed to like a mature audience --and a dram of hootch--to restart the war."

But Mr. G., then very young, was present when Sharp told most of his adventures. The story of Sharp's "escape" is the most interesting.

"I heard John tell this story one night at a gathering of men at Bergh's store on 'Steamboat Day.' The Queen City brought our mail and freight. She was equipped with a bar, so Sharp and the others were in a good story-telling mood. Sharp related the last fight he was in. It must have been near the close of the war. Sharp was badly wounded and lying on the ground, left for dead. He claimed to have been bayonetted even after he had fallen. He did carry seven great scars from these wounds. A friend of mine saw them.

"He lay on the field until darkness and, finding himself alone, managed to get to a quadroon girl he knew who hid and nursed him. But before he was well she rushed to his hidden room and cried, 'Fly for your life, John Sharp. They are coming for you!' He lost no time in getting away...

"You will note that Sharp put the words into the girl's mouth--'John Sharp.' You would think that being mellow with good booze and in an unguarded moment he would have said 'Quantrill.' That is, if he really were that person. But, of course, this proves nothing. I think Sharp's story about the girl to be true.

"But to finish his story: After reaching New Orleans, he managed to get a berth on a ship bound for South America, and was there for seven years. I do not remember what country in South America."

If the Latin American part of Sharp's story is true, it would indicate Sharp had been a guerilla of some importance, as the lesser-known members eventually were able to return home. Another time, Sharp boasted that a reward of $2,000 had been placed on his head.

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When Sharp had sobered after these "admissions," he was grumpy and would not discuss the subject further, switching instead to talk of his experience in the woods.

To another man, Sharp reputedly told stories concerning the James Brothers, anecdotes of the Civil War, and said he had gambled in earlier days (as Quantrill is supposed to have.) He also told this man the same story of having been shot in a barnyard that Mr. G. has related. But to this man Sharp definitely mentioned it as having occurred in Kentucky.

An unidentified Quatsino resident told of his encounter with Sharp, in which he heard of the notorious raid on Lawrence, Kansas. "...He told me many incidents of the raiding in the Southern states, although I do not remember all the details. One story was of a raid on Lawrence, Kansas, where a large number of people were killed. Sharp, or Quantrill, was always strong in pointing out, when he told this story, that although they killed many, not a woman or child was injured, and he was indignant regarding some histories (sic) accounts in respect to this raid."

With few exceptions, including encyclopedias, historians record that 150 men, women and children were killed in this most savage raid of the Civil War. Yet in his very factual William Clarke Quantrill: His Life and Times, author Albert Castel makes no mention of the raiders having killed anyone other than males. (It is known many of the victims definitely were not adults--children by anyone's standards, excepting Sharp's.)

Former assistant commissioner of the B.C. Provincial Police, Cecil Clark, now writer and historian, did considerable research into Sharp's story. "Although a great many facts would indicate that Sharp was Quantrill, I do not feel that he was. But from more than one eyewitness of Sharp, and a rare picture that I've seen, they had almost the same description. To the last, Sharp had exceptionally fine features, and must have been a handsome man in his youth. And he did speak knowledgeably of bygone events in the Southern states."

Whoever Sharp may have been, the popular account of his death is as violent as that of Quantrill's. Shortly after the newspaper stories appeared stating Quantrill, as John Sharp, was alive, he died as the result of a brutal beating--according to the tale.

Then began the greatest myth of John Sharp: a tale of a 40-year-long grudge and murder of vengeance. It has been written many times locally, but fascinating as it is, it just is not true.

According to the legend, two Americans who had suffered at the hands of Quantrill during the war, upon seeing newspapers claiming "Quantrill Lives..!" journeyed northward on a mission of revenge.

The pair, "obviously Southerners," found Sharp at Coal Harbor and killed him. It was about the time they were fleeing southward, the story continues, that Mr. G. found Sharp in his cabin, gravely injured.

"The weapon was a three-quarter inch iron poker about two feet long," he recalls. "The marks of the poker were quite plain on his temples, there were grey hairs on the iron, and welts showing on Sharp's head."

Asked who had attacked him and why he had been beaten, Sharp remained silent.

A year or so later, he was dying. This time for real. Upon realizing the end was near, he requested his beloved dog, Toby, be shot and buried with him, which was done.

"There were not many at his funeral," says Mr. G. "Perhaps a dozen, nearly all from Quatsino. In 1939 the air force bulldozed the site. No trace can be found now...."

John Sharp or William Quantrill was indeed dead.

Provincial Police Constable Arthur Carter left Victoria to investigate what had become a mystery of grand proportions, as the story travelled throughout the Pacific Northwest. With each telling the tale became even more distorted. This cloud of exaggeration and honest error persists to this day. Few seem to remember that Constable Carter concluded Sharp dead of "chronic alcoholism."

According to Mr. G., two Americans were suspected for a time. Perhaps this is how the legend of revenge originated.

Searching through Sharp's few effects, Carter found two cap-and-ball Colt revolvers, the butts of which were

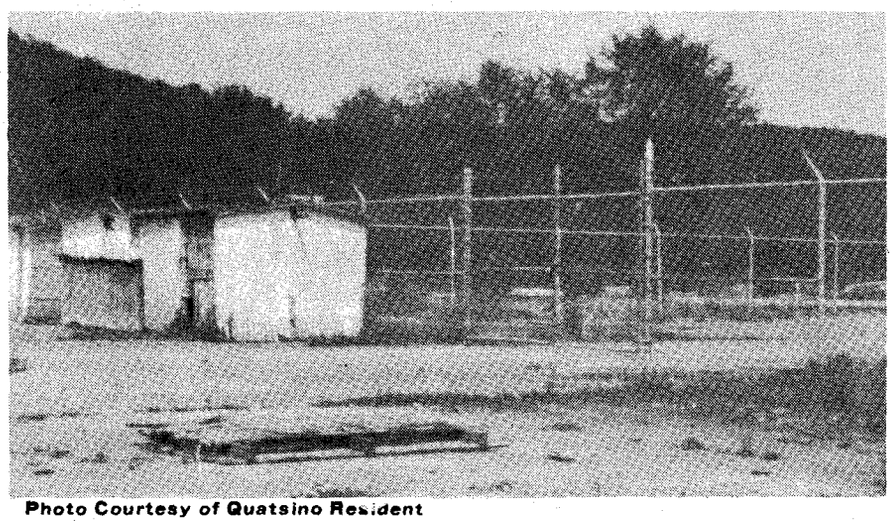

Photo Courtesy of Quatsino Resident

Somewhere near this old shed at Coal Harbor is the hidden grave of John Sharp.

Silent witnesses to Sharp's death.

Photo Courtesy of Quatsino Resident

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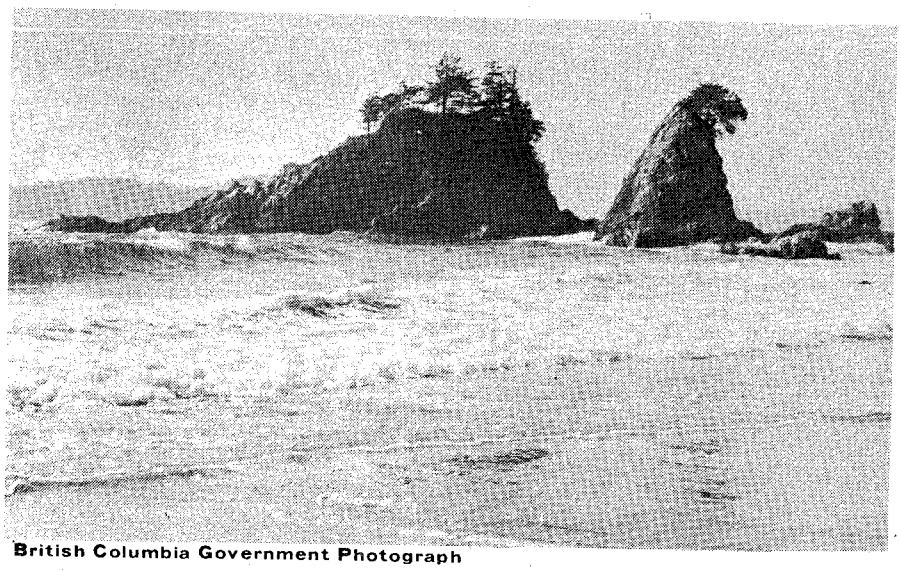


British Columbia Government Photograph

John Sharp spent his last lonely days far from Quantrill's turbulent West.

engraved with the initials "W.C.Q.," which could have meant "William Clarke Quantrill," Carter also found several letters addressed to Quantrill. Unfortunately, what happened to these articles is not known today.

Upon his return to Victoria, Carter reported, "I'm sure his name wasn't Sharp, and I'm sure he was Quantrill."

During a September, 1965, visit to Victoria 85-year-old George Nordstrom of Quatsino was interviewed by a Colonist reporter concerning his part in the remarkable Sharp legend.

At that time Nordstrom, who investigated Sharp's death as justice of the peace, said: "I am convinced that John Sharp was actually Jesse James."

He based his belief on information given him by his late father, who "knew of the gangs when they were operating in the Dakotas...."

When examining Sharp's meager possessions, he found "nothing there to show his identity or prove his background. All we found was a portrait which we assumed was a picture of his son...

"Years later I saw a picture of a man called Dalton who claimed to have been Jesse James. He looked like the portrait that we found, and I think he was the son of old John Sharp," Nordstrom said.

Upon inspection of Sharp's body he discovered "it was riddled with wounds--bullet holes, sabre and bayonet wounds.

"Some of the wounds showed where he had been pierced by a three-cornered bayonet."

The Kansas State Historical Society, which has considerable material on Quantrill, says, "We have a number of news articles telling of the Sharp incident, but we believe that most people consider that he was an impostor. There were many men in various parts of the country who made the same claim."

Today the mystery of Sharp's true identity remains as deep as in 1907. If he was not Quantrill, there can be little doubt that he was one of the guerillas. He knew too much about their activities in Kansas and Missouri to have been anything else. And he did possess Quantrill's guns and letters. Then who was he?

No "John Sharp" appears on any of the enrollment rosters in existence. Most of the better known of Quantrill's men can be accounted for. Ed Terrill, the Yankee raider, was killed but weeks after capturing Quantrill.

Why did Sharp seek the isolation of Coal Harbor?

Why did he speak of his past only after his tongue had been loosened by whiskey?

Is it coincidence that his description matched that of Quantrill?

Was he just a pathetic old man borrowing the reputation of a desperado for a few months' precious limelight?

-Why was he named as Quantrill by Duffy, a respected businessman with no known reason to lie?

-Was Duffy simply mistaken?

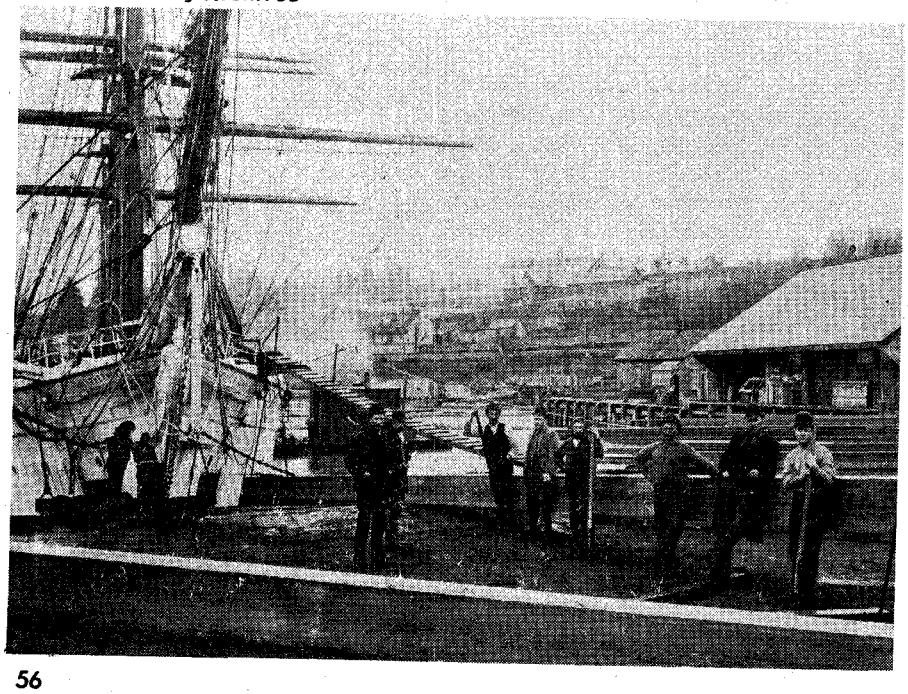
-Was Sharp given the guns and letters by a dying Quantrill in a Kentucky farmhouse?

Like most questions concerning William Clarke Quantrill, the "bloodiest man in American history," these probably will never be answered.

RW

Sharp reputedly spent time in the old B.C. penitentiary on the hill.

Vancouver City Archives



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FRONTIER ECHOES

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF TRUTH

Vol. 1 No. 5 REAL WEST FINAL

Daily Conservative
Friday May 8, 1868
(Levenworth)

The St. Jo Union publishes a long statement derived from a man named Warfield, in which false charges are made against the City Marshal and police of this city. Warfield came over here to secure the arrest of Watts, alias John Cusick, on a charge of horse-stealing. The man was duly arrested, and promised to go to Missouri without a requisition. When he arrived at the ferry, however, he changed his mind, and would not go. His refusal made more papers necessary, and Warfield, after trying to get money from Cusick's mother, as a compromise, went away without paying the costs. That is the truth of the affair. Warfield now charges Marshal Robertson with making too big a bill of costs. The next time Mr. W. comes to Leavenworth, he will probably pay the costs, or go to jail. That's what our Marshal says.

POLICE COURT

The following cases were disposed of before Judge Callahan yesterday:
Indian Mary, arrested for vagrancy, was fined $50.
M. Meckles, brought up on a similar charge, was discharged.
In the case of the State vs. Huidebank, security of the peace, the defendant was discharged.

Leavenworth Daily
Conservative -
May 17, 1868

A private letter from Johnson county says a valuable mare was stolen recently from Mr. John Ewing, living three or four miles east of Olathe, in Oxford township. The citizens of the vicinity turned out in a body to search for the thief and succeeded in capturing him near Lee Summit, Missouri, with the mare in his possession. Since then nothing more has been heard of him, and all inquiries as to his fate have been fruitless. The citizens of the locality have suffered more or less by horse thieves for several years past, and being a rather prompt, determined class of men, it is not to be wondered at that the thief in question disappeared rather mysteriously. Lawrence Tribune.

———:———

From the Cheyenne Leader of the 8th inst, we glean the following item of the "goings" on of the "Lo's": "About one year since Mr. McLay, with a brother-in-law, wife, and three children, removed from Ilazel Green, Wisconsin, to Montana. A report has been received at Dubuque that the whole family had been slaughtered by the Indians about a month ago.

———:———

Brevet Capt. Richard Wilson, 1st Lieutenant 3rd regular U.S. Artillery, deserted the service from Fort Sullivan, Maine, on the 2 of April last. His description is as follows: Eyes, blue: hair, dark; complexion, light; height, five feet eight and a half inches; about forty years of age. This is signed by E.D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY!!
More Pro-Slavery Murders!
Five Free-State Men Killed in Cold Blood And Five others, Wounded!
Moneka, Linn Co. K.T.
May 20, 1853

Yesterday a party of Pro-Slavery men from Missouri came into the "Trading Post" situated on the military road leading from Fort Scott to Fort Leavenworth, where it crosses the Osage river, about three miles from the State line. They were not seen till they emerged from the timber, and rode up to the store. Here they took Mr. G.W. Andrew and John F. Campbell prisoners. They then started on the road towards Kansas City. They overtook here a Mr. Stillwell, from Sugar Mound, who was going up to the river for a load of provisions. They took him prisoner, and ordered the others to get into his wagon and ride. In a half a mile further, they came to a missionary by the name of Rev. Charles Read. They ordered him into the wagon, and dismissed Andrews. They continued on for two miles and a half, when they had taken twelve men.

These men had been taken when at their work, without resistance, and unarmed, and had never been implicated in the troubles in Kansas. They were conservative men.

On arriving at a deep ravine, in a skirt of timber, the commander called a halt. The prisoners were formed into line, about five yards in advance of the horsemen.

The command was given to "Present Arms! Fire!" Every man dropped. Four were killed dead! All but one of the others were badly wounded. The Ruffians then wheeled their horses and galloped off. In a few minutes three of them returned and searched their victims for money. They kicked the men, and rolled them over very roughly to see if they were dead. Finding one only slightly wounded, a Ruffian put a revolver to his ear, and fired; remarking that he had always found that the most certain shot he could make. He took the key of the safe out of Campbell's pocket, saying "there was money in that safe, and he would come back some night and get it."

The Herald of Freedom
May 26, 1855
(Lawrence)

A company of fifty Germans left Cincinnati for Kansas, on the 6th inst. They are well provided with everything needed in a new country.

———:———

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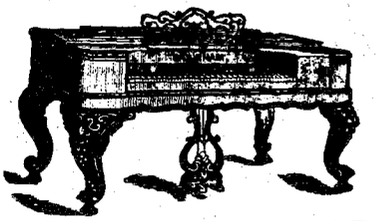

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THE HECTIC TEXAS McGINITY CLUB

(Continued from Page 31)

who was charged with securing good weather for picnics; William O'Brien, general of artillery; Dr. "Dad" Spencer, chief of the Quarantine Department who decided when it was safe for members to venture to Juarez; O. F. Heckelmann, official scorer who presided at games and handled all side bets; T. R. Teustis, chief listener to members' troubles [the easiest job, since no member ever had any]; and Charles Reed, Foreign Diplomat, who handled excursions abroad -- to Juarez.

There were no class distinctions in the McGinty Club. Members were admitted because they were gentlemen -- and had a talent, generally for some form of entertainment. The roster included such dignitaries as Joseph Magoffin, wealthy and influential pioneer, banker and historic figure, and an Army sergeant who was an accomplished musician and an "artist on the harp". There were Mexicans and Chinese, Germans and Frenchmen -- it didn't matter as long as a man had something to contribute to the club and the community. As J. J. Watts said in a newspaper interview more than half a century later, "A fine thing about the McGinty Club was that we held one another in high esteem. Now you find people who condescend to tolerate each other only because they belong to the same group. With us it was respect rather than tolerance."

A number of auxiliary organizations soon sprung up within the club. There was the famous Light Guard, headed by "Captain" Grandover, which dressed in crazy white linen uniforms emblazoned with huge gaudy frogs and topped by musical-comedy style plumed hats. There was a German band, a marching band, a drum corps, a plug hat marching brigade, a banjo band, and a Mexican-style tipica orchestra.

The marching band fell into the habit of greeting prominent visitors with a blaring welcome at the depot and staging Sunday afternoon concerts in the downtown Plaza. It and the drum corps marched in all the parades and provided music for most of the city's functions.

In 1893 the talent had developed into such professional calibre that an "entertainment" was given in the old Myar Opera House. The place was packed. The hit of the evening was a comedy boxing match between Dr. Herbert E. Stevenson and Douglas Stewart. Reckhart was referee. Sam Gatlin and Jimmy Watts were "bottle holders" for Stevenson, while Henry Ong and Charles Moore performed a similar service for Stewart.

Also on the program was Captain Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout, who gave readings of some of his poetry and a "pithy, witty narrative" of his adventures on the frontier and an exhibition of shooting skill.

Captain Jack was a frontier figure on a par with Buffalo Bill Cody, with whom he co-starred in several dramas. He was the subject of many a dime novel and developed into a poet, short story writer and dramatist on his own. [For more on Captain Crawford, see REAL WEST, January 1965.]

Between lecture and performing tours, the old scout made El Paso his headquarters. He was D. W. Reckhart's father-in-law and had been named Poet Laureate of the McGinty Club. His poem about El Paso and the club was published in the El Paso *Daily Herald* of December 14, 1895, and is reproduced in conjunction with this article for the first time since, as far as the author knows.

Captain Crawford was responsible for the club's obtaining a famous Civil War cannon, the "Blue Whistler," which, together with two other field pieces, figured prominently in McGinty Club antics.

It was the club's practice to fire the cannons all day on the Fourth of July from the ramparts of Fort McGinty. One Fourth the club staged a spectacular sham battle in the downtown Plaza.

Members of the Light Guard divided into two "armies" each armed with a cannon and a plentiful supply of Roman candles. All the "soldiers" were dressed in their ridiculous uniforms, and all El Paso turned out to watch the fun.

The opposing sides were firing the cannons with black powder held in place with newspaper wadding. The air was thick with the clouds of black smoke generated by the powder. The opposing "generals" shouted orders and waved sabers, the cannon boomed, the spectators cheered, and it was a glorious ruckus.

The climax occurred when one side ran out of newspaper wadding. President Reckhart gallantly ripped off his shirt and stuffed it into the muzzle of the piece. But either the shirt, or the heat of the battle, was too much for the old gun and it blew up. The other side immediately overwhelmed the unfortunate "army" and ran it out of the Plaza.

That night a grand banquet was held in Fort McGinty with a tremendous fireworks display depicting the sinking of the battleship Maine, together with pyrotechnic pictures of Admiral Dewey and President McKinley.

One of the cannons had an interesting history. Major T. T. Teel had been in command of a Confederate artillery unit under General Baylor at the Civil War battle of Val Verde in New Mexico. During the fighting eight field pieces were captured from the Yankees. But the Federals received heavy reinforcements and the Rebs were forced to retreat to El Paso. They took the captured cannons with them.

They were traveling fast and it became apparent that they would have to abandon the cumbersome field pieces. Not wanting to see them recaptured by the Yanks, Major Teel decided to bury them. Arriving in Albuquerque, he took five men who dug a hole in an old corral, in which they placed four of the cannons, covering them with tarps and then filling in the hole. The other four pieces were buried near San Marcial, New Mexico, a village on the Rio Grande later destroyed by a violent flood. As far as is known, these latter four cannons are still there.

In August of 1889, Major Teel was in Kansas City on business and bumped into Captain Crawford. The two men fell to reminiscing about the Civil War.

"By the way, Teel," Crawford said, "weren't you mixed up in burying some of our cannons?"

Major Teel laughed and replied in the affirmative, and told the story.

"Do you think you could still locate the spot?" Crawford asked.

"I feel confident I could," Teel replied.

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Author's Photo

The McGinty Club String Ensemble was only one of its many musical groups.

"I'll bet you can't!"

The two veterans immediately decided to make the trip to Albuquerque and see if they couldn't find the buried guns. At the Duke City they asked the city fathers for permission to dig and got it.

Of course the old corral was long gone and the entire character of the town had changed. But Major Teel had a very clear memory of the spot, and with a crew of Mexican laborers they set out.

Finally the major picked a place. "Dig here," he said.

The men dug and found no cannons.

"All right," said the major, "try this spot," indicating a place some six feet away. The second attempt proved successful and the cannons were brought to the surface.

Captain Crawford had asked that one of the guns be presented to St. Joseph, Mo., the city of his birth, and Major Teel complied. A second was given to Albuquerque and another to the city of Denver. Major Teel kept the fourth cannon for himself.

The newspapers had given considerable space to the story of the search for the old guns, so Reckhart wired Teel and asked that the McGinty Club be given one of them. The major decided that the club could make better use of the remaining cannon than he could, so he gave it to the group.

The day the cannon arrived in El Paso the city declared a holiday and everybody turned out to see it. Members of the McGinty Club attached ropes to it and hauled it around the downtown area in an impromptu parade, then took it to Fort McGinty.

After the club disbanded in about 1901 the gun was acquired by the Pioneers Association and sat in state in a little park next to the City Hall for years. But the old gun had not seen its last days, by a long shot [pun intended].

In 1911 Mexico was in the throes of revolution. President Porfirio Diaz had been challenged by Francisco Madero and the country was in chaos.

The revolutionaries were sorely in need of arms, and bethought themselves of that fine old cannon sitting unused in the great city north of the Rio Grande. Secret negotiations were launched, and finally a plan was hatched whereby they hoped to steal the gun.

Dr. I. J. Bush of El Paso was a rebel sympathizer and had opened a hospital in South El Paso to care for wounded revolutionaries. It was he who headed the group that stole the cannon and smuggled it across the Rio Grande.

He contacted Major Teel's widow, then Mrs. Mary S. Teel Harper, who was still living in El Paso. She and her son, Albert Hatcher; Abraham Molina, a former sheriff's deputy; and Dr. Frank Thatcher worked out the details.

Dr. Bush arranged for the policeman on the beat to look the other way on a certain night. Hatcher, driving his mother's automobile and accompanied by Dr. Bush and Molina, drove to the park, tied the cannon on behind the car and towed it away. Almost immediately a wheel came off the old cannon, and the delay of making repairs forced the conspirators to postpone their plans of delivering the gun to Mexico that night. Instead, they drove to the

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Joyous members return their "borrowed" cannon from Mexico.

home of Mrs. Teel's sister, Mrs. A. A. Harris, at 4323 La Luz Street, where they buried it under the floor of her barn until further plans could be made.

Disappearance of the cannon created an uproar. Police and soldiers from Fort Bliss searched extensively but never found it. Meanwhile, Dr. Bush had ordered shot and black powder from Denver and his wife and Mrs. Harper were busy making powder sacks.

As soon as everything was ready, arrangements were made to meet the Mexicans and turn the cannon over to them.

Dr. Bush told about the incident years later in a newspaper interview. He said they concealed the cannon, shot and powder under a load of furniture in a horse-drawn wagon. As a final filip, they put a live parrot in a cage right on top of the load.

Mr. and Mrs. Molina drove the wagon and looked for all the world like an ordinary couple moving to a new home. They drove to Tornillo, after having been stopped several times by militiamen patrolling the roads, and then crossed the Rio Grande and turned the gun over to a group of revolutionists under the command of Colonel Antonio Villareal.

General Villareal took the gun down the river to Ojinaga [across the Rio Grande from Presidio, Texas] where it was used in a successful battle. During the fight the old gun sent a solid shot through the thick adobe walls of the old church, which the Federals were using as a fort. So impressed were the Mexicans with the gun's performance that they named it the "Blue Whistler."

Later it was taken to Rosalia where it was used in an assault on that town.

After the revolution, the successful rebels returned the venerable field piece to the city of El Paso with great ceremony.

A parade was organized, led by General Pascual Orozco, which with great pomp marched across the Juarez-El Paso bridge. The cannon was pulled by several soldiers and at a formal ceremony it was officially turned over to the city authorities. Fittingly, Dr. Bush and former members of the McGinty Club were on the committee that formally accepted the gun's return.

Addition of the band to the club's activities came about accidentally. In 1891 a small group of El Pasoans, including several members of the McGinty Club, got together at the waterworks to organize a band, which they felt the city needed very badly. All of them had played in school or college bands, and two, John O'Keefe and Shorty White, had worked as professional musicians in circus bands.

After everything was all settled, they realized that the band would need a manager, and they decided that Reckhart would be the ideal man for the job. They approached him with the proposition and he promptly accepted, on condition that the organization be called the McGinty Band. This was satisfactory and the thing was done.

The first instructor was E. H. Offley, secretary to the contractor who was building Fort Bliss. Later Professor Carl Pitzer, a professional musician, took over.

The first time the band appeared in public was for the St. Patrick's Day parade on March 17, 1892. The band had had only five practice sessions since receiving its instruments three weeks previously, and Reckhart was worried that it wouldn't make a good showing.

He needn't have been concerned. This was the first band the town had ever had and the spectators loved it. After marching around the parade

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route, someone had a brilliant idea. Jay Gould, the fabulous railroad tycoon, was in town. So the band marched to his private car and serenaded the great man. Gould's reaction is not recorded.

After the parade the band was a sorry sight. The unpaved streets were full of chuck holes and all the bandsmen had cut lips or bloody noses, caused by the jolting of their instruments as they stumbled into the holes.

Reckhart, despite the town's enthusiastic reception of the band, declared the music was a "cross between a catfight and a boiler shop". At that, Drum Major J. J. Longwell threatened to whip the manager for finding fault with such beautiful music.

But the band improved rapidly and in a short time was taking all honors in competitions, beating even the famed Fifth Infantry band. It played for all important occasions, including the national Silver Convention, the national convention of the G.A.R., and the visits of Presidents Harrison and McKinley to El Paso.

The McGinty Club was responsible for a well-nigh incredible day in El Paso history -- The Day the Saloons All Closed. Closing saloons was the last thing the club wanted to do, but it happened anyway.

It seems that the McGinty Club had organized a Fat Man's Baseball Team, a burlesque of the real article, and after many hilarious practice sessions had actually obtained a match -- with a similar team at Deming, New Mexico.

The team had captured the interest of the whole town, and when the match was announced, everybody went wild. Betting ran high. Finally, on the great day, every saloon in town closed, together with many other businesses, and almost everybody got on the train and rode to Deming for the event. Outcome of the game is unknown.

But El Paso was growing -- and with the growth came other interests and diversions. The McGinty Clubbers were all business and professional men with little time to spare, and gradually the club withered away.

But it is still remembered by El Pasoans, who hark back to the club's antics with a wistful nostalgia.

RW

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DID SEQUOYAH INVENT THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET?

(Continued from Page 18)

as he might, he could not reduce it to less than 86 symbols, more than three times the English alphabet.

Then unexpected help came to Sequoyah. Reverend Buttrick was sent to the Arkansas territory to establish the Fairfield Mission, which would be the center from which other missions would be built to take care of the Cherokees seeking better hunting in Arkansas. Reverend Buttrick heard that Sequoyah was living near the town of Illinois and joined him. As Reverend Buttrick had only limited time to spend with Sequoyah (he had orders to return to the Brainerd Mission in Tennessee) the two got to work at once on the alphabet.

Together they worked out simple and recognizable symbols for the 86 sounds. To do this, they used every letter on the English alphabet except X. Once they had completed this, they felt they had finally written an alphabet for the Cherokees.

Reverend Buttrick had to return to Tennessee. Sequoyah took the alphabet to two elders of the tribe. Chief Jolly and the rest of the Tribal Council were skeptical but willing to give him a chance with what he called his "writing." Unwittingly, Sequoyah used a showman's trick to convince them. "You think up the message you want to send," he said. "In that way, there will be no way of anyone knowing ahead of time what the message might contain. The system is so simple, even a child will be able to to learn it."

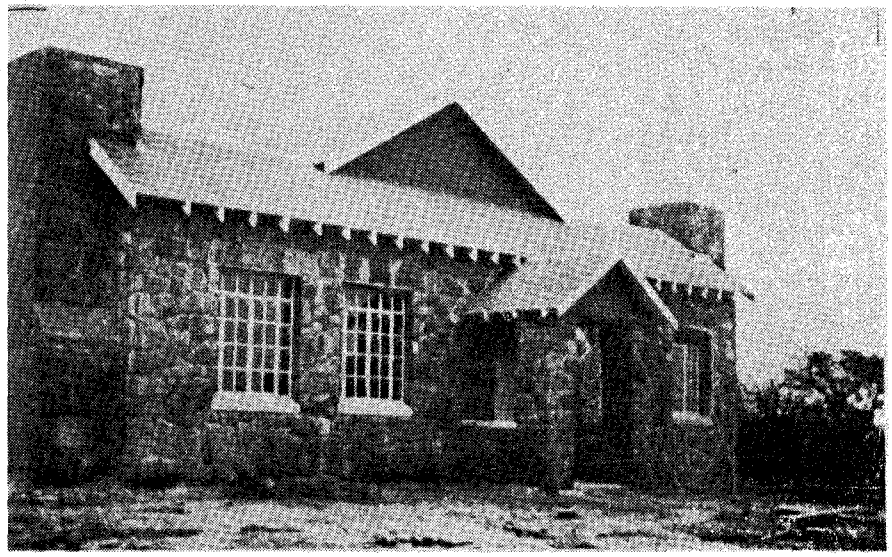
He had spent a month teaching his daughter Polly, then six years old, his written version of the Cherokee language. He brought her to the elders to demonstrate his system. She was taken by some of the elders to a point a few miles away. Then Chief Jolly and some of the other elders worked up a rather complicated message and gave it to Sequoyah. With an Indian's impassiveness, he listened, nodded, and picked up a feather pen and a piece of paper and started making his marks, slowly and carefully. His face betrayed no emotion, but he had to write slowly as he found to his surprise that his hand was shaking a bit. And he worried about Polly. Had he really taught her all the syllables? Would she be able to remember them? After all, she was only a child, and might get nervous and forget.

But he finished fairly quickly, folded the piece of paper, gave it to Chief Jolly, who rode away with some of the other elders, to Polly, three miles away.

Sequoyah waited, wondering if he had made any mistakes, if he hadn't been wrong in the first place to teach this to Polly instead of one of the elders. But the Chief Jolly was back, with all the elders, and his face was all smiles, while on some of the others' there was nothing but wonder. The six-year-old girl had quickly given them a perfect reading of the message they had thought up.

Sequoyah was called to Washington to present his alphabet to the American Board of Commissioners for for-

The Sequoyah Shrine, a tribute to the Cherokee Scholar.



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eign Missions. Overnight he and his alphabet became famous. He was loud and insistent in his praise of the help Reverend Buttrick gave him, but Reverend Buttrick's name passed out of the picture. Sequoyah, the Cherokee, was a more heroic character and became something of a legend.

Reverend Buttrick had returned to the Brainerd Mission and on April 29, 1827 married Miss Elizabeth Proctor, a mission teacher who had come to the Hightown Mission, near Brainerd, on February 12, 1823. Reverend Buttrick took an active part in defending the rights of the Cherokees when the white settlers started to push the Cherokees out of Georgia.

But the late 1830's this pressure became overpowering when President Jackson took up the fight of the white settlers and forced the Cherokees to leave their homes and lands and cattle to be driven West in the Trail of Tears, one of the blackest marks on the United States. So violently did Buttrick fight for the Cherokees that he and other missionaries were thrown in jail. They were released to accompany the Cherokees on that grim march of death to the West. Buttrick's wife died at the Dwight Mission on August 3, 1847. Reverend Buttrick's health began to fail and he returned to the Dwight Mission where he spent the last years of his life writing in defense of the Cherokees. He died June 5, 1851.

Sequoyah lived another 20 years after perfecting the alphabet, honored and respected by both his kinsmen and the whites. In 1843, he heard about a group of Cherokees who had gone to Mexico and been considered "lost" but had now reportedly been found. He was convinced that they were the offspring of a group that had started down the Tennessee River years before and had never been heard from again. Despite his advanced years, he started off for San Fernando in old Mexico. Some of his followers came back to report sadly that he had sickened there and died.

There are countries and towns named for him now, as well as the giant California trees bearing his name, but no one knows where he is buried. He may very well have been the most famous of all Indians. He is probably the only man to ever "invent" an alphabet and see it go into general usage in his lifetime.

And, though he is credited with originating an alphabet, it was in fact a syllabary -- really, a form of shorthand, with symbols for sounds, not words.

And while all due credit is due to him, the good missionary Buttrick seems to be the man history forgot.

RW

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DEATH OF BOB OLLINGER SADISTIC JAILER

(Continued from Page 41)

more days to go. You might get those two barrels yourself. Who knows?"

Ollinger snorted. Billy cocked his manacled feet on the table and grinned again. Deputy Bell arrived to relieve Ollinger.

"J.W. this here ranahan has begun to git ideas," Ollinger said. "So keep your eyes skinned. I'm a-going to dinner."

Bell spoke a word or two to Billy and cautioned him against rubbing Ollinger's fur the wrong way.

"You know, Billy, I believe Bob is just waiting a chance to blast you with that scattergun. He don't need much of an excuse either," Bell said, giving the youthful Kid a direct look.

The Kid let out a musical laugh. There was absolutely no fear about him. Then after a few more words, Bell picked up a newspaper and started to glance through it. He became interested. Billy's opportunity had come. It was now or never.

While Bell read the paper, Billy, who had very small hands and wrists, quietly slipped the cuffs off his hands. Noiselessly he arose and slipped behind Bell as he sat reading the paper. He raised his heavy handcuffs and brought them down with a crushing force on the head of the unsuspecting deputy.

Bell lurched sideways and Billy grabbed the revolver from Bell's holster as he fell out of his chair.

The deputy scrambled to his feet after a moment and made a dash for the gun locker at the head of the stairs. Reaching it, he attempted to open the door.

Billy fired and Bell tumbled headlong down the stairs, a dead man. Then the young desperado crow-hopped to the gun locker and yanked open the door. He wanted that scattergun of Ollinger's which the latter had deposited there when he left to eat.

Billy figured -- and rightly -- that Ollinger had heard the shot that killed Bell and would come running. Billy grinned as he examined the scattergun to make sure that both the chambers were loaded.

Then he crow-hopped to the front

Billy's first act in fleeing the Courthouse was to kill his jailers.

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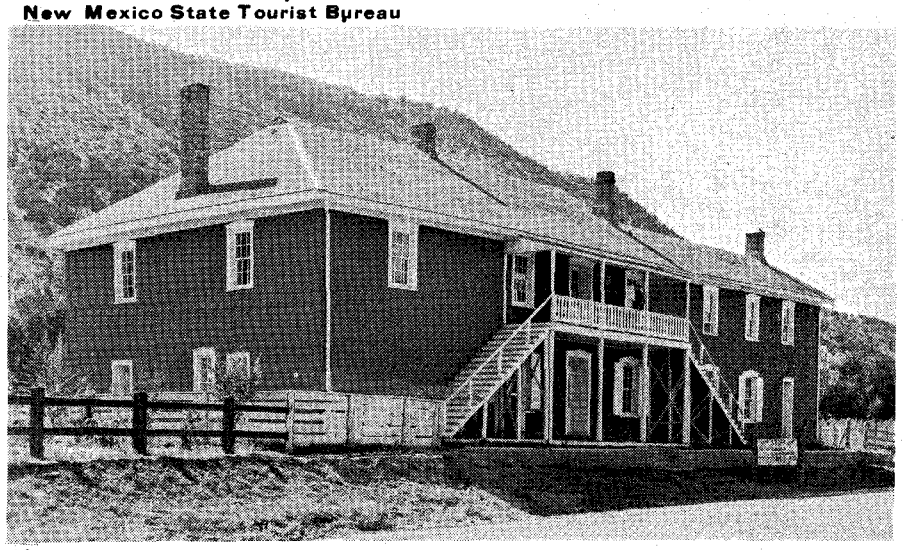

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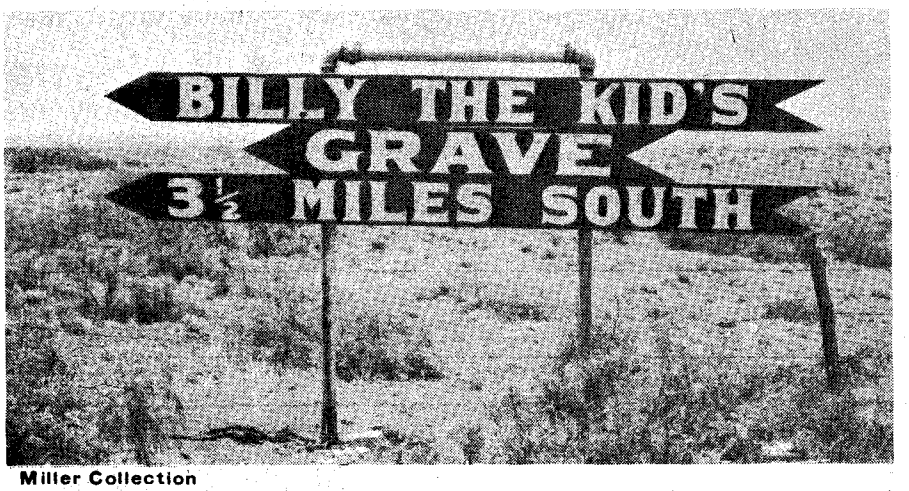
of the room and to a small gallery that extended out a bit from the front of the building. He was just in time. Ollinger was just leaving the restaurant across the street. He had heard the shot and was coming to investigate.

Billy grinned again; he threw the gun to his shoulder. Ollinger came alongside the building.

"There you cowardly son -- take that to Hell with you."

The youthful desperado returned to the gun locker and supplied himself with another revolver, a rifle and ammunition; then, going below, he compelled the jail cook to file off his legirons and to catch and saddle a horse from the corral. He coolly rode out of town.

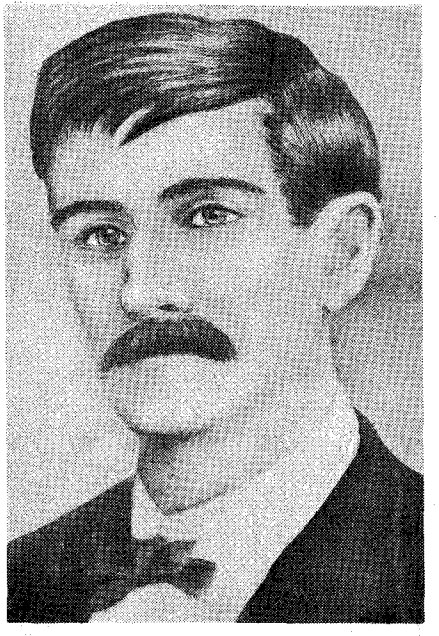


Miller Collection

Only three months after his bloody escape, the kid was slain by Pat Garrett. The whole area became a center of attraction.

Andrew Cregg

New Mexico Historical Society



"Hey, Bob!" the Kid shouted; then as Ollinger looked up, he squeezed both triggers. Ollinger saw, realized, knew; his arms flew skyward; then he toppled forward on his face into the dust of the street as a double-charge of buckshot -- the blast from his own shotgun in the hands of the youthful desperado -- hit him with full impact.

Billy chuckled. A good job done. He smashed the gun over the railing of the gallery, breaking the stock. Then he leaned over the rail and hurled the broken scattergun at the dead man in the street.

The killing of Ollinger took place on April 28, 1881, and Billy the Kid came to his death at midnight on July 14, 1881, at the hands of Sheriff Pat Garrett, in the front room of the Pete Maxwell home at old Fort Sumner, New Mexico. The Kid was twenty-one years, seven months, and twenty-one days of age.

RW

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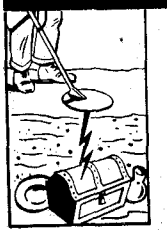

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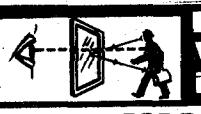

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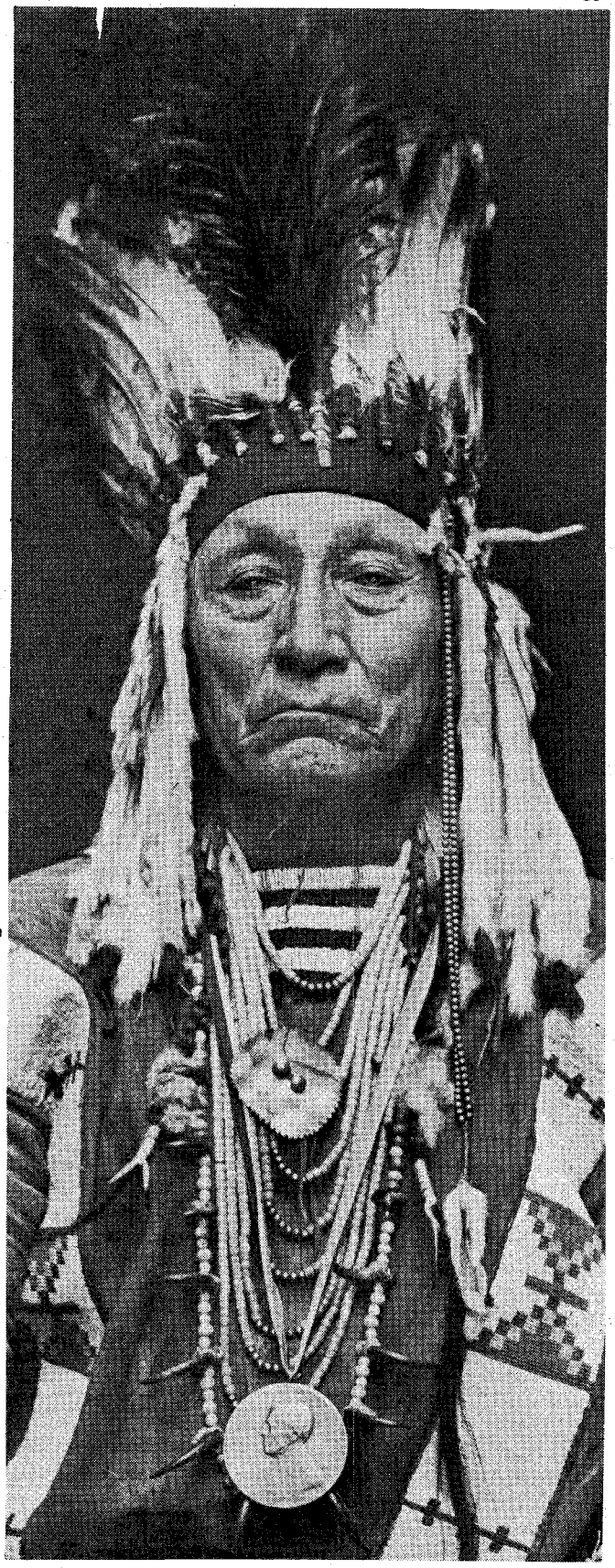

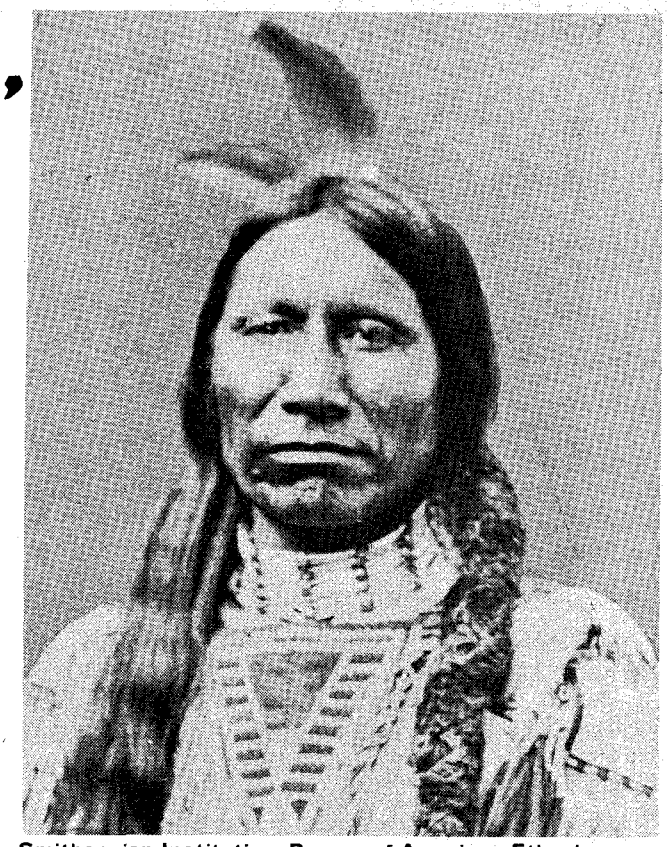

Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology

Top: American Horse of Oglala Dakota.
Left: Curly Bear of the Blackfoot.
Below: Quanah Parker, Comanche Chief.

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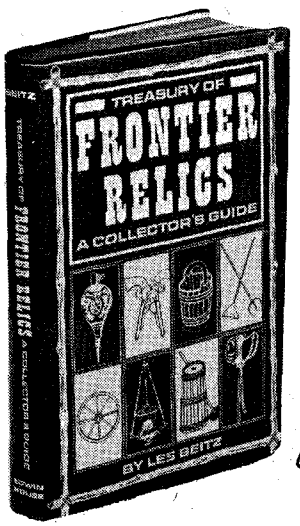

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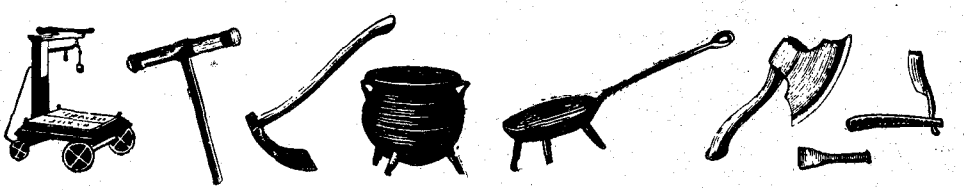

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Would you know the value of a grub box (page 15) or of a Confederate cap (page 93)?
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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

(Continued from page 6)

heads treated with meat in the advanced state of putrefaction. The liver of a deer or antelope was placed in a moist place until it had passed through the various stages of rotting. Then the arrowhead was thrust in the rotted liver and some of the liver placed on it and then it was left to dry. This arrowhead causing the slightest wound on a horse or any animal would cause the beast to die quickly and in great agony.

———:———

Q: Where was Bill Longley born, when, and what kind of parents did this outlaw have? Is there any truth to the legend that he wasn't hung? Jimmy Coates, 87 Butler, Providence, R.I.

A: Bill Longley was born October 6, 1851 in Austin County, Texas. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Longley, were highly respected citizens, and the Longley family is one of the prominent Texas families. Bill was the only bad apple. He was hanged October 11, 1878 at Giddings, Lee County, Texas. There was a rumor at the time that a leather collar had been placed around his neck and he didn't die from hanging but escaped after his body was placed in a coffin. There is no basis for this legend.

———:———

Q: What can you tell me about the Aqaihtikara Indians? Harry Messenger, 45 West 10th St. New York City 10011.

A: These Indians were a division of the Patiotso. They never numbered more than 1500, and their villages were between the Walker and Carson Rivers in Nevada. They were under the rule of Chief Iderie in 1866 and were known as "fish eaters."

———:———

Q: Were dogs special pets of cowboys? Eddie Larkin, 915 Troost, Kansas City, Mo.

A: Cowboys didn't take to dogs and dogs never played much of a part on the range. They scared cattle and feeding and taking care of them was a problem. The cowboy's affection went to his pony. Sometimes dogs were used to hunt wolves, and the bear dog was important in hunting bears. Always this was a very small dog, quick as lightning, who could dash in to bark at a bear, even a grizzly, causing the beast to rare up on his hind feet, making him a perfect shot for the hunter.

———:———

Q: Did Bat Masterson kill the men who shot his brother Ed? Carter Castle, Gun Lock, New York 41640.

A: The Dodge City newspapers reporting the killing of Ed Masterson fail to state that Bat Masterson then shot these men. There are some historians who place Bat in Kansas City at the time.

———:———

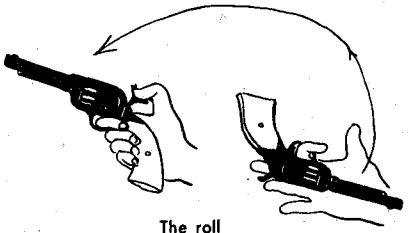
Q: There was a cowboy song about not fencing him in. Who wrote it and what were some of the words? Charles M. Maddox, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

A: This song was written by the Lomax brothers and here is the first verse:

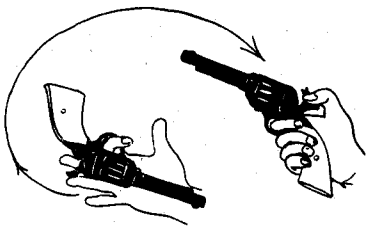
When my old soul haunts the range and rest
Beyond the last divide
Just plant me on some strip of West
That's sunny, lone, and wide.
Let cattle rub my headstone round
And coyotes wail their kin
Let horses come and paw the mound
But don't you fence it in.

———:———

Q: Was rolling a six gun the same as the Road Agent's Spin? Tucson, Arizona.



The roll



The road-agent's spin

A: No. It was the opposite of the Road Agent's Spin. When you roll a six gun, you hold the gun with your fingers in the trigger guard. When the gun is rolled, it by its own weight cocks it. Rolling was never generally used and it required unusual skill to do it.

———:———

Q: What was "scurvy cakes" in the old West? Mrs. T.L. Tipton, Mission, Kansas.

A: Scurvy was an ever present danger in the west where vegetables and fruits were sometimes impossible to get. The housewives had no jars to preserve wild fruits for winter, so they cooked fruit to a consistency of thin paste. They would put it through a sieve and then dry the mixture on platters before an open fire. The cakes would get hard, like leather, and when needed in the winter, they were boiled with water and sweetened and these kept scurvy away. Hence the name, "scurvy cakes."

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Q: What can you tell me about the Kennedy lever action rifle, dated 1873? Carl Theis, Silver City, Colorado.

A: This rifle was made by the Whitney Company. The Whitney Co. made some of the finest rifles and revolvers in the old West. Kit Carson would never use any other rifle and most mountain men preferred the Whitney guns. However, an exception seemed to be the Kennedy rifle which was never a success and went out of production in a few years.

Q: I have heard that a buffalo couldn't be killed by shooting it in the head. Is that true? George Malone, Beatrice, Nebraska.

A: Buffalo hunters always claimed that inexperienced hunters learned this fact much to their sorrow. A wounded buffalo, if left alone, would lie down and die, but if disturbed, would charge and run, often several miles before dying. Amateur hunters seeing a wounded buffalo lying still would take a shot at its head to kill it. But the bone structure of the skull was so thick, and the hair around head so thick and matted no bullet would enter the brain. The next thing the new hunter knew, he was being charged by an enraged and wounded buffalo.

RW

HANDSOME MARION HEDGEPETH MONTANA BANK ROBBER

(Continued from Page 29)

cattle rustler. Probably he was, as most cowboys in those days rustled cattle on the side, especially after the winter of 1888 when most cattlemen went broke and there were few jobs for cowboys.

On the range Hedgepath wore the clothes of a cowboy, but once he got into a town, he discarded those rough clothes, wore a derby hat and fine cut coats. He was above the average of that day in education and people seeing him in the derby and fine cut coats would never suspect he was a cowboy.

Many years before, at six o'clock in the evening of October 7, 1879, the James boys staged one of their most daring train robberies in the small village of Glendale, Jackson County, Missouri. The James gang put the entire population, which wasn't great, under guard, while Frank and Jesse James were stopping the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Passenger train.

The baggage car was looted and all the passengers forced to give up their cash and whatever jewels or other valuables they had. In the intervening years between 1879 and 1890 Glendale had increased its population and where they were only two buildings on the short main street in 1879, the town boasted of more in 1890.

The old timers who recalled the daring robbery of the James boys had long forgotten that moment of fear and terror. 1890 had brought some semblance of law and order. The James boys and the Youngers and all that assortment of outlaws were either dead, in prison, or reformed.

A daring train robbery was the last thing anybody in Glendale was thinking about on that morning of October 7, 1890. Nobody thought it strange that the regular passenger train due at 7:05 didn't appear on time.

At that moment the train had come to a dead stop three miles out of Glendale, at Dead Man's curve. A tree trunk lay across the tracks, some rocks and debris. Before Tim Connor, the engineer, and Fred Shank, the fireman, could get to the debris to remove it, four men came out of the brush, led by Hedgepeth. One of the men covered the engineer and fireman while Hedgepeth and the others ran for the baggage coach.

The robbery was a success, a master piece of planning and execution. There was no shooting, no robbing of the passengers. Eight minutes later, the outlaws disappeared in the brush with Hedgepeth carrying a sack with $10,000.00 in currency which had been destined for a St. Louis bank.

As far as police records go, this was Marion C. Hedgepeth's first excursion into crime. The robbery went off so swiftly and silently that few of the passengers in the train knew what had happened. But Hedgepeth was not one to push his luck. While this robbery had been a great success, another a few weeks later might not be as successful. The element of surprise was gone and train crews and railroad detectives would be on the lookout for train robbers.

So Hedgepeth, using good judgement, rode north out of Missouri

(Continued on next page)

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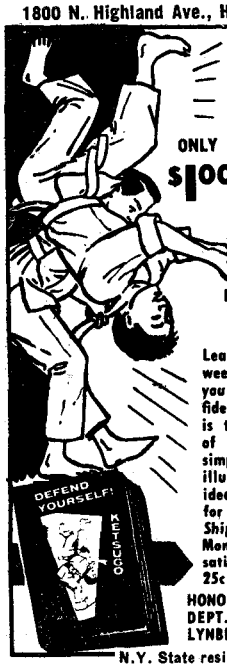

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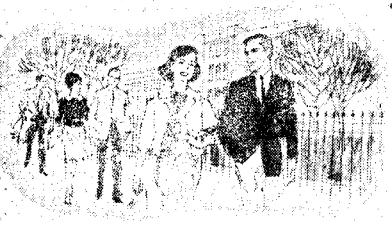

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618

and into Iowa. Here they stopped long enough at Adair to stage a rapid fire bank robbery. The robbery was performed in the same effective manner as the train robbery at Glendale.

Hedgepeth and his men were out of Adair before the town or even the bank officers were able to reconstruct the events of the robbery. The outlaw band rode north where Montana was introduced to the Handsome Bank Robber in the hold-up of the bank at Chateau. Hedgepeth apparently liked Montana because unlike Missouri and Iowa, he and his men remained in that state to pull one robbery after another.

At the end of the month, they fled south into Missouri, leaving Montana with a bad hang-over. Near St. Louis Hedgepeth and his men pulled one of their neat train robberies, getting away with $14,000.00 in currency. They rode north into Iowa to Council Bluffs where the State Bank was a temptation to them.

They reversed the usual bank robber tactics of appearing at the bank when it opened in the morning. They waited until a few minutes before three o'clock when the bank closed its doors to the public for the day. The bank employees remained in the bank, making the final balance of the bank's accounts. Hedgepeth and two of his men slipped into the bank just as the janitor was starting to lock the door. As was the custom, the janitor locked the door after Hedgepeth and his companions were inside.

Inside, with the front doors locked and the shades pulled down so nobody could see the interior, Hedgepeth and his men worked swiftly and ten minutes later they slipped out the rear door of the bank. None of the employees followed them. They couldn't. The cashier, the teller, the janitor, and one woman clerk were bound and gagged. By the time they got themselves free, Hedgepeth and his men were miles away, riding their horses at a breakneck speed down a lonely back road seldom used by anybody.

But by this time Hedgepeth had become known as the "Debonair bandit," "The Handsome Bank Robber," and other such names. He had followed the outlaw trail for less than six months, but his fame was spreading fast over the west. He knew this and did the only logical thing. He fled West to San Francisco where he hoped to spend some of his loot and to rest in peace until the excitement over him had subsided in Missouri, Iowa, and Montana.

However, fleeing to San Francisco did him little good. By this time the Pinkertons were on his trail. To these world famous sleuths, the trail Hedgepeth left behind was wide and vivid. His description and his penchant for fine clothes were his undoing. Following him West to San Francisco was no difficult chore for the Pinkertons. They quickly traced him in San Francisco to a rooming house in a very respectable part of the city. He offered no resistence to his arrest. He merely shrugged and said, "I guess a dude should never try to be a bank and train robber."

This ended the brief but amazing career of Marion C. Hedgepeth as an outlaw. He was taken back to Iowa where a jury found him guilty of robbing the Council Bluffs bank and the judge sentenced him to twenty years. He was out of prison in October 1907. He was no longer the immaculate dresser. He was broke and hungry.

On the night of January 1, 1910, Mike Farley, a Chicago policeman, saw a figure dart to the rear of a house. The neighborhood had been the scene of several buglaries in the past month and Farley took an interest in the darting figure.

He got to the rear of the house just as the figure was climbing in a rear window of the house, Farley shouted for him to throw up his hands. Instead of doing this, the figure kept trying to get in the window. Farley fired two shots. The figure toppled out of the window to the ground and when Farley examined the figure he saw the man was dead.

And thus did death come to Montana's Handsome Bank Robber. Historians and writers haven't paid much attention to him. Perhaps if he had been a blood thirsty killer like the Daltons and Doolin, he would have been as famous as they.

But he never killed anybody and the public quickly forgot him.

RW

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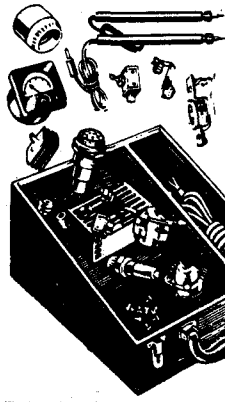

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LADY MOON, FABULOUS BARONESS OF COLORADO
(Continued from Page 35)

Catherine Lawder.

Whether it was gratitude of love that caused Cecil to propose to Kate is not known, but after his recovery propose he did, and Kate snapped up his offer!

A parson tied the knot in short order and the happy couple embarked upon the sea of matrimony, a sea which some years later was to become storm-wracked and turbulent. However in the beginning the couple was happy, in spite of the fact that their social traditions were far, far apart.

Then one day just after the turn of the century, from across the Atlantic came the news that Cecil's three brothers had all passed on and the Moon title and estate were his. So Moon became Sir Cecil and hearty, rough talking, horse-loving Kate found herself Lady Moon. She insisted that her spouse take her to dear old London to look over the "works" and to meet his "folks."

Sad to say the "folks" didn't cotton to Cecil's wife from the West, not at all. From the time she tripped down the gang plank, boomed a loud "howdy" and shook their hands in a bone-crushing grip, they were dead set against her. But it mattered not at all to Kate. She and Cecil remained a year and Kate had a "high heeled" time.

While on the visit Cecil began to throw money about so recklessly that Kate became alarmed. By some means she induced him to make out securities to her to the amount of $90,000. Later Cecil claimed that he transferred the money to her with the understanding that she would give him an annual income from the investment. The stocks and bonds made out to Kate comprised London and Brazilian bank securities and preferred stock in American Railways.

After a long visit in London the Moons returned to Colorado. Before the journey the couple had purchased a large ranch on the Elkhorn River near Fort Collins. Kate was boss, running the outfit with an iron hand and using such colorful, profane language that she was the envy of all the mule skinners in the vicinity.

But once back in America Pandora's Box flipped open with a bang and trouble reared its head for the Moons. They quarreled bitterly time after time. Cecil's friends could not tolerate his rowdy, horsy wife. Kate's pals were those to whom she had lent a helping hand in a time of need.

The Moons lived on at the ranch for another two years quarreling and bickering constantly. Kate invested in a string of race horses and raised pedigreed dogs. She entered his equines in races all over the west. The couple once more traveled abroad. Sir Cecil stopped in London while Kate made her way to visit her relatives in Ireland and, no doubt, to flaunt her title.

In the latter part of the year Kate suddenly booked passage for America without even advising Sir Cecil of her action. Then he, too, returned to Colorado. He worked for a time for his former friend Vidler but was discharged. He moved back to the ranch with Kate and the quarrels began anew.

According to Cecil's statement under oath some years later, he was forced to do manual labor to earn his keep at the ranch. Kate doled him out a little money from time to time but he found the amount insufficient to pay even his tailor. Sir Cecil, hoping to soften his penny-pinching wife, performed the menial tasks of cooking and day labor on the premises with good nature. Kate had managers and ranch hands to whom she paid more than her husband.

Kate in the meantime was enjoying herself on the Moon money. She made a trip to California and when she returned took a string of her fine race horses to Oklahoma.

It was in that same year that Sir Cecil decided that he had a belly full of his wife's dominion. His tailor sued him and on October 19th, Sir Cecil hied himself into court and, casting aside his stiff British pride, openly admitted that his wife was the head of the Moon family and controlled all assests owned by his family.

On the witness stand he took a silver dime from his pocket and declared that it represented all his worldly goods.

Then turning to the judge, he confided that he could no longer endure the humiliation of having his own money doled out by his wife. He also admitted having cooked and labored on his wife's spread.

Sir Cecil petitioned the court to compel Kate to give a full accounting of all funds he had transferred to her in England and to force her to return to him all stocks and bonds in her possession, aggregating $61,000.

Kate came back with a suit of her own, an action for divorce charging desertion and nonsupport. When she took the stand she accused Cecil of corresponding with a comely young matron in the East and of spending most of his time reading before a cheerful fire.

The divorce was granted in short order. Kate was ordered to pay Moon $2,250 thus becoming the first woman in the state of Colorado to pay alimony.

After the divorce Kate prospered for a time. She entertained lavishly and traveled about the West with her string of blooded race horses. Then trouble beset her. A foster son, Frank Potts, was held on charges of train robbery. Lady Moon, as she called herself though she no longer had a right to the title, went to his defense vowing to spend every cent she owned to clear him.

Trouble came on top of trouble. Kate took ill. The doctor's verdict! Cancer! Incurable! At the age of 61 she became unable to care for herself. Her relatives had passed on and her friends had vanished when her fortune went down. Finally she entered the County Hospital at Fort Collins and there on September 3rd, of that year she died. Funeral services were held at the Catholic Church in Fort Collins and she was buried in Mount Olive Cemetery.

The Denver Post carried a long obituary of Lady Moon giving step by step the details of her hectic life. The closing paragraph read: "Thus endeth the life of one who had the Virtues of kindliness to those in distress, of sympathy for the unfortunate, of courage in facing her own problems, and of uncharted passions which in the end consumed her own and other people's happiness."

RW

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GIVE ME THAT
OL' TIME RELIGION
(Continued from Page 19)

social diversion, a chance to see and be seen, a break in the drudgery of the daily life.

As a touch of prosperity came to the West in the late 1880's and the 1890's, the "going to meeting" practice developed into what is known today as the "revival" meeting. The West didn't start this type of service, but it gave an emotional pitch that made it famous. The "camp meeting" and the "Revival" meeting were the same. They were usually held in the late summer and early fall, lasting about a week.

The meeting was held in some wooded area in or near the town. Tents were put up for the congregation, many of whom came for a great distance. A covered altar for the preacher was built at one end of the wooded grove. The congregation sat on rough hewn logs on benches out in the open.

The day started with an early morning bugle call. There were fervent prayers in the different tents. Then breakfast. The morning services usually started at nine o'clock. The preachers were rough characters of the frontier and their use of English would give an English professor apoplexy, but they had amazing stamina, endurance and rugged strength. They could preach in a screaming voice hour after hour, painting the grim picture of a hell of brimstone and fire for all sinners. Those who were successful had another quality - an ability to exert a hypnotic spell on the congregation.

Mrs. F.L. Morto described this spell in a letter published in the old Kansas City Post. She wrote, "I can still see those burning eyes of that preacher and hear the screaming voice, as he crouched, jumped, and cavorted on that shaky platform. But it was his eyes that seemed to bore through me. I sat on that rough board bench, hardly more than a child, and each time he screamed hell fire and punishments, I would squirm and want to run away. But I couldn't. I was one of the first to hit the saw dust when he asked for sinners to come forward. Every year as a youngster I would go through the same ordeal as we had a revival meeting every year, and every year I would get converted."

The services in the morning started mildly enough with prayers, singing of hymns, exhortations, and screams of "Glory be to God," "Hallelujah!" and "Amen!" By afternoon, the preacher really warmed up. He knew the emotional value of the old sentimental hymns and he had the congregation singing and clapping hands in unison, a stunt that brought screams and wild hysteria from the women and some of the men.

When evening came, he pulled out all the stops, screaming hell damnation as he crouched and jumped on his platform. His voice rose to shrieks. In the congregation women were flinging their arms around, hopping and skipping in wild hysteria. Some would faint in fits of supreme ecstasy.

Timothy Flint of Boston went West and attended one such meeting, and in his recollections, he described the antics of one woman in one of these fits, "one was young and pretty and would leap up with a velocity that made every plunge look like her long loose hair was floating as if a handkerchief were held by one corner and twitched violently. Another girl was so overcome with hysteria that her vertebra column was completely pliant, her neck, and her extended arms bent in every direction successively."

This wild emotionalism presented one serious problem, as it often, too often, sought outlets not presented by those frontier preachers. A noted philosopher wrote that religious emotionalism was a close kin to sexual desires. The two got mixed up badly at the revival meetings. It was a saying in those days that "more souls were begotten than saved." The problem got so serious that certain areas of the camp meeting were alloted to women and certain areas to men. In some communities where the situation had gotten completely out of hand, women were barred from the camps until an hour after sunrise in the morning and could stay no later than an hour before sunset at night.

In some of the raw, male-dominated settlements of the West, the camp meetings were not received with favor by some of the more rowdy males. As a result the preachers were not only required to possess great stamina and vigor of speech and a hypnotic quality, but often they would be required to use either their fists or a six gun to quell the over zealous men who tried to break up the meetings.

Down in Texas John Potter was an example of what a preacher was required to do. Potter had an advantage over other revivalists. A good part of his early life had been spent as an outlaw and he was an expert with a six gun. So when a bunch of rowdies, with the aid of several sisters of sin, tried to take over the meeting, the good Reverend Potter discarded his coat, walked through the congregation, a six gun in each hand blazing bullets at the rowdies. The reverend took care that none of his bullets hit vital spots, but when the rowdies had their hats shot off and the sisters had bottles of whiskey blown out of their hands, they decided the Lord was supreme and de-

Preacher Benson and his family lived a rugged pioneer life.

Oklahoma Historical Society

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parted hastily and the Reverend Potter continued his meetings. Joab Powell, the famous revivalist of the northwest, called "The Harp of a Thousand Strings" by his admirers, had blue eyes, unruly hair, was five feet ten and weighed two hundred pounds. Those two hundred pounds were all hard bone and muscle, so much so that when Bill Farther, the burly local blacksmith, noted for his fighting ability, came charging down the aisle for the platform where Reverend Powell was preaching, bellowing the announcement that he was putting a stop to this damned foolishness, Reverend Powell met him in the aisle and when he had finished with the burly blacksmith, the blacksmith's face was a mess of blood, his eyes black, and most of his teeth missing. He half crawled down the aisle to get away from Powell, who dusted his coat and went back to the platform to resume his preaching.

A bunch of rowdies didn't take the lesson from the meeting of the reverend and the blacksmith. When Powell went to a nearby town, they rushed his meeting. When the smoke of battle cleared, five of the rowdies lay on the ground, battered and bleeding and the other were fleeing and Reverend Powell again dusted his coat and went back to the platform to resume his preaching.

The revival meeting was a Western institution, and until the turn of the century, it offered not only religion but amusement and a break in the dull monotony of life. But with the 20th century, the automobile and the movies and then radio, entered the scene. These forms of entertainment took the place of the "camp meeting revival". But revival meetings still exist and draw the crowds and although women still shout and faint, the good old revival has generally become another religious ceremony.

RW

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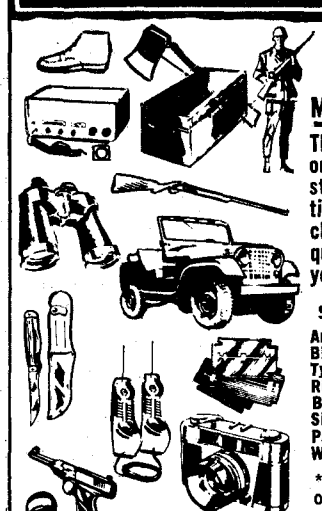

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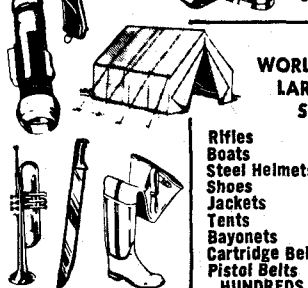

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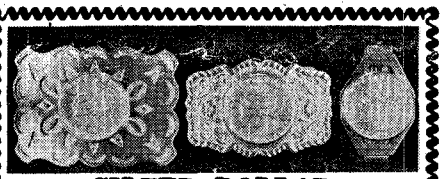

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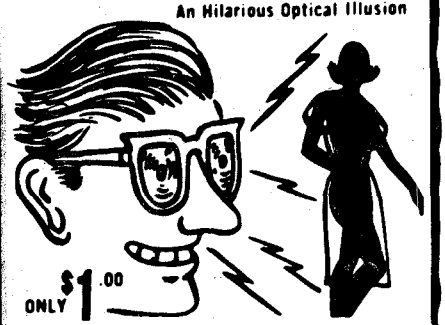

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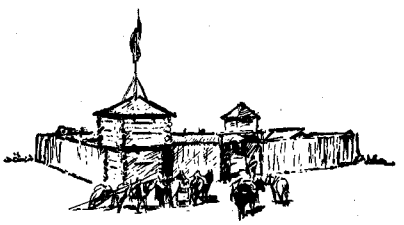
MAIL ROUNDUP

(Continued from page 8)

for the purpose of seeing that they did not leave the reservation and go on the war path. There were always a good many Indians in the settlement near the fort but at times they would gather in large numbers. This gathering might last two or three days. Then early some morning all the Indians would traipse out of town headed northwest from Fort Apache.



The soldiers would immediately be dispatched to follow and see that they did not leave the reservation. They would camp the first night on the trail and the second night they would make permanent camp in a creek bottom about forty miles northwest of the fort.

When morning came there would not be a squaw in camp but the braves and children would be leisurely enjoying themselves. The soldiers being only interested in the activities of the braves would keep watch on them with no interest in where the squaws might be.

After two or three days the squaws would return to camp during the night and at daybreak they would break camp and head back to Fort Apache. The soldiers following at a distance.

When back at the fort the braves would have lots of gold which the squaws had gathered as easy as if they had been picking berries.

The Indians being unable to buy liquor, Sarge made handsome profits by handling some of their gold with which he bought barrels of beer for them. Sarge experienced all this thirty years after Dr. Thorne first saw the gold in that same area, which confirms Dr. Thorne's claim that the free gold was lying around on rocks. I believe it is still there.

J.E. Woolsey
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DO YOU KNOW FLETCHERS?

Real West:

On pages 14 and 29 in your May issue I read of women named Fletcher and I must say it made your publication even more readable.

I received my first REAL WEST from Mr. James Edgar Fletcher, Lewis, Kansas. I would appreciate hearing from anyone knowing of more Fletchers in the history of the West.

Supposedly all Fletchers are English and there was a Fletcher on the Mayflower.

I will answer all letters and appreciate your printing my request. Thanks.

Sincerely,
Mary Fletcher Emmock
4223 West Yellowstone
Casper, Wyoming 82601

NAMING DODGE CITY

Dear Editor -

In regard to the naming of Dodge City, Marilyn Terry is essentially right. Dodge City was so named because the Fort of that name was already there, and the Fort was named for Henry Dodge, Frontier Commander of troops and prominent politician. If Col. Richard Irving Dodge had any part in the naming of the City he certainly would not have named it in honor of himself.

There was also Col. Grenville M. Dodge of the Army Engineers who was in charge of the building of the Union Pacific Railway, without which there would have been no occasion for a Dodge City. The three Dodges were in the same territory within the same general span of years and that fact makes for considerable confusion.

In Hugh McGinnis' story written by Olive Glasgow I note that he invariably refers to Sitting Bull as the "old medicine man" or "Shaman." Indians interviewed after the battle of the Little Big Horn asserted that he took no part in the battle but remained in his tent offering incantations to the Great Spirit, which would have been his duty as a "medicine man." I have often wondered about the origin of the myth that Sitting Bull was ever a Chief.

It would appear that Louise West was a late comer in old Wyoming and the inference of her letter is that she never heard the cry of the big gray wolf. If she had, she would never have forgotten it. My

{Continued on Page 76}

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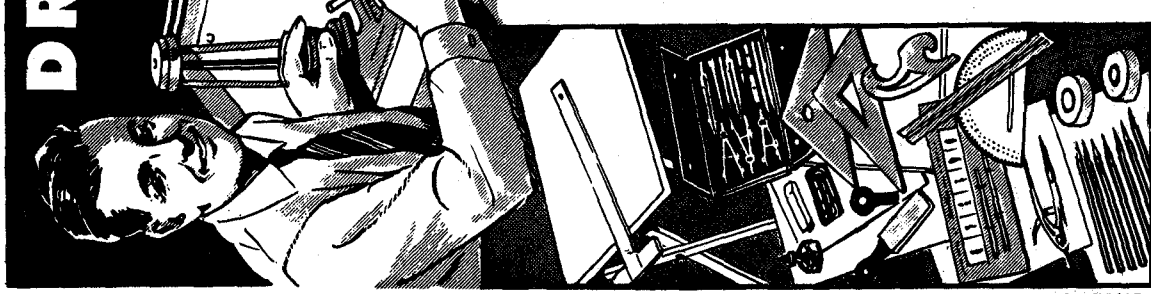

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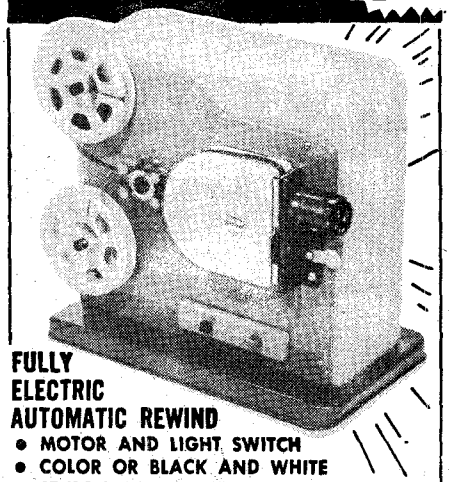

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father homesteaded on the LaPrele 25 miles south of Fort Fetterman in 1886 when I was two years old. There were plenty of big grays then and they did run in packs. I have often heard him recount his experience when on one of his freighting trips he camped under a high bank to get shelter from the wind. While he fried meat for supper he counted 17 coyotes and gray wolves up on the bank drooling over the smell of the cooking meat. He did not have a gun!

Yours respectfully,
D. Ivan Fritts, Ontario, Oregon

WHO WERE HEROES?
Dear Editor:

Yesterday a telephone call from the Clark Drug Store notified me that they now have Real West on their magazine stand. A while back I had been in there and asked for your magazine.

I'm 78 years of age and have lived and worked in many parts of the West as a cowboy, mule packer, stage driver, stock yard fireman and so on. I've seen some of the winning of the West and have heard tales of the period before my time from men and women who were there. My own folks were some of those people.

Some men who never received much publicity were probably just as dangerous and deadly with a gun as gun fighters who have been publicized.

And there were lawmen, not widely known, who had courage and did their part in winning the West. I knew several such men. Perhaps the real heroes and heroines of the West were the homesteaders. Both men and women shared in the struggles, the hardships, the heartaches, successes and failures. And they put down the foundations on which the West is built.

I've seen range wars, sheep and cattle wars and wars over water. Through it all is woven the quest of men for wealth, success and prestige. On both sides were good men and bad, but they all stood out above the common herd.

Cordially yours,
Tom Moss, also known as
Tumbleweed Tom
P.O. Box 2004
Gardena, Calif. 90247

TEXAS YANKEES
Dear Sir:

The story "TEXAS YANKEES OF CAT MOUNTAIN" which appeared in a recent issue of Real West is an excellent article, well written, edited and is a factual publication well received and appreciated. Congratulations to the author, the editor and all concerned with bringing to the public a factual account, a matter of such historical significance. We hope that your publication will contain more stories of similar nature from time to time.

Anyone who entertains the belief that Texas went whole hog with the Confederacy is either suffering delusions or else is totally ignorant of Texas history. It is diffcult to believe that chroniclers of Texas history have touched so lightly, if not completely ignoring, historical facts of such significance as the subject story.

Harold Preece, the author of the Cat Mountain story, is probably the best posted individual on Texas history, the habits and customs of its people than anyone from the Lone Star State.

Congratulation to the author, the editor and all concerned with the Texas Yankees of Cat Mountain story, a jam-up good job well worth while.

Clyaton R. Baird, Attorney at Law
Edinburg, Texas

LONGBAUGH'S PICTURE
Dear Editor,

I am not one of those people who read through magazines trying to find every small mistake that occurs, but I would like to point out to you two errors that appeared in the January 1966 issue - including one that is so obvious that I am probably among many people who have spotted it.

I refer to the sketch on page 17, captioned Harry Longabaugh.

The picture is, of course, William P. (Wild Bill) Longley, of Texas. The very same sketch of Longley was captioned "the Sundance Kid" in James D. Horan's "The Great American West."

As Harry Longbaugh's picture is on the same page of the January

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issue of "Real West" the mistake is an easy one to spot.

The second thing, is, I am sure, simply a Typo-error. On page 48 you state that the fight at Middleton's Ranch during the Pleasant Valley War, took place on October 10, 1887, and that Andy Cooper (Blevins) was present. Cooper was killed on Sept. 4th, 1887 by Commodore Perry Owens at Holbrook and the Middleton ranch fight occured on August 10th. However, a few lines on the story tells of another fight taking place on September 17, 1887 - going back a month from the previous date mentioned, and so I presume that the Middleton ranch date of October 10th is only a typegraphical error? Earle R. Forrest makes no mention of Andy Cooper being present at the Middleton ranch fight in his "Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground" (in the 1959 fourth edition anyway).

Yours sincerely,
Raymond Luff
106 Clarence Road
Horsham, Sussex, England

The drawing to which you referred was supposed to be of Longbaugh, but drawings are not always too accurate.

ADMIRED TOM MIX

Dear Editor:

I have been a fan of Tom Mix since the 20's and have enjoyed many of his Western pictures. He came to my home town, Birmingham, Ala. with his circus in the 30's. He made a radio speech during his visit.

In the Nov. issue Mr. Waldo O'Neal, of Clovis New Mexico, asked if Tom was part Indian. I have a record that Mix was born in 1880, in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, and not in El Paso, Texas.

During the interview over W.-B.R.C. the question was asked if he were of Indian decent, and he

{Continued on next page}

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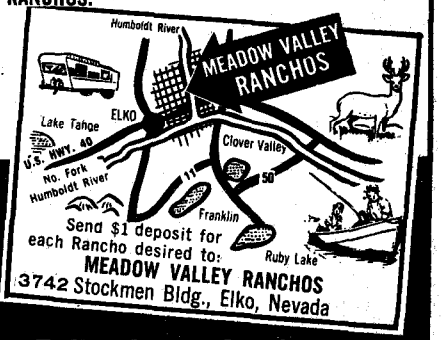

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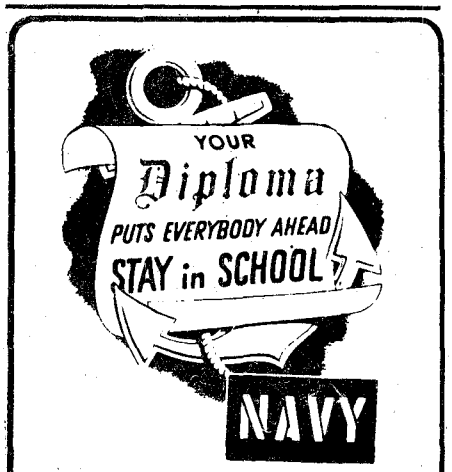


replied no. Tom Mix with his high cheek bone, has left many people to believe he was part Indian.

He came acquainted with Will Rogers, and saw action as a law enforcement officer, with the Texas Rangers, as sheriff in Kansas, and Oklahoma, and as a Deputy U.S. Marshal for the eastern division of Okla. When he was killed near Florence, Arizona, on Oct. 12, 1940, he had several thousands of dollars on his person. There is a lot to be said about Mix. He was rated the best screen cowboy since Wm. S. Hart. Mix was more rugged than Hart. The stunts Mix did overshadow Hart by a great margin. Thanks.

Sincerely yours,

James C.Glazner
2404 McCroskigaw
Knoxville, Tenn. 37917

Any comments?

MORE ON WYATT EARP

Dear Editor:

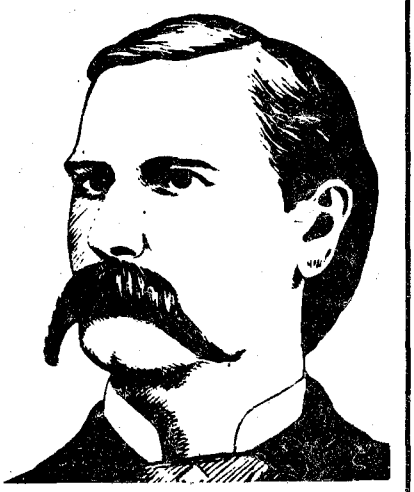
I recently took advantage of one of your back issue offers and ordered three copies of REAL WEST. A couple of your editorials started a train of thought - and here I am, writing this letter.

In regard to "documentation" of certain books by police and court records and old newspapers, I guess they are the best sources a writer can find. But were even they entirely reliable? I seem to recall reading that newspaper accounts on the old west were often prejudiced as papers of those days "took sides" either for or against certain things and certain people. Even old court records were said to be inaccurate at times.

Let me say that I do not believe that "hogwash" Lake wrote about Wyatt Earp. I will also say that I don't doubt that Earp was involved in "shady" politics or that he ran "gambling joints," brothels, etc., and also that he was probably something of a "con" man.

But on the other hand, I don't believe he was quite as black as Ed Bartholomew tries to make him out to be. I haven't even read Bartholomew books (they are a little too high for an old "country boy" like me!) However, I have read an article by him in another magazine a couple of years ago. I got the impression that he had a personal animosity against Earp - and that it would tend to cause him to make the black against Earp seem even blacker.

In one of your editorials, you said that you were a boy in Kansas at the turn of the century and that you had never heard the name of Wyatt Earp mentioned - indicating that Earp was not the "famous" hero that some writers later made him out to be. Well, by the same token, doesn't it also indicate that he is not as infamous as more recent writers have made him out to be? Surely, if he was so infamous that he filled two books by one author, it seems you would have heard of him!



I haven't read Frank Water's book either - but writer Gary Roberts wrote me that Wayters, too, agrees that Lake did not get his material from Earp - then he goes on to blast Earp for things Lake said! How's that for irony?

Sorry have taken up so much of your time.

Adios amigo,

Amzie Stephens
7102 Charlotte Pike
Nashville, Tenn. 37209

Ed Bartholomew is a recognized historian of the West. We suggest you read his book, and let us hear from you again.

THE BONNEY FAMILY

Dear Sirs:

I picked up an old issue of REAL WEST and see on page 14 the article, "Billy the Kid's Restless Bones." There still are several of the Bonney family living around here. One of them told me they would kid their Dad about being a cousin of Billy the Kid. He said his grandfather and his brother came from New York or some place back there. They went to Kansas or Nebraska. One brother stayed

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there. The other came up into Washington. All the older ones are dead now but, the younger generation, 65 years old around there, are still here.

It would be interesting to follow up this other angle of the Bonney family.

On page 15 of R.W., it mentions Miss Lois Tefler of N.Y. as being the only known relative of Billy the Kid.

Sincerely yours,

M.I. Munch
Summer, Washington

Many people claim to be relatives of the famous Old West characters.

WESTERN GUNSLINGERS

Dear Sir,

Your September Number 43 issue puts the question, "Does any reader have a hero?" having reference to the Old West gun slingers.

Idaho Falls, Idaho, is now the seat of one of the nation's foremost defense manfacturing organizations, and few could this day believe that at one time its name was changed from Eagle Rock as a means of offsetting its bad reputation as an outlaw center. Dick Chamberlain was a lonely old man when I met him at about the time of the change in the city. He was a hold-over from earlier times, and though none ever knew of Dick doing a mean trick, he died without ever having met his superior at deadly gun play. The two forgotten graves in the lava rock in West Idaho Falls attest to the fact.

The locale of the gunslingers of historical note seem to have become localized. The Dakota Territory, southeastern Oregon and and Idaho were equally replete with characters of note with Arizona and Kansas. The old files of The Harney County News, published in Eastern Oregon by my old friend Davies would furnish a series of interesting incidents. I recall Editor Davies editorial disappointment at the lack of local public spirit manifested by two individuals who resorted to a killing during the later part of the month of December.

"Why?" it was lamented, "could these two individuals not have waited two or three more weeks to settle their differences and permitted Harney County, Oregon, to

{Continued on next page}

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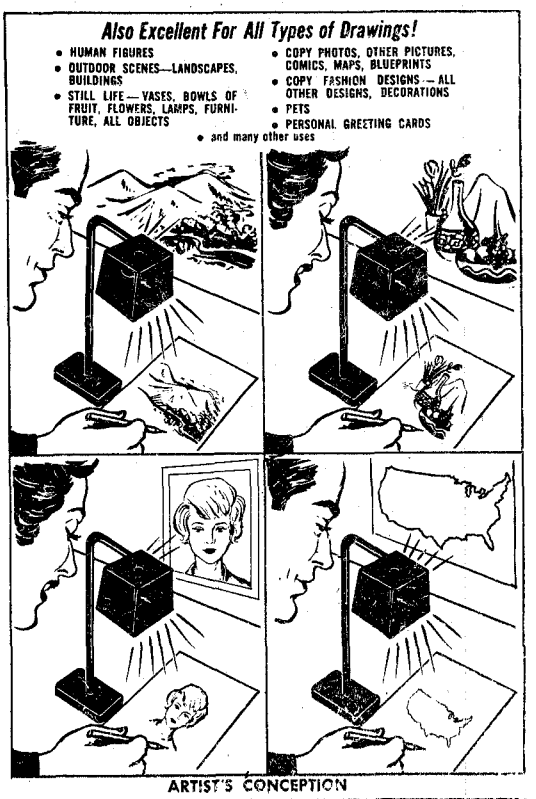

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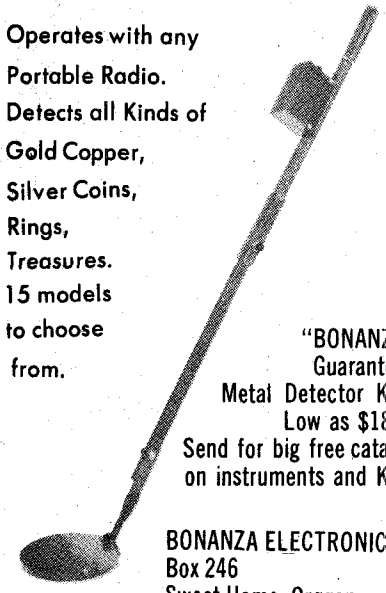

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enjoy one fiscal year without a murder case on the docket."

I visited the army veterans in the Veterans Administration Hospital at Fort Whipple, Arizona, where Teddy Roosevelt used to hang forth. I enjoyed talking with one patient who was not old enough to have participated in the adventures of the 1880's but who remembered many men and places connected there with. He even remembered the old hotel and bunk house in Canyon City where Joaquin Miller first began to write, and where I nearly got shot by a character from Steens Mountains, up the Donner and Blitzen River, for paying his stranded wife's fare on the stage one night.

Sincerely yours,
Wm. C. Parrish
P.O. Box 414,
Colton, Calif. 92324

P.S. You mention Quantrill, I hauled one of his guerrillas dead out of Hells Canyon on a tobaggon during 1913. WCP

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

Dear Sir:

I think your readers might be interested in the following news items that appeared in the local newspaper here during the 1870's and 1880's.

Some concern Indians and some are of cowboys and marshals of the Old West.

Just by chance I happened to find the article concerning the killing of Frank Dalton, brother of the men who robbed the bank at Coffeyville, Kansas, October 5, 1892. Here is the article:

Little Rock, Arkansas, November 29, 1887 -

A terrible tragedy occurred in Indian Territory Sunday, which grew out of the attempt of a deputy marshal named Dalton to arrest a horse thief named Smith.

The latter was found in a tent, in which there was also another man named Dixon, and his wife. When the officer inquired for Smith, the desperado rushed out and fired upon him, and a general fight ensued, which resulted in the killing of Dalton and Smith and Mrs. Dixon.

The following are of interest.

February 4, 1875 -

An attempt was made a month ago to capture the notorious James Boys at their home 3 miles from Kearney, Mo., a small station on the Hannibal & St. Joe railroad. Their house was set on fire and a hand grenade thrown in through a window, the explosion of which killed a child of 8 years and wounded 2 others. The James Boys were not at home.

March 22, 1878 -

On February last there was an armed collision in Lincoln County, N.M., between the Sheriff's posse and a party headed by one Tunstall, in which Tunstall was killed.

A report has just reached here that Frank Baker and William Morton, of the sheriff's posse, were arrested for the killing of Tunstall, and while being conveyed to Fort Stanton for confinement, were shot by the guards, they in defense, killing a guard named McClusky.

Another report is that they shot McClusky in an attempt to escape and were themselves killed by the other guards.

July 18, 1881 -

Kansas City, Mo., July 16th -

A daring train robbery occured at Winston. The robbers were 6 in number, supposed to be under the leadership of Jesse James.

The men boarded the train at Cameron. At Winston, when the train stopped, they stood up in the aisles of the cars with drawn revolvers. One of the bandits, a man with heavy black whiskers, advanced with a revolver in each hand toward William Westfall, the conductor, and ordered him to hold up his hands. The conductor was slow in complying with his demands and was shot through the heart.

One of the other men shot John McCullough, a stone cutter, who turned outward in his seat, through the head. The men then went through the train to the express car and overpowered the U.S. Messenger Charles Murray, who was forced into opening the safe, from which $5,000 was taken. The robbers then escaped.

Hope some of your readers like the items and I would like to hear from them.

John Lorentz
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Muskegon, Michigan 49442

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'63 Corv.	From 20 to 30 mpg E.C.K., Ill.	50 %
'56 Buick	From 15 to 19+ mpg B.P., Texas	30 %
'59 Ramb.	From 23 to 32 mpg B.Z., Ill.	39+%
'64 Dodge	From 16 to 23 mpg S.N., Mo.	43+%
'60 Merc.	From 16 to 20+ mpg M.S., Ill.	33+%
'57 Cadl.	From 10 to 14 mpg H.A.A., Mass.	40 %
'61 Ford	From 12+to 16+mpg H.H., Iowa	31+%
'64 Chev.	From 17 to 23 mpg R.L.E., Kans.	35 %
'59 Buick	From 12 to 16 mpg I.R.R., Ill.	33 %
'65 Chry.	From 12 to 18 mpg A.S.L., Minn.	50 %
'55 Olds.	From 9.5 to 16.5 mpg J.L.M., Ill.	77+%
'60 Chev.	From 12 to 16.8 mpg D.A.M., Wisc.	39+%
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'64 Ramb.	From 19 to 29 mpg J.L.F., Okla.	52+%
'56 Olds.	From 14 to 19 mpg S.W., Colo.	35+%
'55 Buick	From 13 to 17+ mpg C.N.M., Ohio	30+%
'63 Ford	From 18 to 25 mpg H.F.S., Ill.	38+%
——	From 10+to 15+mpg B.S., Ill.	45+%
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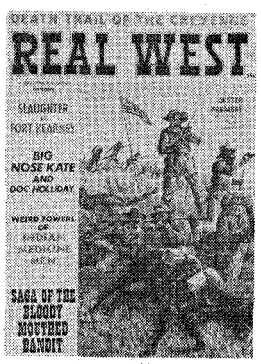

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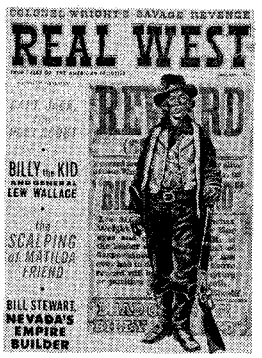

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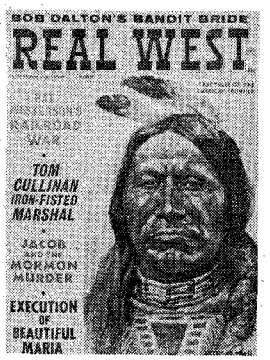

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- Bob Dalton's romance with that woman horse-stealer
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- Special tribute to the raw-boned, daring Mountain Men
- The romantic scandal that killed Jesse James
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- Boone Helm: Vicious cannibal killer of the Old West
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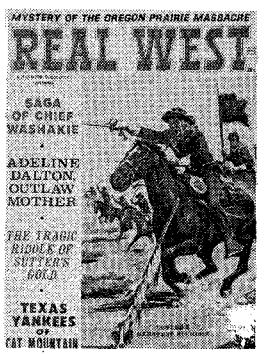
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- Unsolved murder: "Mystery of the Oregon Prairie Massacre"
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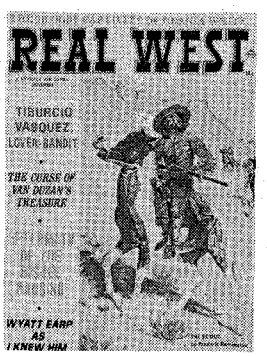

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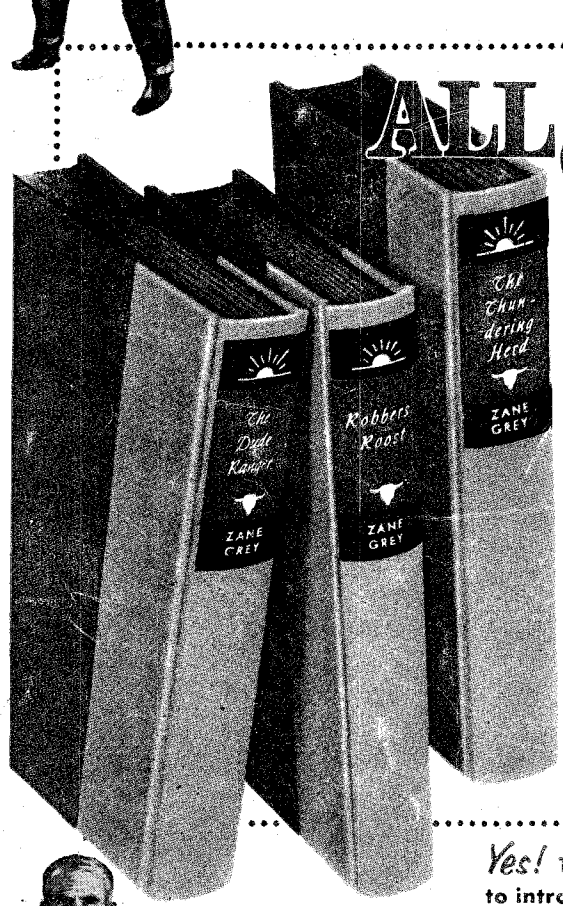

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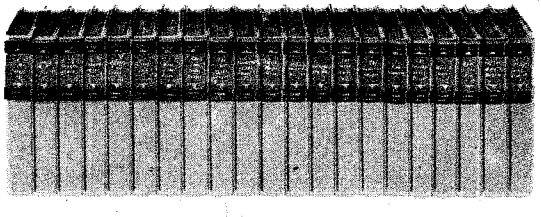

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